

























THE  
AMERICAN  
HISTORICAL READER:

CONTAINING

A BRIEF OUTLINE

OF THE

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH VIVID SKETCHES OF GREAT NATIONAL EVENTS, PERSONAL ADVENTURE, INSTANCES OF SUFFERING AND SELF-SACRIFICE, NOBLE DARING, AND MORAL HEROISM.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES

BY

J. L. TRACY,

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN SCHOOL MANUAL."



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AMERICAN

HISTORICAL RECORD

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF PENNSYLVANIA

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## P R E F A C E.

As a Preface is seldom read, it seems hardly worth while to write one; and yet the public have a right to demand some reason for thrusting upon their notice a new school-book. The apology for this work will be short, and, it is hoped, satisfactory. It is designed as an humble offering upon the altar of Patriotism.

It is a melancholy fact that, in thousands of our schools, especially in the rural districts, the history of our own country is almost utterly ignored. This arises in part from the circumstance, that the time of attendance in these schools is limited, and parents are disposed to waive the study of history in favor of those branches which they deem of more practical importance. The present volume is designed to obviate this difficulty, by affording a knowledge of our country's history in connexion with a series of reading lessons.

An experience of more than thirty years, as a practical teacher, has led the author to conclude, that most of our school histories are radically imperfect. They generally consist of a vast number of facts, names, dates, and events, so commingled together, that even the faithful student, after months of close application, rises from his task with a mind confused and bewildered by a multitude of facts and incidents, that have but a slight relationship to each other, and without any distinct impression of the great leading events about which he has studied. The author has found it "a more excellent way," to give the student, at first, a



brief, but clear and perspicuous outline,—a mere skeleton—to be clothed with the organs of vitality, by a more extended course of reading. By this plan, the great facts and features of our country's history are readily daguer-reotyped upon the mind, whilst every fresh acquisition from the stores of history and biography, serves to brighten and beautify the picture.

Many systems of mnemonics have been invented, to assist the mind in recollecting names, dates, and events; but these have been more remarkable for their ingenuity than for their usefulness or practicability. The only rational system, and one which accords with the laws of mind, is, to seize upon some great era or event as a nucleus, and cluster around it every circumstance with which it has a legitimate connexion. By this means the memory is really aided, and every additional fact acquired, only adds another link to the golden chain of association. On this principle the present volume is compiled. Whilst the outline of each period is nothing but a bare skeleton of leading facts, it is illustrated by numerous sketches of great national events and personal adventure, which will serve to fix it forever in the mind.

If any nation, past or present, should have the history of its early struggles, trials, and conquests, faithfully recorded upon the minds of each succeeding generation, that nation is ours. If the Israelites were commanded to teach their children the story of their oppression and deliverance, should not Republican America tell her children of the fiery trials through which she has passed to gain this “goodly heritage?” Especially, in these days of our expansion, shall we not try to check the enervating and disorganizing influence of luxurious ease, gilded prosperity, fanaticism, and folly, so utterly opposed to the



genius of liberty, and the self-denying virtues of our forefathers? In these days, when demagogues talk flippantly about the value of the Union, and discuss plans for its dissolution, would it not be well to teach the rising generation how much of true patriotism, self-denial, sacrifice, toil and suffering, as well as "blood and treasure," that Union has cost? Our fathers went on a long pilgrimage for liberty, bedewing the pathway with their blood and paving it with their bones; and when they had gained the priceless treasure, sent it down as a rich heritage to us, their children. Shall we lightly esteem the gift, and forget the trials and triumphs of those earlier days?

The material for the body of the work has been gathered from a great variety of sources, and if any of the narratives are not strictly authentic, the fault has been unintentional. With warm acknowledgments for the courtesy which has permitted the editor to enrich its pages with gems from the works of our best writers of history, and with the hope that its mission may be for good, he commends it to the just judgment of the people and their children.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1856.



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## HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

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### SUGGESTION TO TEACHERS.

THE author would respectfully, but earnestly, recommend to teachers that this volume be used, not only as a reader, but for the purpose of communicating a living knowledge of our country's history. With a view to accomplish this, he would suggest the following plan. Let the class thoroughly learn the outline history of the First Era, and frequently review the facts of that outline, whilst reading the sketches and narratives connected with it. This course, pursued throughout the volume, with reference to each of the succeeding Eras, will leave upon the mind of the student a clear and distinct impression of the most prominent facts in American History. By having the leading features of history thus stamped upon the memory, all the interesting details that may be learned by after reading, will locate themselves in the proper connection, and thus strengthen the impression already formed.

## GENERAL DIVISIONS.

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THE History of the United States may be properly divided into Five Eras, respectively designated as the Eras of COLONIZATION, PROBATION, REVOLUTION, CONFEDERATION, and EXTENSION.

The First Era embraces most of the seventeenth century, from the settlement of Jamestown, in 1607, to the accession of William and Mary to the throne of England, in 1689, and is characterised as the Era of COLONIZATION.

The Second Era embraces about three quarters of a century, from the accession of William and Mary, in 1689, to the Peace of Paris, in 1763, and is designated as the Era of PROBATION.

The Third Era extends from the Peace of Paris, in 1763, to the close of the Revolutionary War, in 1783, and is called the Era of REVOLUTION.

The Fourth Era extends from the close of the Revolutionary War, in 1783, to the commencement of Washington's administration, in 1789, and is denominated the Era of CONFEDERATION.

The Fifth Era extends from the commencement of Washington's administration, to the present time, and is distinguished as the Era of EXTENSION.

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QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION. — How is the History of the United States divided? Describe the First Era. Second. Third. Fourth. Fifth.



# AMERICAN HISTORICAL READER.

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## OUTLINE OF FIRST ERA.

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### COLONIZATION. — 1607-1689.

1. BEFORE sketching the course of settlement in North America, it may be well to glance at the history of its discovery, and the consequent claims upon portions of its territory, by several nations of Europe.

2. Spain took the lead in discovery, and in 1492, Christopher Columbus, who had sailed under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella, carried back to that country the glorious tidings that he had discovered a new Western World. His first discoveries, however, were confined to some islands lying off the south-east coast of North America, including several of the West India group.

3. The first discovery of the continent of North America, was made by John and Sebastian Cabot, in 1497. They sailed under the auspices of Henry VII. of England, and having first discovered the island of Newfoundland, and coast of Labrador, in 1497, made another voyage the following year, in which they followed the eastern coast of North America, from Newfoundland to Florida.

4. In 1534, James Cartier, under a commission from the King of France, visited the island of Newfoundland, and discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The following year, he proceeded up the Gulf, to the Isle of Orleans, and thence as far as Montreal. A temporary settlement was made at the former place, and this portion of the country claimed for France.



5. In 1541, Ferdinand de Soto discovered the Mississippi, five or six hundred miles from its mouth. He landed in Florida, with the purpose of conquering that country, but after remaining nearly two years in that vicinity, proceeded to the north-west on a tour of exploration, and in the spring of 1541 arrived upon the banks of the Mississippi. Here he died, and was buried beneath its waves, thus making the object of his discovery a lasting monument to his memory.

6. You will see by this, that whilst the English claimed, from right of discovery, a portion of the eastern coast of North America, France asserted her title to the Canadas on the north, and Spain, to Florida and the region of the Mississippi on the south and west. Our present outline will be confined to the territory now occupied by the United States.

7. The three oldest towns in our country, are St. Augustine, in Florida, founded in 1565 by the Spaniards; Jamestown, in Virginia, founded in 1607 by the English; and Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620, also by the English.

8. The first permanent settlement of Europeans, in North America, was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in the spring of 1607. It was so called in honor of James I., King of England, who had divided the territory between the 34th and 45th degrees of north latitude, assigning the northern part to the Plymouth, and the southern part to the London Company.

9. The Colony of Jamestown was planted under the auspices of the London Company. One of the most enterprising and useful members of the little community, was Captain John Smith. He was a man of great energy, and his talents were well suited to cope with the difficulties attending a new settlement in the wilderness.

10. During the first years of the colony, great difficulties and hardships were experienced, from exposure, famine, and disease, so that the settlement was several times upon the very point of being abandoned. Fresh reinforcements of men, and supplies of provision, with an over-ruling Providence, preserved the colony from destruction, and, after several years of hardship, toil, and suffering, it attained great prosperity.



11. In 1622, this prosperity was checked by the Indians, who had concerted a plan to destroy the colony at a single blow. On the 1st of April, this plan was so far put into execution, that three hundred and forty-seven of the settlers,—men, women, and children,—were butchered almost in the same instant.

12. The next settlement in order of time, was made by the Dutch, at New York, in 1613. The whole island, then called Manhattan, on which now stands the largest city in America, was purchased from the natives for about twenty dollars.

13. The Dutch soon extended their trade with the natives as far up the Hudson river as Albany, near the site of which place they erected a fort in 1615. This they called Fort Orange; the settlement on Manhattan Island, New Amsterdam; and the surrounding country, New Netherlands.

14. The Dutch held possession of their settlements about fifty years, until 1664, when they were surrendered to the English. With the exception of occasional difficulties with the Indians, the early history of this colony was prosperous.

15. In the year 1620 was made the settlement of Plymouth, in Massachusetts, by a company of English emigrants called *Puritans*. After a long and dangerous voyage of more than two months, they came in sight of the bleak and dreary shores of Cape Cod. On the 21st of December, an exploring party landed, and selected a place for their settlement, which was called Plymouth. During the first winter, the colonists suffered greatly from cold, famine, and exposure, and afterwards, from wars with the Indians; but, amidst all their sufferings and trials, they persevered in laying the foundations of our present greatness.

16. A few years after the establishment of the Plymouth colony, other settlements began to be made in the eastern part of Massachusetts. In the year 1628 a company of Puritans settled at Salem, and within two or three years, Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge, Dorchester, Watertown, and other places in that vicinity, were settled.

17. The settlements around Boston enjoyed a great degree of quietness and prosperity after the first two or three years of their



existence, and were seldom disturbed by Indian hostilities, otherwise than as they were sometimes called upon to aid the more exposed settlements farther inland. Most of the settlers, like those of Plymouth, belonged to the sect known in England as Puritans, and were a sober, industrious, and Christian people; but they sometimes committed the great error of persecuting those who differed from them in religious opinions, although they themselves had left England to avoid the persecutions to which they were there exposed.

18. The first settlements in New Hampshire were made on or near the Piscataqua or Salmon Falls River, in the year 1623. In that year one party of emigrants, from England, settled at a place called Little Harbor, two miles below the present city of Portsmouth. Another party of emigrants settled at a place called Dover.

19. In the year 1633, the Dutch, who had settled at New York, as will be hereafter related, erected a fort or trading house at the place where is now the city of Hartford. A short time after this, and during the same year, the people of Plymouth sent a company to Connecticut, who sailed up the river past the Dutch fort, and began a settlement at Windsor.

20. In the autumn of the year 1635, about sixty men, women, and children, from Massachusetts, made a toilsome journey through the wilderness, and settled at Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield.

21. The very year after these three towns were settled, the infant colony of Connecticut became involved in a war with the powerful tribe of Pequod Indians. After the Indians had killed many of the English, the latter collected all the troops they could spare from the defence of their dwellings, and in the year 1637 marched into the country of the Pequods, in the south-eastern part of Connecticut. The Indian fort was burned, and the whole tribe annihilated.

22. In the year 1636, Roger Williams, who had been banished from Massachusetts for heresy, being joined by a few faithful friends, went to a place called Seekonk, with the intention of



settling there; but soon after he relinquished this design, and proceeded to a place at the head of Narragansett Bay, and there began a settlement. In acknowledgment of the mercies of Heaven, he named the place *Providence*. Here now stands a beautiful city, the capital of the State of Rhode Island. In the year 1639, some friends of Williams settled at Newport, on the *Island* of Rhode Island.

23. In the colony which Williams had planted, the principles of religious toleration were established by law; and Rhode Island became an asylum for the persecuted of all sects. One of the laws of the colony declared that "all men might walk as their consciences persuaded them, without molestation, every one in the name of his God." How different from that persecuting spirit which then prevailed in Old England, and even in some of the American colonies!

24. In 1638, a company of Swedes, conducted by a Dutch captain, made the first permanent settlement in Delaware. They settled at a place which they called Christiana, or Christina, on a creek of the same name. This name was given to their settlement in honor of Christiana, the little girl who was then queen of Sweden. The Swedes named the country in their possession NEW SWEDEN.

25. Soon after, the Dutch began to settle near the Swedish colony, and finally they built a fort where New Castle now stands. The Swedes resented this intrusion, and seized the fort by stratagem; but the Dutch from New Netherlands, led by Governor Stuyvesant himself, attacked the Swedes, in return, and conquered their new colony and its surrounding territory.

26. From this time, until the conquest of New Netherlands by the English in 1664, the Dutch governed Delaware. It was afterwards subject to the English as a part of New York, until Pennsylvania was settled, when it was granted to William Penn, and was governed by him and his heirs until the American Revolution.

27. New Jersey was at first included in the Dutch province of New Netherlands; and soon after the Dutch had settled at New Amsterdam, now New York City, they made a few feeble settle-



ments on the west side of the Hudson River, near the village of Bergen. The same year that the English fleet conquered the country of the Dutch, some English emigrants settled at Elizabethtown, and this place was the first capital of the province.

28. The early colonists of New Jersey suffered but little from Indian wars. Their most serious difficulties arose from dissensions among themselves, and from disputes between them and their governors or proprietors. These disputes were finally terminated in the year 1702, by the annexation of New Jersey to the government of New York. This union, however, continued only until 1738, when New Jersey became a separate province, with governors appointed by the English sovereign.

29. The settlement of Maryland was owing to the exertions of George Calvert, a Catholic nobleman of England, whose title was Lord Baltimore. The king promised him the grant of a tract of land, which, in honor of the queen, Henrietta Maria, also a Catholic, was named *Maryland*. The design of Lord Baltimore in planting a colony in America, was to open there a peaceful asylum for his Catholic brethren, who were then persecuted in England.

30. As Lord Baltimore died before the charter was completed, the same was made out to his son Cecil, who also took the title of Lord Baltimore, and readily engaged in carrying out the benevolent designs of his father. He appointed his brother, Leonard Calvert, governor of the intended colony, and in the latter part of the year 1633, sent him to America, at the head of about two hundred Catholic emigrants, to commence a settlement.

31. Calvert arrived at the mouth of the Potomac River in March of the following year, and as soon as he landed he erected a cross, and took possession of the country with much ceremony, using the words, "I take possession of these heathen lands for our Saviour, and for our sovereign lord the king of England."

32. As the English government was indebted to the father of William Penn, he applied for and obtained a grant of territory in America, in payment of the debt. In honor of Penn's father, the territory thus granted was named PENNSYLVANIA. In the



year 1681, Penn sent out several ships with emigrants, mostly Quakers, and he gave instructions to his agent that he should govern the little colony in harmony with law and religion — that he should gain the good will of the natives, — and that, if a city should be commenced as the capital of the province, it should not be like the crowded towns of the old world, but should be laid out with gardens around each house, so as to form “a green country-town.”

33. The next year, Penn himself visited his province. Soon after his arrival he invited the neighboring tribes of Indians to assemble for the purpose of making a treaty with them. At the appointed time the Indian chiefs at the head of their warriors, armed and painted in the usual manner, and adorned with beads and feathers, assembled beneath an aged elm, which stood within the suburbs of the present city of Philadelphia.

34. Here William Penn met them, at the head of a company of his religious associates, all unarmed, clad in the simple Quaker garb, and bearing in their hands various presents for the Indians. Penn then addressed the chiefs in language of great kindness, and they replied, by assuring him that they would live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure. It has been said that this is the only treaty between the Christians and the Indians that was not ratified by an oath, and the only one that was never broken.

35. The first English settlements in North Carolina were made about the year 1650, by some planters from Virginia, who settled on the northern shore of Albemarle Sound. The little colony established there was called, in honor of the Duke of Albemarle, the *Albemarle County Colony*, and during several years was connected with Virginia, and governed by her laws.

36. The people of North Carolina had many difficulties among themselves, and they were sometimes troubled by the Indians. During the years 1711, 1712, and 1713, the Tuscarora Indians carried on a war against them, but the savages were finally subdued, and driven from the country.

37. The first settlement in South Carolina was made in 1670



by a number of emigrants from England. The emigrants sailed into Ashley River, and on the south or west side of that stream, on the first high land, a little above the present city of Charleston, they commenced a settlement which was afterwards called Old Charleston. Not a vestige of that settlement now remains, except a ditch or moat nearly filled, which served as a defence against the Indians.

38. It was soon found that the situation which the settlers had chosen was not favorable for a commercial town, and they began to look around for a more desirable location. There was a spot lower down, called Oyster Point, between the rivers Ashley and Cooper, which soon attracted attention, on account of its pleasant situation, and its delightful and ever-verdant groves of cypress, cedar, and pine, and here the settlers soon laid the foundation of a new town, which they called Charleston. On that spot now stands the city of the same name.

39. I have thus sketched, very briefly, the history of settlement in the old thirteen States, with the exception of Georgia, which did not become a colony until 1733. It was settled under the auspices of General Oglethorpe, for the purpose of giving homes to the poor of Great Britain.

40. The limits of this outline will not permit me to enter into a history of the separate colonies. Each had its peculiar and separate government, subject to the jurisdiction of Great Britain. For the most part, they acted with entire independence of each other, and were temporarily united in cases of common danger.

41. In 1643 the four colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven, formed a union by articles of Confederation, and adopted the name of "The United Colonies of New England." The object of this union was to protect themselves against the Indians, and against the encroachments of the Dutch of New Netherlands.

42. In 1675 the New England colonies suffered much from a war with the Indians, called King Philip's war, from a noted chief of that name. Many lives were lost, horrid cruelties were perpetrated by the savages, and several towns were destroyed, but



the war was finally ended by the death of Philip, and the dispersion of his followers.

43. The rebellion of Bacon, in Virginia, which broke out about the same time, was caused by oppressive restrictions on commerce, and heavy taxes imposed by the governor.

44. The New England colonies were severely oppressed in the reign of James II., under the tyrannical administration of the governor appointed by him, Sir Edmund Andros. The troubles and discontents in New York arose from the same cause. All these commotions tended to develope the spirit which afterwards aspired to national independence. The revolution in England, which, in 1689, placed William and Mary upon the throne, brought temporary relief to the colonies.

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QUESTIONS. — 2. When and by whom was America discovered? 3. English discoveries? 4. French discoveries? 5. De Soto? 6. Claims of England, France, and Spain? 7. Three oldest towns in the United States? 8. First English settlement in North America? Named after whom? What had he done? 9. What is said of Captain John Smith? 10. First years of the Colony? Condition afterwards? 11. What happened in 1622? 12. Settlement of New York? 13. What other settlement by the Dutch, and what names were given? 14. What happened in 1664? 15. When and by whom was Plymouth settled? Its early condition? 16. Settlements in other parts of Massachusetts? 17. Condition of the settlements around Boston? What error did they commit? 18. First settlement of New Hampshire? 19. First settlement in Connecticut? 20. Other towns? 21. War with the Pequods? 22. Settlement of Rhode Island? 23. Religious toleration? 24. Settlement of Delaware? 26. Subsequent history to the time of the Revolution? 27. Early condition of New Jersey? First settlement? 28. After history? 29. What is said of Lord Baltimore? 31. First settlement of Maryland? 32. What of William Penn and his father? First settlement of Pennsylvania? 33. Penn's visit and treaty with the Indians? 35. Account of the first settlement in North Carolina? 36. Difficulties in that Colony? 37. First settlement of South Carolina? 38. To what point removed? 39. When did Georgia become a Colony? By whom settled? 40. Government of the different Colonies? 41. Union of New England Colonies? Its object? 42. When did Philip's war begin? What is said of it? 43. Rebellion of Bacon, in Virginia? 44. James II. and Sir Edmund Andros? What brought relief?



## OUTLINE OF SECOND ERA.

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### PROBATION.—1689-1763.

1. THE present Era, extending from the accession of William and Mary, in 1689, to the Peace of Paris, in 1763, is properly denominated the Era of Probation, for it was throughout a period of great trial and suffering, and the infant colonies were almost literally baptized in "blood and fire."

2. The difficulties between England and France, led to the successive wars of King William, Queen Anne, George II., and the old French and Indian war. All these wars brought the colonies into direct collision with their French neighbors in Canada, and their more ruthless neighbors, the Indians.

3. The first, or King William's war, commenced in 1690, and continued to the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697. This was at first a war between France and England; but the French and English settlements took up arms, and thus the quarrel was extended to America. The Indians generally took part with the French of Canada. The war in America was confined mostly to New York, and some of the New England colonies.

4. During this war, an English settlement at Casco Bay, in Maine, and the town of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, suffered severely by attacks from the Indians. At the same time, the colony of Massachusetts suffered from domestic difficulties, growing out of that strange delusion, known as the Salem Witchcraft. During the prevalence of this horrid delusion, hundreds were imprisoned on a charge of witchcraft, and numbers were actually executed.

5. King William's was followed, in 1702, by Queen Anne's war, which continued to the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. By this, France ceded Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to England. Like all the other Indian wars, it occasioned great suffering amongst the English colonists. The French from Canada, often



accompanied the Indians in their expeditions against the English settlements, and seldom made any effort to restrain their cruelties.

6. In 1744, war was again declared by England against France, and the colonies were plunged into hostilities with the French and their savage allies. This war was most disastrous to the colonies, involving them in losses and debt. It was closed in 1748, by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The conflicting claims, however, of France and England to certain territories in America, soon rendered another war inevitable. This brings us to what is called the French and Indian war.

7. France had possession of the Canadas and New Brunswick in the north; but she claimed, in addition, all Nova Scotia, part of New York and Pennsylvania, and the extensive country in the valley of the Mississippi. The English were not willing to allow these claims, and, as they could not settle the matter peaceably, they went to war about it.

8. The French having built several forts along the southern shore of Lake Erie, the English Governor of Virginia thought it best to remonstrate with the commanders of these posts, and demand a withdrawal of the troops. It being necessary to send some person to confer with the French Commander on the subject, a young man by the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON was selected for the purpose.

9. Washington, then only twenty-two years of age, was a land surveyor, and being well acquainted with the wilderness through which he was to travel, and with the customs of the Indians, he accomplished the journey, mostly on foot, and in the depth of winter, with great credit to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the Governor. The French, however, refused to abandon their forts, or give up the country.

10. Washington, at the head of a small body of Virginia troops, was then sent into the disputed territory, where he defeated a small party of French troops, but did not succeed in capturing any of the forts of the enemy. This was in the year 1754. The next year, several regiments were sent out from England to aid the colonies against the French.



11. The next expedition was against the French posts which Washington had visited, and was commanded by a British General, named Braddock. He had about two thousand men, a part from England, and the remainder Virginians. Braddock, though brave, and skilled in European warfare, knew nothing of Indian fighting, and was too proud to be advised by Americans.

12. In this expedition, Washington acted as aid to Braddock, and he requested permission to lead the provincial troops in advance, for the purpose of guarding against an Indian surprise. Braddock would not listen to him, but continued to press forward through the woods, heedless of danger; when suddenly, just as he had crossed the Monongahela, and was only nine or ten miles from the French fort, an Indian force, concealed by the bushes and trees, poured in a deadly fire upon the advancing column.

13. The English were soon thrown into confusion; and the savages, rushing in from every quarter, completed the rout. Braddock, after having three horses shot under him, was mortally wounded; and soon every mounted officer, but Washington, fell. He rallied the provincial troops after the regulars had fled, and boldly facing the Indians, drove them back, and saved the remnant of the army from total destruction.

14. Another expedition, undertaken by the English, in 1755, was against a French post at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. The English, commanded by General William Johnson, proceeded up the Hudson River, between which and Lake George they were attacked by a large force of French and Indians. The latter, however, were defeated, and their commander, Baron Dieskau, mortally wounded.

15. Many other important events occurred during this war, but we have not room to narrate them here. The chief, and the closing event, was the capture of Quebec, by Wolfe, in 1759.

16. In the latter part of June, 1759, General Wolfe landed his army of about eight thousand men, on the Isle of Orleans, a few miles below Quebec. The French forces, to the number of thirteen thousand men, occupied the city and a strong camp between the rivers St. Charles and Montmorenci.

17. Wolfe conveyed his troops above the city, and on the night



of the 12th of September, landed them silently at a place since called Wolfe's Cove; when, after great exertions, they succeeded in climbing up a lofty precipice that there lines the bank of the river. When morning dawned, Montcalm, the French Commander, was astonished to learn that the English army was drawn up in battle array on the Plains of Abraham.

18. Montcalm now saw that no alternative remained but to risk a battle, and accordingly he marched out all his forces to meet the enemy. The battle commenced with great resolution on both sides. General Wolfe, exposing himself in the foremost ranks of his army, received two wounds in quick succession, and a third ball pierced his breast, fatally wounding him.

19. Colonel Monckton, the second officer in rank, was dangerously wounded, and the command devolved on General Townshend. The French General, Montcalm, likewise fell, as also did his second in command. Wolfe died on the field of battle, but he lived long enough to be informed that he had gained the victory.

20. A few days after the battle, Quebec surrendered, and the next year all Canada submitted to the English. These events were followed, in 1763, by a treaty of peace, by which France surrendered to Great Britain all her possessions in North America.

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QUESTIONS.—1. Extent of this Era? How named, and why? 2. What wars in this Era? Effect upon the Colonies? 3. Extent of King William's war? Which side did the Indians take? To what was the war confined in America? 4. What towns suffered? What of the Salem Witchcraft? 5. Duration of Queen Anne's war? Effect upon the Colonies? 6. When did the next war commence? Describe its effects. When closed? What brought on the French and Indian war? 7. What did France possess, and what claim? What of the English? 8. Where had the French built forts? Who was sent to the French Commander? 9. Describe his journey. Disposition of the French? 10. Washington's expedition? Reinforcements from England? 11. What of Braddock's expedition? 12. The attack of the Indians? 13. Result? 14. Another expedition? Its result? 15. Closing event of the war? 16. Forces of the English and French? 17. Enterprise of the 12th of September? 18. Describe the battle. 19. Its result? 20. What of Quebec and Canada? Conditions of the treaty of Peace?

## OUTLINE OF THIRD ERA.

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### REVOLUTION.—1763–1783.

1. DURING most of the time that the colonies were under the government of Great Britain, that power had oppressed them in various ways,—by seeking to abridge their just rights and crush the spirit of liberty among them, by imposing odious and unjust restrictions on their domestic and foreign trade, and finally by an attempt to *tax* them for her own benefit.

2. In the year 1765, the English government declared that all deeds, bonds, notes, &c., should be executed on *stamped* paper brought from England, for which a *tax* should be paid to the crown: but the people destroyed the paper when it reached America, and used unstamped paper as before. They also retaliated upon Great Britain, by refusing to purchase the manufactures of that country. Finally, the parent country, seeing she could get no money from the colonies in that way, repealed the stamp act.

3. Great Britain next imposed a tax on the glass, paper, paints, tea, &c., which the colonies used; and soon after she began to send troops to America to enforce her unjust laws for oppressing the colonies. The Americans were not so much opposed to paying the small taxes which England demanded, as they were averse to the principle involved in submitting to them. England declared she had a *right* to tax her colonies: the latter denied this right, and were determined to resist taxation, as well as all other kinds of oppression.

4. In the year 1773, the English merchants sent many shiploads of tea to America, which they offered to sell very cheap, if the Americans would pay to the English government the small tax on it of only three pence per pound. But notwithstanding the cheapness of the price, the Americans determined to do without tea entirely, rather than abandon the principles for which they were contending.



5. When the ships thus freighted reached New York and Philadelphia, the people would not allow the tea to be landed, and the ships were obliged to carry it back to England. In Charleston the tea was landed, but the citizens would not allow it to be sold, and being stored in damp cellars, it finally perished.

6. When the tea designed for Boston entered that harbor, the people held a meeting to consider what should be done with it. They wished to send it back to England, but the king's governor of Massachusetts declared it should not be sent back. But the people as positively persisted that it should not be landed. In this position of the controversy, a party of men, disguised as Indians, went on board the ships, and, in the presence of thousands of spectators, broke open three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, and emptied their contents into the harbor.

7. In this way difficulties went on increasing until 1775, when Great Britain sent large bodies of troops to Boston, with the design of awing the Americans into submission, or, if necessary, of reducing them to obedience by force of arms. General Gage commanded these troops; — the same man who, twenty years before, led the advanced column of Braddock's army in the memorable battle of the Monongahela.

8. General Gage, learning that the Americans were preparing for resistance, and collecting warlike stores in the vicinity of Boston, early on the morning of the 19th of April sent out a force of eight hundred men to destroy the stores collected at Concord, sixteen miles from the city. This force, on reaching Lexington, ten miles from Boston, and finding about seventy of the provincial militia assembled there, fired upon them, killing several of the number. This was the first blood shed in the war of the Revolution.

9. The British troops proceeded to Concord and destroyed a part of the stores, but the people of the surrounding country assembled in numbers, and, attacking them, drove them back to Boston, with a loss of nearly three hundred men, while the American loss was less than ninety.

10. Intelligence of these events spread rapidly through the



colonies. The battle of Lexington was the signal of war: the blood of Americans had been spilled on their own soil, and in defence of their own homes; and from all parts of the country the people came thronging to the scene of action, determined to avenge the death of their countrymen, and drive their oppressors from the land.

11. In a few days the British forces in Boston were surrounded by an army of twenty thousand men, many of them, however, but poorly armed. The British army, including reinforcements lately arrived from England, and commanded by the distinguished Generals Gage, Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, numbered between ten and twelve thousand men.

12. The American Colonel Prescott was ordered, on the evening of the 16th of June, to take one thousand men and form an intrenchment on Bunker's Hill, for the purpose of defending the narrow peninsula of Charlestown. By some mistake, Colonel Prescott proceeded to Breed's Hill, which is still nearer Boston.

13. Colonel Prescott's men labored diligently and silently all night, and by the dawn of day they had erected a square redoubt, capable of sheltering them from the fire of the enemy. The English were astonished at this daring advance of the Americans, and immediately commenced a heavy fire upon them from several vessels in the harbor, and from a fortification on Cop's Hill in Boston.

14. About noon, three thousand British troops crossed over to Charlestown in boats, and landing at Morton's Point, marched against the American works. While they were advancing, the village of Charlestown was burned by the orders of General Gage, and by this wanton act two thousand people were deprived of their habitations.

15. The Americans, having been told by their officers not to fire until they could take certain aim, awaited in silence the advance of the enemy to within ten rods of the redoubt, when they opened upon them so deadly a fire of musketry, that whole ranks were cut down, and the royal troops were driven back in disorder and precipitation.



16. Being rallied by their officers, the British troops reluctantly advanced, and were a second time beaten back by the same destructive and incessant stream of fire. At this critical moment, General Clinton came over from Boston with reinforcements. By his exertions the troops were again rallied and brought a third time to the charge, and, being aided by the fire from the British ships in the harbor, which raked the interior of the American works, they were finally successful in reaching the summit of the hill.

17. By this time the ammunition of the Americans began to fail them, and they slowly retired from their intrenchments, fighting with the butt-ends of their muskets. Having retreated across Charlestown Neck, they hastily fortified Prospect Hill, while the English intrenched themselves on Bunker Hill, near the neck of the Peninsula. In this battle the British lost more than a thousand men, while the American loss was less than five hundred.

18. Two days before the battle of Bunker Hill, George Washington had been appointed by the American Congress, commander-in-chief of all the American forces, and in July he took the command of the army in the vicinity of Boston. Early in the following year he caused batteries to be erected on Dorchester Heights, and as this place completely commanded Boston, the British soon evacuated the city, and with all their forces sailed to Halifax, in Nova Scotia.

19. Previous to this, in the autumn of 1775, the American Congress had sent an army to invade Canada, which country, then a British province, adhered to England. The result of this invasion was, on the whole, disastrous to the Americans. Montgomery, the American General, took several British posts, and even compelled Montreal to surrender, but in an attack on Quebec, on the last day of December, Montgomery himself was killed, and part of his troops taken prisoners. The Americans were finally obliged to evacuate Canada, without having accomplished the object of the invasion.

20. On the 4th of July, 1776, the American Congress, then



in session at Philadelphia, made the ever-memorable DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, by which the thirteen American colonies declared themselves *Free and Independent*, under the name of the *Thirteen United States of America*.

21. After the Americans had taken the decided stand of declaring their independence, the British government prepared to carry on the war with great vigor. In the latter part of August, 1776, a large British force, under Generals Grant, Heister, and Clinton, landing on Long Island, near the Narrows, commenced their march in three divisions towards the American camp at Brooklyn.

22. The Americans who guarded the passes through the hills, being driven back, and surrounded in the plain near the village of Bedford, were nearly all killed or taken prisoners. The English then prepared to attack the American camp itself, but during a dark night, Washington silently crossed all his army over to New York City.

23. Washington was soon compelled to abandon New York City also, for fear of being surrounded in that position. Retreating along the east side of Hudson River, he established his camp at White Plains, in Westchester County, but was there attacked, and driven back with some loss. Retreating still farther, he next drew up his forces on the heights of North Castle, but soon abandoning that position, he crossed the Hudson, and took post in the vicinity of Fort Lee.

24. There was an American post, called Fort Washington, in the northern part of New York Island, garrisoned by three thousand troops under the brave Colonel Magaw. This fort was compelled to surrender to the British, after a spirited defence, in which the assailants lost nearly a thousand men.

25. Washington now commenced his retreat down the west side of the Hudson, and through New Jersey, closely pursued by overwhelming forces of the enemy. This was a time of great gloom to the American cause. Newark, New Brunswick, Princeton, and Trenton, successively fell into the hands of the enemy, as they were abandoned by the retreating army. On the



8th of December, Washington crossed the Delaware, while the British took post on its eastern bank, waiting only the freezing of the stream to enable them to cross with the greater ease and take possession of Philadelphia.

26. Washington, however, not being inclined to give the British this advantage, silently recrossed the Delaware with a part of his force on the night of the 25th of December, with the design of surprising a body of British troops, called Hessians, who were posted at Trenton. His plan completely succeeded. One thousand Hessians were taken prisoners.

27. The British were greatly alarmed by this sudden and successful movement of Washington; and a large force, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, immediately marched against him at Trenton, but Washington, silently abandoning his camp in the night, suddenly fell upon and routed another body of the British posted at Princeton. This was on the morning of the 3d of January, 1777. The British, instead of attacking Philadelphia, as they had designed, were soon driven back to New Brunswick and Amboy, on the Raritan River, and in the latter part of June they passed over to Staten Island, thus abandoning New Jersey.

28. In the latter part of July, the entire British army left Staten Island, and embarking on board a British fleet, sailed south along the coast, and, sailing up the Chesapeake Bay, landed at the head of Elk River, with the design of approaching Philadelphia from that direction. Washington met the enemy at a place called Chad's Ford, on the Brandywine Creek, but the Americans were defeated. In this battle the Marquis de Lafayette was slightly wounded.

29. The army of Washington now retreated, first to Philadelphia, and then up the left bank of the Schuylkill to Norristown and Pottsgrove. At a place called Paoli, the American General Wayne was surprised in the night, and three hundred of his men were killed.

30. On the 26th of September the British General Howe took possession of Philadelphia without opposition, while the main body of his army encamped at Germantown, six miles distant.



On the 4th of October, Washington made an attack on this latter post, but was repulsed with a heavy loss.

31. About the time that the main body of the British army under General Howe sailed from New Jersey on the expedition against Philadelphia, another British army, under the command of General Burgoyne, commenced its march against the United States, by the way of Canada. This was in the month of June, 1777.

32. General Schuyler abandoned Fort Edward, and Burgoyne took possession of that post on the 30th of July. While here, Burgoyne experienced his first reverses. Being in want of provisions, he sent Colonel Baum, with five hundred men, to seize a quantity of stores which the Americans had collected at Bennington. This force, being met by Colonel Stark, at the head of the New Hampshire militia, was entirely defeated. Colonel Baum himself was mortally wounded.

33. Soon after the battle of Bennington, Burgoyne heard of the defeat of another body of his troops, that had been sent, by way of Oswego, to attack the American Fort Schuyler, on the Mohawk. The British and their Indian allies, having invested this fortress, continued the siege twenty days, but were finally compelled to abandon it, with considerable loss.

34. Notwithstanding these reverses, Burgoyne continued his march, and crossed to the west side of the Hudson, in pursuit of the American army. By this time, however, the Americans had received large reinforcements, and being now commanded by General Gates, they faced about, and met the enemy in the northern part of the town of Stillwater, where two severe battles were fought, the first on the 19th of September, and the second on the 7th of October.

35. The British were now compelled to retreat, and they fell back to the mouth of Fish Creek, in the town of Saratoga, where they were completely surrounded by the Americans, with no chance of escape in any direction. In this situation, on the 17th of October, Burgoyne was reduced to the humiliating necessity of surrendering his whole army prisoners of war.



36. We now return to the movements of the two armies in the vicinity of Philadelphia. A short distance below that city, the Americans had fortified Forts Mifflin and Mercer. On the 22d of October, both these places were attacked by the enemy.

37. The attack on Fort Mercer, then garrisoned by less than five hundred men, was made by nearly two thousand Hessian grenadiers, who, after forcing an extensive outwork, were finally compelled to retire, with a loss of nearly four hundred of their number. The Hessian General, Count Donop, was mortally wounded, and fell into the hands of the Americans. The attack on Fort Mifflin was alike unsuccessful, but in a few days both these places were abandoned to the enemy.

38. Soon after these events, the troops of Washington went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge, on the Schuylkill, twenty miles north-west from Philadelphia, where they passed a rigorous winter, suffering extreme distress from the want of suitable supplies of food and clothing. At the same time the British troops were enjoying, in Philadelphia, all the conveniences and luxuries which an opulent city afforded.

39. Early in the following year, 1778, the joyful intelligence was received that Dr. Franklin, and the other American commissioners at Paris, had concluded a treaty of alliance with France, by which that power acknowledged the independence of the United States, and took part in the war against England.

40. Early in the year the French government sent out a fleet under the command of the Count D'Estaing, to aid the Americans; when the British army at Philadelphia, fearful of being shut up there by the combined forces of France and the United States, commenced a retreat through New Jersey, towards the city of New York.

41. Washington followed with his army, and at a place called Monmouth Court-House, he attacked the enemy and gained some advantage over them. The day was exceedingly hot, and many died on both sides, from the heat and fatigue. In this battle the British Colonel Monckton was killed, the same man who, nineteen years before, was wounded by the side of General Wolfe, at the siege of Quebec.



42. After the battle of Monmouth, the British proceeded to New York. During the remainder of the season, the war was carried on mostly by small parties of the opposing forces, in different parts of the country, but no great battle was fought. Late in the season, however, a British force was sent against Savannah, the capital of Georgia, and that city fell into the hands of the enemy.

43. During the year 1779, the war was carried on in three separate quarters: between portions of the British and the American forces in the Northern States, and others in the Southern States; and also between the fleets of France and England in the West Indies.

44. At the North, the forces of the enemy were mostly employed in ravaging the coast, and plundering the country. The Americans, however, led by General Wayne, made a desperate assault on the fortress of Stony Point, on the Hudson, which they recaptured from the enemy.

45. At the South, the enemy overran Georgia and a part of South Carolina. In October, the Americans, aided by the French, under Count D'Estaing, attempted to retake Savannah, but were unsuccessful. In the attack on this place, Count Pulaski, a celebrated Polish nobleman and patriot, who had espoused the cause of the Americans, was mortally wounded.

46. During the year 1780, the scene of military operations was confined mostly to South Carolina. Early in the spring, a large British force, commanded by General Clinton, landed on the coast south-west from Charleston, and crossing Ashley River, began the siege of the city, by erecting batteries a short distance above it. Soon after, Admiral Arbuthnot sailed past Fort Moultrie, and anchored his fleet in Charleston harbor, within cannon-shot of the city. On the 12th of May, Charleston surrendered to the enemy.

47. After the fall of Charleston, General Clinton made the most active preparations for recovering the whole of South Carolina, and by the first of June, every American post in the province had submitted. Clinton, apprehending little farther opposition from the Americans in that quarter, now left the



province, and sailed for New York, intrusting to Lord Cornwallis the command of the southern British army.

48. Cornwallis, however, soon found that if he wished to retain possession of the country, he must fight for it. His troops, scattered throughout the province in small parties, were frequently attacked, and sometimes defeated by bands of patriots under daring leaders, and in the summer a strong force from the North, commanded by General Gates, the hero of Saratoga, approached for the relief of the southern provinces.

49. On the 16th of August, General Gates met the enemy at a place called Sanders' Creek, east of the Wateree River, and between Clermont and Camden, but here the Americans were defeated.

50. After this battle General Gates retreated into North Carolina, and a second time the British troops overran the whole province; but in October, their progress was arrested by an unexpected disaster. Cornwallis had sent Colonel Ferguson to the western frontiers of North Carolina, for the purpose of encouraging the loyalists in that quarter to take up arms.

51. Ferguson and his band having committed great excesses, the people hastily took up arms against him, and attacking him at a place called King's Mountain, killed Ferguson himself, and many of his men, and took eight hundred prisoners. The ruin of Ferguson's detachment, completely disconcerted the plans of Cornwallis.

52. Few events of much importance occurred at the North during the year 1780, although the British continued their plundering expeditions against defenceless portions of the country. One event of some interest, however, although of little importance in its results, should not be passed over here. We allude to the *treason* of Arnold.

53. This man, a general in the American army, having obtained command of the fortress of West Point, on the Hudson, privately engaged to deliver it up to the British General Clinton, for the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, and a commission as brigadier-general in the British army.



54. By the fortunate arrest of Major Andre, whom Clinton had sent to confer with Arnold, the project was defeated. Andre was hung as a spy, while Arnold fled to the British camp, where he received the stipulated reward of his treason. But even the British themselves scorned the traitor, and the world now execrates his name and memory.

55. Soon after the unfortunate battle of Sanders' Creek, near Camden, Congress appointed General Greene to the command of the southern army, in the place of General Gates. On taking the command, he sent General Morgan, with about two thousand men, to the western extremity of South Carolina, in order to hold in check the British forces in that quarter. Lord Cornwallis sent Colonel Tarleton against him, with directions "to push him to the utmost." Tarleton was defeated, however, at a place called the Cowpens, with the loss of nearly his whole detachment.

56. After this, on the 15th of March, General Greene was attacked by Cornwallis, at a place called Guilford Court-House, and after an obstinate battle was obliged to retreat; but the British had suffered so severely that they were unable to pursue him.

57. General Greene fought two other battles with the enemy, one on the 25th of April, at a place called Hobkirk's Hill, and another in September, at Eutaw Springs. In neither was he entirely successful, but so greatly did the British suffer, that they retreated to Charleston and Savannah; and at the close of the year, these were the only southern posts in their possession.

58. We now return to the movements of Cornwallis, who, late in April, marched into Virginia. About the middle of August he took post at Yorktown, on the south side of York River, and near its entrance into Chesapeake Bay. This place he strongly fortified, and also Gloucester Point, which was held by a detachment under Colonel Tarleton.

59. Washington now determined to strike a decisive blow against Cornwallis; and suddenly drawing off the combined French and American army from the vicinity of New York, near the last of September he laid siege to Yorktown. On the 19th of October, Cornwallis surrendered his whole army prisoners of war, comprising more than seven thousand men.

60. The fall of Cornwallis nearly closed the war in America,



although it continued later on the ocean, and in Europe; for not only France, but Spain and Holland also, had by this time united with America in the war against England.

61. On the 30th of September, 1782, preliminary articles of peace were signed at Paris, by the British and American Commissioners. The names of the latter were Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and Henry Laurens. In September, 1783, a final treaty was concluded, by which Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States, allowing to them ample boundaries, extending north to the great lakes, and west to the Mississippi.

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QUESTIONS. — 1. How had Great Britain oppressed the Colonies? 2. What was done in 1765? What course was pursued by the Colonists? 3. Next tax? What principle in dispute? 4. English merchants and tea? 5. Tea sent to New York, Philadelphia and Charleston? 6. Boston tea? 7. What was done in 1775? 8. What was done by General Gage on the 19th of April? 9. Result of the expedition? 10. Effect upon the Americans? 11. Number and situation of the armies? 12. Evening of the 16th of June? 13. What was done by the British, next morning? 14. Describe the battle. 17. Its final result. 18. What of George Washington? What was done early the next year? 19. Account of the expedition against Canada? 20. Declaration of Independence. 21. Course of the British government? 22. Attack on the American camp? 23. Washington's course? 24. Fort Washington? 25. Retreat through New Jersey? 26. Battle of Trenton? 27. Battle of Princeton? Course of the British? 28. What was done by the British in July? Battle of Brandywine? 29. Washington's course? General Wayne? 30. Battle of Germantown? 31. General Burgoyne? 32. General Stark at Bennington? 33. Fort Schuyler? 34. Operations of the two armies? 35. Final result? 36-37. Forts Mifflin and Mercer? Result of the attacks? 38. Encampment at Valley Forge? 39. Treaty of alliance? 40. Course of the British army? 41. Battle of Monmouth? 42. Describe remaining events of the season. 43. The war in 1779? 44. General Wayne and Stony Point? 45. State of the war in the South? 46. Siege of Charleston? 47. What did Clinton do after the capture of Charleston? 48. Fortunes of Cornwallis? 49. Battle of Camden? 50. Course of Gates and the British? 51. Battle of King's Mountain? 52-53. Treason of Arnold? 54. How were his plans defeated? 55. General Greene? Morgan and Tarleton? 56. Battle of Guilford Court-House? 57. Hobkirk's Hill and Eutaw Springs? 58. Movements of Cornwallis? 59. Plans of Washington? Result? 60. Effect of Cornwallis' surrender? 61. Treaty of Peace?



## OUTLINE OF FOURTH ERA.

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### CONFEDERATION.—1783–1789.

1. ON the 19th of April, 1783, just eight years after the battle of Lexington, peace was proclaimed. The war was at an end, but the miseries and evils which follow in its train, were far from being ended. The next few years are among the darkest in American history. The country was exhausted: agriculture, commerce, and the fisheries, had been neglected; a debt of forty millions of dollars had been contracted, and Congress had no money to pay it. The troops, when they received any pay at all, had received it in paper-money issued by Congress. This money had grown less and less in value, until it was hardly worth a hundredth part of its original amount.

2. Washington deeply deplored the evils gathering round his country, and it is to his wise counsels and unwearied efforts, that, under God, we owe our deliverance from them. By the War of Independence, debts had been incurred to the army, to foreign governments, and to individuals, who had loaned large sums. Congress had no means of paying these debts, unless the separate thirteen States would raise the money. This they were backward in doing, partly from inability, but more because they were jealous of Congress, and unwilling to place too much power in its hands.

3. A meeting to take into consideration the condition of trade, had been appointed at Annapolis for September, 1786. When assembled, it was found that little could be done without the co-operation of more States, and also, that it would be necessary to alter "the Articles of Confederation." These were the only bond of union between the States: they had been framed in 1777, and had answered the purpose during the war, but were found inadequate to the present state of affairs. It was therefore proposed to hold a Convention the following May, at Philadelphia, to form a more complete union of the States. A resolution to this effect was adopted by Congress.



4. In the old State-House in Philadelphia, the same which had witnessed the signing of the Declaration of Independence, representatives from every State, excepting Rhode Island, met on the 23d of May, 1787, to revise the "Articles of Confederation." Washington was there as its President, and Franklin, who had so warmly advocated union in the old colonial times, at the Albany Convention, of 1754. Many and wise were the counsellors, but a difficult task lay before them.

5. Soon, the old "Articles of Confederation" were cast aside, and the draft of a new Constitution was written. Long, ably, and warmly, was every article discussed. There were two parties in the Convention and throughout the land. The one sought to increase the powers of the general government, and to place in its hands an authority designed to strengthen the union abroad and at home. These were the Federalists and friends of the new Constitution. The other party were jealous of too much power being given to the general government; they feared a monarchy, and desired that the governing power should rest with the individual States. These were the Anti-federalists, and for the most part, urgent in modifying the proposed Constitution.

6. At length, on the 17th of September, 1787, the representatives in the Convention having signed the Constitution, it went forth to obtain the sanction of the individual States. Here, again, its fate became very doubtful. It was not until the year 1790, that the last State of the old Thirteen, Rhode Island, gave in her consent to the Constitution. Eleven of the States, however, ratified it within a year, and the consent of nine was sufficient for its adoption. The day fixed for it to take effect, was the 4th of March, 1789.

7. Of course, in the choice of a Chief Magistrate, provided by the Constitution, all hearts turned towards Washington, and by the unanimous voice of the people, he became their first President. John Adams was chosen Vice-President.

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QUESTIONS. — 1. Condition of the country at the close of the war? 2. Debts of the country? Congress? 3. Meeting at Annapolis? 4. Convention at Philadelphia? 5. Account of the parties in that Convention? 6. Result of its action? 7. First President?

## OUTLINE OF FIFTH ERA.

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### EXTENSION. — 1789–1856.

1. DURING the early part of Washington's administration, the attention of Congress was occupied principally in organizing the various departments of government. In 1790, an Indian war broke out on the north-western frontier, north of the Ohio River. General Harmar, who was sent against the Indians, after having ravaged much of their country, was himself defeated by them. The next year, General St. Clair was sent into the Indian country, but being surprised in camp, he also was defeated.

2. During the same year, 1791, VERMONT became a State, and was admitted into the Union,—thus making the fourteenth State of the Confederacy. The first settlement in Vermont was made at Fort Dummer, now Brattleboro'. A fort was erected there in 1723, and a settlement commenced in the following year.

3. In 1792 KENTUCKY became a State,—the first that was formed west of the Alleghanies. The first settlement in Kentucky was made by Daniel Boone and others in the year 1775, about the time of the commencement of the war of the Revolution. The early settlers suffered severely from Indian depredations.

4. After the defeat of St. Clair in 1791, General Wayne was appointed to carry on the war at the west. In 1793 he built a fort which he named Fort Recovery, near the spot on which St. Clair had been defeated. In the following year he fought a great battle with the Indians near the rapids of the Maumee, completely routed them, and laid waste their country. The next year the Indians consented to a treaty, and peace was established with them.

5. John Adams, who had been Vice-President of the United States during Washington's administration, succeeded to the office of President on the 4th of March, 1797. He had been an



ardent supporter of the rights of the colonies against the aggressions of England, and it was at his suggestion that Washington was nominated commander-in-chief of the American armies.

6. During this administration, in December, 1799, occurred the death of Washington. On this occasion the members of Congress put on mourning; the people of the United States wore crape on the left arm for thirty days; and in every part of the republic, funeral orations were delivered to commemorate the virtues of the "*Father of his Country.*"

7. In the year 1790, a tract of country ten miles square, on both sides of the Potomac River, had been ceded to the United States by Virginia and Maryland, for the purpose of becoming the seat of government of the Union. Within this district a city was laid out, which was named *Washington*, and to this place the seat of government was removed from Philadelphia, in the year 1800.

8. Thomas Jefferson, who had been Secretary of State under Washington, and Vice-President during the administration of Mr. Adams, succeeded the latter in the office of President on the 4th of March, 1801. It was Jefferson who wrote the celebrated Declaration of Independence. To him we are indebted for the present convenient denominations of Federal money, such as cents, dimes, dollars, &c., in place of the old English system of pounds, shillings, and pence.

9. In the year 1802, OHIO, which had previously formed part of the "North-Western Territory," became a State. The first settlement in Ohio was commenced at Marietta, on the 7th of April, 1788, by a company of forty-seven individuals. Marietta received its name in honor of *Marie Antoinette*, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of France.

10. Previous to the year 1803, the territory of the United States extended west only to the Mississippi River,—all the region beyond, then called *Louisiana*, being owned by Spain. This latter power, however, ceded the country to France in the year 1800, and in the year 1803 the United States purchased it from France, for fifteen millions of dollars. Thus the territory of the United States was extended west to the Rocky Mountains.



11. During several years of Mr. Jefferson's administration, a war was carried on by the United States against Tripoli, one of the piratical Barbary powers in the north of Africa. At the same time, difficulties between England and the United States, that had commenced soon after the close of the Revolution, continued to increase, with but little prospect of a friendly settlement, and during the next administration, as will be seen, they involved the two countries in another war.

12. On the 4th of March, 1809, Mr. Jefferson was succeeded in the office of President by James Madison. In the year 1811, that portion of Louisiana, which had been called the "Territory of Orleans," since its purchase by the United States, adopted a State Constitution, and in the following year was admitted into the Union as a State, bearing the name of LOUISIANA.

13. At the time of the accession of Mr. Madison to the Presidency, the difficulties with England were the all-absorbing topic in the Congress of the United States, and among the people. During many years, England, while engaged in a war with France, had been in the habit of plundering our commerce on the ocean, under the pretence that we were aiding her enemy.

14. She had also forcibly taken seamen from our vessels, and compelled them to serve in her navy, under the pretence that they were natives of England, and were therefore still British subjects. But under this avowed right, not only natives of England, but American-born citizens also, were taken away, and condemned to a lot little better than that of slavery.

15. After many years of suffering and remonstrance, the United States finally declared war against Great Britain, in the month of June, 1812. The declaration of war, however, although sustained by a large majority of the people of the Union, was not unanimous, for many of the citizens of the New England States, and especially such as belonged to what was called the *Federal* party, opposed the war, believing it to be unnecessary.

16. During the year 1811, the western Indians, incited, as was supposed, by British agents, had become hostile; and General Harrison, at the head of a large force, had been sent against



them. The Indians, led by the celebrated chief Tecumseh, while pretending that they were ready to make peace with him, treacherously attacked him early on the morning of the 7th of November, but they were finally repulsed, after having a large number of their warriors slain. This is what is called the *Battle of Tippecanoe*.

17. In the year 1812, soon after the declaration of war, General Hull, who had the command of the western frontier, crossed the Detroit River, and marched into Canada; but as the British and Indians began to concentrate around him, he marched back to Detroit, on the American side.

18. Here, on the 16th of August, he basely surrendered to the British General Brock his whole army, together with Detroit, and all other posts in Michigan Territory. For his conduct in this affair, General Hull was afterwards tried by a court-martial, and being convicted of cowardice, was sentenced to death; but he was pardoned by the President, although his name was ordered to be struck from the rolls of the army.

19. During the summer of 1812, an American force had assembled on the Niagara frontier, and in October, a detachment crossed the river and attacked the British on Queenstown Heights. Here the British General Brock was killed, but the Americans were finally defeated, and many of them taken prisoners. On the ocean the Americans gained several important victories during the year 1812, but thus far, on the land, the events of the war had generally been unfavorable to them.

20. After the surrender of General Hull, the command of the western frontier had been given to General Harrison, who, early in the year 1813, began to assemble his forces near the head of Lake Erie, for the recovery of Detroit, and an invasion of Canada. While General Winchester was marching to unite his forces with those of Harrison, he was attacked at Frenchtown, by the British and Indians under General Proctor, and he himself and nearly his entire force were taken prisoners.

21. During the summer, the American forces had various encounters with the British and Indians, in most of which the



latter were defeated. In September a naval battle was fought on Lake Erie, in which the American squadron, commanded by Commodore Perry, captured every vessel of the enemy. Intelligence of this victory was conveyed to Harrison in the following laconic epistle: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

22. Soon after this, Harrison pursued the British and Indians into Canada, and having overtaken them about eighty miles from Detroit, he there attacked them, and destroyed nearly their whole force. Tecumseh himself, the master-spirit of the great Indian confederacy, was found among the slain.

23. At the north, a body of troops from Sackett's Harbor crossed Lake Ontario late in April, and captured York, now Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada. General Pike, who led the troops to the assault, was killed by the explosion of the enemy's magazine. About a month later the enemy made an attack on Sackett's Harbor, but before they had done much damage, they were repulsed by the American militia under Colonel Brown.

24. During the year 1813, the ocean was the scene of many sanguinary conflicts between separate armed vessels of England and the United States, the results of which were various, but neither at sea nor on land was the American flag dishonored by cowardice, or cruelty to the vanquished. On the other hand, the British character was often sullied by scenes of rapine, and gross outrage upon unprotected citizens.

25. Early in July, 1814, about three thousand Americans, commanded by Generals Scott, Ripley, and Brown, crossed the Niagara River near Buffalo, and took possession of Fort Erie without opposition. Thence proceeding north along the river as far as Chippewa, they were there met by the enemy on the 5th of the month, but after a severe battle the latter were driven from the field.

26. On the evening of the 25th of the same month the opposing forces again met, near the Falls of Niagara, at a place denoted as Lundy's Lane, and here was fought the most obstinate battle that occurred during the war. The enemy were finally compelled



to withdraw, but the losses on both sides were nearly equal. The killed and wounded on each side were more than eight hundred.

27. Early in September, fourteen thousand of the enemy, commanded by General Prevost, advanced from Canada, against Plattsburg, on the western shore of Lake Champlain. On the 11th of the month, they attacked the American force there, but were defeated with a loss of more than two thousand men. At the same time the British fleet on the lake attacked the American flotilla lying in the harbor, but here also the enemy were defeated, and most of their vessels captured.

28. During this season the enemy also invaded the States by the way of the Atlantic coast. In August they succeeded in reaching Washington, where they burned the Capitol, President's house, and many other buildings. They next proceeded up the Chesapeake, and landing at North Point, marched against Baltimore; but they were met and repulsed—their commander, General Ross, being killed.

29. The war was carried on at the south also during this season. Florida was at this time in the possession of Spain, and the Spanish authorities there, being favorable to Great Britain, allowed British vessels to be fitted out in the harbor of Pensacola, for expeditions against the United States. General Jackson, then commanding at the south, marched against Pensacola, stormed the place, and compelled the British to evacuate Florida.

30. General Jackson then proceeded to the City of New Orleans, which he found in a state of confusion and alarm, as information had been received there that a large British force was preparing for an attack on that place. By his exertions, however, order and confidence were restored, the militia were organized, and fortifications were erected four or five miles below the city.

31. On the 28th of December, and also on the 1st of January, 1815, these fortifications were cannonaded by the enemy. On the morning of the 8th of January, General Packenham, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, advanced against the American works with the main body of his army, numbering more than twelve thousand men.



32. There were only six thousand Americans to contend against this army, but they were posted behind bales of cotton which no balls could penetrate, and moreover, they were the best marksmen in the land, and terrible was the slaughter which they made among the enemy, as the latter came within reach of their rifles. After a short, but desperate struggle, the enemy fled, leaving seven hundred dead, and more than a thousand wounded, on the field of battle. The loss of the Americans was only seven killed and six wounded.

33. This was the last important battle that occurred during the war. Even before it was fought, a treaty of peace had been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, although intelligence of it had not yet reached America. The tidings of peace were received with great joy by the people, for they were anxious to be relieved from the numerous evils which war always occasions.

34. During the last year of the war with England, Algiers, one of the Barbary powers, thinking the opportunity a favorable one, commenced a piratical warfare against all American vessels that fell in the way of her cruisers. In 1815, however, an American squadron, commanded by Commodore Decatur, proceeded to the Mediterranean, and soon compelled the Dey, or governor of Algiers, to assent to such a treaty of peace as was dictated to him. In 1816, the last year of Madison's administration, INDIANA became a State, and was admitted into the Union.

35. On the 4th of March, 1817, James Monroe succeeded Mr. Madison in the office of President of the United States. The same year MISSISSIPPI became a State, and was admitted into the Union. The first settlement in the State was made at Natchez, by the French, in the year 1716. In the year 1818, ILLINOIS, which had previously been called Illinois Territory, became a State.

36. In the latter part of the year 1817, the Seminole Indians of Florida, aided by a few of the Creeks, commenced depredations on the frontiers of Georgia and Alabama. General Jackson was



sent into the Indian territory, which he overran without opposition. He also entered the Spanish territory of Florida, and seized several Spanish towns. His conduct in this war was censured by many, but it met the approbation of the President, and of a majority in Congress.

37. In the year 1819, the United States purchased of Spain the territory of Florida. During the same year ALABAMA became a State. In the year following the province of MAINE, which had been connected with Massachusetts since the year 1652, became a State, making the twenty-third in number that then composed the Union.

38. MISSOURI had previously applied for admission; but a proposition in Congress to prohibit the introduction of slavery into the new State was violently opposed by the Southern States, and as warmly urged by the Northern section of the Union. The Missouri question was finally settled by a compromise, which tolerated slavery in Missouri, but otherwise prohibited it in all territory of the United States north of thirty-six and a half degrees of north latitude, which is the southern boundary of Missouri. Missouri was then admitted into the Union as a State, in the year 1821.

39. On the 4th of March, 1825, John Quincy Adams, son of the elder President Adams, succeeded Mr. Monroe in the office of President of the United States. Few events of great national importance occurred during the four years of this administration.

40. We should not fail to notice, however, the deaths of the two venerable ex-presidents, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who died on the same day, the 4th of July, 1826, just fifty years after both had signed the ever-memorable Declaration of Independence. Jefferson wrote that document, and Adams was the great pillar of its support on the floor of Congress. The minds of both, in their last moments, seemed to be wandering back to the scenes in the Revolution.

41. On the 4th of March, 1829, Mr. Adams was succeeded by General Andrew Jackson in the office of President of the United States. During this administration, many exciting sub-



jects of political controversy agitated the Union, and party spirit rose to a degree of violence never before witnessed. The principal subjects of controversy were those relating to the United States Bank, and the Tariff.

42. In 1835, the Seminole Indians of Florida, complaining that fraud had been practised, to induce them to sell their lands, and remove west of the Mississippi, refused to move at the time agreed upon, and commenced hostilities against the settlements in their vicinity. Micanopy was the king of the Seminoles, but Osceola was their most noted chief, and their principal leader in the war.

43. This war continued six years, and although the Indians were finally driven from their retreats, and forced to remove west of the Mississippi, yet the troops of the United States engaged in it suffered severely, principally from sickness, for the unhealthy climate was a foe which neither bravery nor numbers could subdue.

44. During the years 1836 and 1837, two new States, ARKANSAS and MICHIGAN, were added to the Confederacy. The first settlement in Michigan, was made by the French at Detroit. About the year 1640, they established a trading post there, but it was not until the year 1701 that they began the permanent settlement of the place. This country first came into the possession of the English after the peace of 1763, which closed the French and Indian war. Arkansas, which was early settled by the French, came into the possession of the United States after the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803.

45. On the 4th of March, 1837, General Jackson was succeeded by Martin Van Buren in the office of President of the United States. Soon after the accession of Mr. Van Buren, a great revulsion was experienced in the business transactions of the country. The wages of labor were reduced; thousands of men, previously supposed to be wealthy, failed in business; the banks ceased to redeem their notes in specie, and a general distress in pecuniary affairs pervaded the whole community.

46. The Seminole war continued during Van Buren's admin-



istration, and several treaties, made by the Indians, were broken by them. It was thought that the influence of Osceola over the Indians was the principal cause of prolonging the war, and when that chief came to the American camp, under the protection of a flag of truce, he was treacherously seized and placed in confinement, where he soon after died. But the Indians resented the treachery, and continued the war.

47. On the 4th of March, 1841, Mr. Van Buren was succeeded by William Henry Harrison, in the office of President of the United States. But scarcely had General Harrison commenced his administration, before rumors of his sudden illness spread through the land; and scarcely had those rumors reached the limits of the Union, when they were followed by the sad intelligence of his death. Just one month from the day of his inauguration, the aged President was a pallid corpse in the national mansion.

48. On the death of General Harrison, John Tyler, the Vice-President, became the acting President of the United States. In the following year, 1842, an important treaty was negotiated with Great Britain, by which the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick was settled, to the satisfaction of all parties interested. It had long been feared by many that this "North-eastern Boundary Question" would involve the two nations in war.

49. During the latter part of Mr. Tyler's administration, the subject of the annexation of Texas to the American Union caused great excitement throughout the United States. Texas, settled mostly by emigrants from the United States, was formerly a province of Mexico, but she had revolted, and established her independence. The annexation of Texas was opposed by the Northern States generally, and advocated by the South; but finally, in the early part of 1845, the American Congress passed a bill, authorizing the President to negotiate with Texas the terms of annexation. Bills were passed, also, providing for the admission of FLORIDA and IOWA, as States, into the Union.

50. On the 4th of March, 1845, Mr. Tyler was succeeded by James K. Polk, in the office of President of the United States.



During the following year, 1846, another important treaty was negotiated with England, by which the long-pending controversy about the possession of Oregon was terminated. By this treaty, that territory, long claimed by Great Britain, and extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, was acknowledged to belong to the United States.

51. In July of the previous year, TEXAS had assented to the terms of annexation proposed by the United States, and had thus become a member of the great American Confederacy.

52. In the year 1836, Texas had revolted from Mexico, and by force of arms had sustained her independence against all the power of that Republic. Mexico, however, continued to claim Texas as a part of her territory, and after its annexation to the United States, she raised a large army for the avowed object of reconquering the country which she had lost.

53. The United States also raised an army, and sent it to Texas for the purpose of retaining the country, and defending it against invasion. In the month of May, the opposing forces met on the east side of the Rio Grande, near its mouth, and there, between Point Isabel and Matamoras, two battles were fought, in which the Mexicans were defeated. The Americans, commanded by General Taylor, then crossed the Rio Grande, took Matamoras, and marched into the enemy's territory, driving the Mexican troops before them.

54. Other successes soon attended the American arms. In September, Monterey capitulated to General Taylor, after the heights surrounding the city had been stormed. Upper California had previously submitted to an American squadron, and the city of Santa Fé, a Mexican town east of the Rio Grande, had surrendered to General Kearney.

55. On the 23d of February, 1847, General Taylor, who had advanced into the Mexican territory from Monterey, fought and routed the Mexican army, commanded by the Mexican General, Santa Anna, at a place called Buena Vista, although the American force was less than five thousand men, and the Mexican more than seventeen thousand.



56. In the mean time, General Scott had been sent to take the chief command of the American army in Mexico. He first attacked the important city of Vera Cruz, which is built on the spot where the invader Cortez landed, more than three hundred years before, and, after a bombardment of four days, which caused great destruction of life and property, he compelled that city to surrender.

57. General Scott then began his march towards the Mexican capital, about two hundred miles distant, in a central part of the Mexican territory. Many thought this a very rash movement, and feared that the Americans would all be cut off by the superior forces of the enemy. But General Scott, knowing that the ignorant Mexicans were very poor soldiers, was confident of success. At a place called Cerro Gordo, Santa Anna met him at the head of a large army; but, although the Mexicans had strongly fortified the high hills and mountain ridges, from which they fired down upon the Americans, the latter climbed the heights, sword in hand, and routed the Mexicans with great slaughter.

58. General Scott then continued his march, and entered the cities of Jalapa and Puebla without resistance, as Santa Anna had collected his whole army around the city of Mexico, resolving to fight there the great battle which should decide the contest. Although General Scott had now only eleven thousand men, and the Mexican army numbered more than thirty thousand, he did not hesitate to advance.

59. Marching along the southern borders of Lake Chalco, in the southern part of the valley of Mexico, on the 18th of August the entire American army reached San Augustin, ten miles from the city. On the next day, the 19th, the fighting began in the vicinity of the fortified post of Contreras; and on the 20th both Contreras and Churubusco were taken by assault, in which nine thousand Americans vanquished more than three times their number of Mexicans.

60. The Mexicans now proposed to treat of peace, and the fighting ceased; but after two weeks spent in fruitless attempts



to arrange the terms of a treaty, the Americans renewed the war, and, after some hard fighting, entered the city on the 14th of September, where they dictated peace on their own terms. By the treaty which was soon after concluded, the United States obtained from her late enemy a large increase of territory, embracing all the present New Mexico, Utah, and California. Thus ended our war with Mexico.

61. Early in 1847, a bill passed Congress for the admission of the territory of Wisconsin into the Union; and in May, 1848, the State of WISCONSIN became the *thirtieth* member of the Confederacy.

62. General Taylor entered on the office of President on the 4th of March, 1849. It was during his administration that the recently acquired territory of California became known to the American people, and to the whole civilized world, as a country abounding in GOLD.

63. In consequence of this important discovery, people in great numbers, from all parts of the world, hastened to California; villages and cities sprung up, as if by magic, along the streams in the very wilderness; San Francisco soon became a great commercial city; and the population increased so rapidly, that in a short time California asked to be admitted into the Union as a sovereign State.

64. In the mean time, General Taylor, enfeebled by age, and worn down by the cares and fatigues of office, died at Washington, on the 9th of July, 1850. Among his last words were, "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am not afraid to die." He was an able and good man. General Cass, one of his political opponents, said of him, "The integrity of his motives was never assailed nor assailable. He had passed through a long and active life, neither meriting nor meeting reproach, and in his last hour the conviction of the honest discharge of his duty was present to console, even when the things of this life were fast fading away."

65. The Constitution of the United States declares, that when the President dies, the Vice-President shall take his place, and perform his duties; and, therefore, on the death of President



Taylor, Millard Fillmore became acting President of the United States. During the early part of his administration, the country was greatly agitated by the discussions in Congress on the subject of slavery, referring particularly to the extension of domestic slavery to the new territories which we had acquired from Mexico.

66. After a long and violent debate, CALIFORNIA was admitted as a State, without slavery; and Utah and New Mexico received territorial governments, which left the people of those territories free to decide, when they formed State Constitutions, whether slavery should exist among them, or not. One act of Congress forbade slaves to be carried into the District of Columbia for the purpose of being sold there; and another act provided, that when slaves escaped from the Southern States into the free States, they should be given up to their owners.

67. After the slavery agitation had been somewhat allayed by the acts of Congress, little occurred during the remainder of President Fillmore's administration to disturb the quiet tenor of our country's history. The Presidential election of 1852 was one of unusual quiet, and great moderation of party feeling. General Pierce, of New Hampshire, was elected President — being the *fourteenth* President of the United States.

68. During the administration of President Pierce, the old subject of controversy respecting the extension of slavery, was revived by the passage of the act to organize the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. By this act, the people of these territories were allowed to fix the character of their domestic institutions, whenever they should be prepared to adopt a State Constitution.

69. On the first Tuesday in November, 1856, James Buchanan was elected to the Presidency of the United States. At this point our brief record closes. Let us, in conclusion, indulge the earnest hope that the future of this great and glorious Republic may be filled with peace, prosperity, and happiness.

70. To ensure this result, we must cultivate a spirit of concession and conciliation, avoiding the indulgence of sectional jealousies, and frowning upon every thing that tends to destroy the glorious fabric of our National Union. Let us take for the



watchword of freedom, that noble sentiment of the great American orator, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

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QUESTIONS. — 1. Early part of Washington's administration? Expeditions of Harmer and St. Clair? 2. Some account of Vermont? 3. Kentucky? 4. Expedition of Wayne? 5. John Adams? 6. Death of Washington? 7. Removal of the seat of government? 8. Thomas Jefferson? 9. Some account of Ohio. 10. What of Louisiana? 11. War with Tripoli? Difficulties with England? 12. Who succeeded Jefferson? State of Louisiana? 13-14. Describe the conduct of England? 15. Declaration of war? 16. General Harrison's expedition against the Indians? 17. General Hull? 18. Hull's surrender? 19. Battle of Queenstown? Naval battles? 20. General Harrison? Winchester? 21. Battle on Lake Erie? 22. Battle with the British and Indians? 23. Capture of York? 24. War on the ocean? 25. Battle of Chippewa? 26. Lundy's Lane? 27. Battle of Plattsburg? Battle on Lake Champlain? 28. Attack on Washington? 29. War in the South? 30. General Jackson at New Orleans? 31. Number of the British army? 32. Result of the battle? 33. Treaty of Peace? 34. War with Algiers? Admission of Indiana? 35. Mississippi? Illinois? 36. Seminole war? 37. What is said of Florida? Alabama? Maine? 38. Missouri and the Compromise? 39. Mr. Adams' accession and administration? 40. What is said of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson? 41. Jackson's accession and administration? 42-43. Seminole war? 44. Some account of Arkansas and Michigan? 45. Van Buren's accession? State of the country? 47. Harrison's accession and death? 48. Tyler's administration? Treaty with England? 49. Annexation of Texas? Florida and Iowa? 50. Mr. Polk's accession? Oregon Treaty? 51. History of Texas? 53. War with Mexico? 54. Successes of General Taylor? 55. Battle of Buena Vista? 56. Attack of Vera Cruz? 57. Advance upon Mexico by General Scott? 58-59. Battles at Contreras and Churubusco? 60. Conditions of the Treaty of Peace? 61. Wisconsin? 62. Taylor's accession? California gold? 63. Effect of the discovery? 64. Death of General Taylor? 65. Administration of Fillmore? 66. How were the difficulties settled? 67. Who succeeded Fillmore, and when? 68. Subjects of dispute in Pierce's administration? 69. Mr. Buchanan? 70. What should be the true American sentiment?



## READING EXERCISES

### ILLUSTRATING THE FIRST ERA.

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#### THE NORTHMEN.

AMONG the nations of Europe in the ninth century, and before that time, the most remarkable for daring adventure were the Northmen. These were the inhabitants of Norway, and perhaps those of Denmark. They were called also Norsemen and Normans. These Norsemen, living in a cold country, ill supplied with the necessaries of life, built vessels, and explored the coasts of Europe even within the Mediterranean.

There they sometimes committed piracies, and sometimes formed settlements. Any peaceful trade they did not so much as think of. In one of their expeditions the Northmen discovered Iceland, which lies west of Norway, not far from America; and the discoverers called that island Snowland, because it was white with snow.

The voyagers of Norway for a time could not find their way back from this island, which was discovered by a man named Naddok. The Northmen were accustomed to take out to sea with them a raven, because that bird, when let loose at sea, takes wing and flies immediately towards the land, and the navigators followed the course which he took. They found the raven so useful that they fixed a figure of him upon their ships and standards, as a mark of their regard for the bird.

One Flokko, a pirate, being at sea, let fly his raven, as Noah in the ark did with his dove, and for want of a compass, that instrument being then unknown, he followed the raven's course, which brought him to the lost island, and Flokko called it Iceland.

The Northmen had a king, but their territory was divided among many noblemen, and the latter often quarrelled with the king. In the ninth century, the King of Norway was Harold Harfager, a resolute prince, who made all the earls, or jarls, as the Norse nobles were called, submit themselves to him.



One of the earls, by name Ingolf, did not like to live in subjection to Harold, and he persuaded his brother-in-law, Hiorleif, to go with him to Iceland. Thither the brothers, then heathens, were accompanied by a considerable train of *serfs*, or servants, who were to live upon their estate, and to cultivate it.

It appears that the colony of Ingolf prospered, and some time after another emigration from Norway to Iceland was effected. A nobleman named Thorwald committed a murder, and was obliged to fly from his native country. The serfs of his estate loved their lord, and were ready to follow him anywhere that he should lead them, and they attended him to Iceland.

Thorwald's colony, like Ingolf's, flourished; and after his death, his son Eric enlarged his father's domain. The prosperity of Eric, however, was soon disturbed. One of his neighbors, Eyolf, murdered some of his servants, and, thus provoked, Eric killed Eyolf.

Murder cannot be committed with impunity anywhere. There were neither magistrates nor written laws at that time in Iceland; but the *lords* of the island, that is, the proprietors of land, took care that a murderer should be banished from their community. They decreed that Eric should suffer three years' exile from Iceland.

Eric with his followers proceeded westward in search of a place of security, and soon landed on the coast of Greenland. This is supposed to have happened in 892. Thus the continent of America was in fact discovered by Europeans four hundred years before the discovery of Columbus.

Eric, when the term of his banishment had expired, returned to Iceland, and gave a very inviting account of the country where he had sojourned, and allured a considerable colony to establish themselves in the same place, which Eric named Greenland. Afterward, both Danes and Norsemen emigrated to Greenland, and the Roman Catholic religion was introduced there and in Iceland.

It seems that the first emigrants to Greenland found no primitive inhabitants in the country; but subsequently a certain Iceland navigator was driven to the south-west of the colony—either to Newfoundland or the most southern point of Greenland. There he and his men saw Indians, and they called them *Skraelings*, and took some of them, whom they killed from mere wantonness and cruelty.

For some time the Icelandic colony subsisted in Greenland, but in the course of time was forgotten by Europeans, and probably



perished; for the last account of it comes down only to the year 1121, and from that time it was spoken of as lost Greenland. It is supposed that a tribe of the people now called Esquimaux migrated from Western America, and established themselves in Greenland.

These Esquimaux are not a fighting people, and it is presumed that they did not exterminate the colony which had been planted in Greenland. It is known that about 1350 a terrible disease, called the *black death*, prevailed in Europe, and that it travelled like cholera in the track of navigation; that is, it was transmitted by ships, and along water passages.

This disease was terribly destructive in Denmark and in all Northern Europe, and is presumed to have extended westward to the Danish colony, which it is supposed to have nearly destroyed. Those who survived the disease mingled with the Skraellings, and they became one people.

The Danes did not think much of their lost colony till 1605. At that time, one hundred and thirteen years after Columbus had discovered America, the English had also discovered the eastern coast of North America, and thus demonstrated the north-east extent of the continent.

The fame of these discoveries reached Denmark, and the king, Christian IV., not to be outdone by the other kings of Europe, in the years 1605 and 1606 sent out ships to recover lost Greenland. It seems that it was easily found, though no remains of the colony existed.

The Danish ships explored both sides of the peninsula of Greenland to a certain extent not exactly recorded. They found these desolate shores inhabited, and though they attempted some traffic with the natives, they treated them in the European fashion of that day. They seized some, and killed others who resisted them.

Six native Greenlanders, and some of their curious boats, called *kajaks*, were carried on board the Danish vessels. The love of country was strongly exemplified in the unfortunate captives. They were torn from their families and friends by those they had never known, and were carried they knew not whither, and nothing could reconcile them to the new and strange situation in which they found themselves.



## THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.

ON the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward; the *Nina*, however, being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her mast-head, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the promised land had faded into air. The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement, when new circumstances occurred to arouse them.

Columbus, having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the south-west, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th October to alter his course to the west-south-west, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiring to his followers generally. For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land.

Flights of small birds of various colours, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and they continued towards the south-west, and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny-fish played about the smooth sea; and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by the ships was fresh and green, as if recently from land; and the air, as Columbus observes, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when, on the



evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth in clamorous turbulence. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words, and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamour, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies; and happen what might he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise. Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighboring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit of a doubt.

Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish, of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorns with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and above all a staff, artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land. In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favorable breezes across the tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus guiding them to a promised land.

He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable that they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pensions given by the sovereigns. The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night.

As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station at the top



of the castle or cabin, on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly about ten he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative.

Columbus, yet doubtful that it might be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited. They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of the land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light.

The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn. The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of ages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself. It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery.

What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind as to the land which lay in darkness! That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he beheld proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the



globe? or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea? or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of Oriental civilization.

It was on the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. When the day dawned he saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though every thing appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts of the shore, where they stood gazing at the ships. They were all perfectly naked; and from their attitude and gestures, appeared to be lost in astonishment.

Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincent Janez his brother, put off in company in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letter F. and I., the initials of the Castilian monarchs, Fernando and Isabel, surmounted by crowns. As they approached they were refreshed by the sight of the ample forests, which in those climates have extraordinary beauty of vegetation. They beheld fruits of tempting hue, but unknown kind, growing among the trees which overhung the shores. The purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands, give them a wonderful beauty, and must have had their effect upon the susceptible feelings of Columbus. No sooner did he land than he threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

Columbus then, rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobid, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of



the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he now called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves as favorites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged round the admiral in their overflowing zeal. Some embraced him, others kissed his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him as a man who had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched as it were at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and offering for the future the blindest obedience to his commands.

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they beheld the ships, with their sails set, hovering on their coast, had supposed them some monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about apparently without effort, the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to their woods.

Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremony of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all of which pointed him out to be the commander.



## COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA.

THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, announcing his discovery, had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event it communicated was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign; and following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled and bewildered by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent, and apparently boundless wealth; and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of question or competition. Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them, expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition.

As the summer was already advancing, the time favorable for a voyage, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville, or elsewhere, that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them by the return of the courier what was necessary to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the Ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indias;" at the same time he was promised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions that would be requisite; and having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions which he had brought from the New World.

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations.

His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him, and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which



assailed himself and his attendants, at every stage, with innumerable questions; popular rumor as usual had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders.

It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him.

His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers, and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants, supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.

The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them; and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon; all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant



crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome.

A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

The anthem of *Te Deum Laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious accompaniments of the instruments, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the



brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

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## DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI BY MARQUETTE.

BEHOLD, in 1673, on the tenth day of June, the meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette, with Joliet for his associate, five Frenchmen as his companions, and two Algonquins as guides, lifting their two canoes on their backs, and walking across the narrow portage that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin. They reach the water-shed; uttering a special prayer to the immaculate Virgin, they leave the streams that, flowing onwards, could have borne their greetings to the castle of Quebec; already they stand by the Wisconsin. "The guides returned," says the gentle Marquette, "leaving us alone, in this unknown land, in the hands of Providence." France and Christianity stood in the valley of the Mississippi.

Embarking on the broad Wisconsin, the discoverers, as they sailed west, went solitarily down the stream, between alternate prairies and hill-sides, beholding neither man nor the wonted beasts of the forest: no sound broke the appalling silence, but the ripple of their canoe, and the lowing of the buffalo. In seven days, "they entered happily the Great River, with a joy that could not be expressed;" and the two birch-bark canoes, raising their happy sails under new skies and to unknown breezes, floated down the calm magnificence of the ocean stream, over the broad, clear sand-bars, the resort of innumerable waterfowl, gliding past islets that swelled from the bosom of the stream, with their tufts of massive thickets, and between the wide plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded with majestic forests, or checkered by island groves and the open vastness of the prairie.

About sixty leagues below the mouth of the Wisconsin, the western bank of the Mississippi bore on its sands the trail of men; a little footpath was discerned leading into a beautiful prairie; and, leaving the canoes, Joliet and Marquette resolved alone to brave a meeting with the savages. After walking six miles, they beheld a village on the banks of a river, and two others on a slope, at a distance of a mile and a half from the first. The river was the Mou-in-gou-e-na, or Moingona, of which we have corrupted the same into Des Moines. Marquette and Joliet were the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa. Commend-



ing themselves to God, they uttered a loud cry. The Indians hear; four men advance slowly to meet them, bearing the peace-pipe brilliant with many-colored plumes. "We are Illinois," said they, that is, when translated, "We are men;" and they offered the calumet. An aged chief received them at his cabin with upraised hands, exclaiming, "How beautiful is the sun, Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us! Our whole village awaits thee; thou shalt enter in peace into all our dwellings." And the pilgrims were followed by the devouring gaze of an astonished crowd.

At the great council, Marquette published to them the one true God, their Creator. He spoke, also, of the great captain of the French, the governor of Canada, who had chastised the Five Nations and commanded peace; and he questioned them respecting the Mississippi and the tribes that possessed its banks. For the messengers, who announced the subjection of the Iroquois, a magnificent festival was prepared of hominy, and fish, and the choicest viands from the prairies.

After six days' delay, and invitations to new visits, the chieftain of the tribe, with hundreds of warriors, attended the strangers to their canoes; and, selecting a peace-pipe embellished with the head and neck of brilliant birds, and all feathered over with plumage of various hues, they hung round Marquette the mysterious arbiter of peace and war, the sacred calumet, a safeguard among the nations.

The little group proceeded onwards. "I did not fear death," says Marquette; "I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God." They passed the perpendicular rocks, which wore the appearance of monsters; they heard at a distance the noise of the waters of the Missouri, known to them by its Algonquin name of Pekitanoni; and, when they came to the most beautiful confluence of rivers in the world, where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi, dragging it, as it were, hastily to the sea, the good Marquette resolved in his heart, anticipating Lewis and Clarke, one day to ascend the mighty river to its source; to cross the ridge that divides the oceans, and descending a westerly flowing stream, to publish the gospel to all the people of this New World.

In a little less than forty leagues, the canoes floated past the Ohio, which was then, and long afterwards, called the Wabash. Its banks were tenanted by numerous villages of the peaceful Shawnees, who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois.

The thick canes begin to appear so close and strong, that the buffalo could not break through them; the insects become intoler-



able; as a shelter against the suns of July, the sails are folded into an awning. The prairies vanish; and forests of whitewood, admirable for their vastness and height, crowd even to the skirts of the pebbly shore. It is also observed that, in the land of the Chickasas, the Indians have guns.

Near the latitude of thirty-three degrees, on the western bank of the Mississippi, stood the village of Mitchigamea, in the region that had not been visited by Europeans since the days of De Soto. "Now," thought Marquette, "we must, indeed, ask the aid of the Virgin." Armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, axes, and bucklers, amidst continual whoops, the natives, bent on war, embark in vast canoes made out of the trunks of hollow trees; but, at the sight of the mysterious peace-pipe held aloft, God touched the hearts of the old men, who checked the impetuosity of the young; and, throwing their bows and quivers into the canoes, as a token of peace, they prepared a hospitable welcome.

The next day, a long, wooden canoe, containing ten men, escorted the discoverers, for eight or ten leagues to the village of Akansea, the limit of their voyage. They had left the region of the Algonquins, and, in the midst of the Sioux and Chickasas, could speak only by an interpreter. A half league above Akansea, they were met by two boats, in one of which stood the commander, holding in his hand the peace-pipe, and singing as he drew near. After offering the pipe, he gave bread of maize. The wealth of his tribe consisted in buffalo skins; their weapons were axes of steel, a proof of commerce with Europeans.

Thus had our travellers descended below the entrance of the Arkansas, to the genial climes that have almost no winter but rains, beyond the bound of the Huron and Algonquin languages, to the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico, and to tribes of Indians that had obtained European arms by traffic with Spaniards or with Virginia.

So, having spoken of God, and the mysteries of the Catholic faith; having become certain that the Father of Rivers went not to the ocean east of Florida, nor yet to the Gulf of California, Marquette and Joliet left Akansea, and ascended the Mississippi.

At the thirty-eighth degree of latitude, they entered the River Illinois, and discovered a country without its paragon for the fertility of its beautiful prairies, covered with buffaloes and stags, for the loveliness of its rivulets, and the prodigal abundance of wild duck and swans, and of a species of parrots and wild turkeys. The tribe of Illinois, that tenanted its banks, entreated Marquette to come and reside among them. One of their chiefs, with their young men, conducted the party, by way of Chicago,



to Lake Michigan; and, before the end of September, all were safe in Green Bay.

Joliet returned to Quebec to announce the discovery, of which the fame, through Talon, quickened the ambition of Colbert; the unambitious Marquette remained to preach the gospel to the Miami, who dwelt in the north of Illinois, round Chicago. Two years afterward, sailing from Chicago to Makinaw, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said mass after the rites of the Catholic church; then, begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for a half hour,

“in the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication.”

At the end of the half-hour, they went to seek him, and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth, the canoe men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the west will build his monument.

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## VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA had long been the home of its inhabitants. “Among many other blessings,” said their statute-book, “God Almighty hath vouchsafed increase of children to this colony; who are now multiplied to a considerable number,” and the huts in the wilderness were as full as the bird-nests of the woods.

The genial climate and transparent atmosphere delighted those who had come from the denser air of England. Every object in nature was new and wonderful. The loud and frequent thunderstorms were phenomena that had been rarely witnessed in the colder summers of the north; the forests, majestic in their growth, and free from underwood, deserved admiration for their unrivalled magnificence; the purling streams and the frequent rivers, flowing between alluvial banks, quickened the ever-pregnant soil into an unwearied fertility; the strangest and the most delicate flowers grew familiarly in the fields; the woods were replenished with sweet barks and odors; the gardens matured the fruits of Europe, of which the growth was invigorated and the flavor improved by the activity of the virgin mould.



Especially the birds, with their gay plumage and varied melodies, inspired delight; every traveller expressed his pleasure in listening to the mocking-bird, which carolled a thousand several tunes, imitating and excelling the notes of all its rivals. The humming-bird, so brilliant in its plumage and so delicate in its form, quick in motion yet not fearing the presence of man, haunting about the flowers like the bee gathering honey, rebounding from the blossoms into which it dips its bill, and as soon returning "to renew its many addresses to its delightful objects," was ever admired as the smallest and the most beautiful of the feathered race.

The rattle-snake, with the terrors of its alarms and the power of its venom; the opossum, soon to become as celebrated for the care of its offspring as the fabled pelican; the noisy frog, booming from the shallows like the English bittern; the flying-squirrel; the myriads of pigeons, darkening the air with the immensity of their flocks, and, as men believed, breaking with their weight the boughs of trees on which they alighted,—were all honored with frequent commemoration and became the subjects of the strangest tales.

The concurrent relation of all the Indians justified the belief, that, within ten days' journey toward the setting of the sun, there was a country where gold might be washed from the sand, and where the natives themselves had learned the use of the crucible; but definite and accurate as were the accounts, inquiry was always baffled, and the regions of gold remained for two centuries an undiscovered land.

Various were the employments by which the calmness of life was relieved. George Sandys, an idle man, who had been a great traveller, and who did not remain in America, a poet whose verse was tolerated by Dryden and praised by Izaak Walton, beguiled the ennui of his seclusion by translating the whole of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. To the man of leisure, the chase furnished a perpetual resource. It was not long before the horse was multiplied in Virginia; and to improve that noble animal was early an object of pride, soon to be favored by legislation. Speed was especially valued; and "the planter's pace" became a proverb.

Equally proverbial was the hospitality of the Virginians. Labor was valuable; land was cheap; competence promptly followed industry. There was no need of a scramble; abundance gushed from the earth for all. The morasses were alive with water-fowl; the creeks abounded with oysters, heaped together in inexhaustible beds; the rivers were crowded with fish; the forests were nimble with game; the woods rustled with covies of



quails and wild turkeys, while they rung with the merry notes of the singing-birds ; and hogs, swarming like vermin, ran at large in troops. It was "the best poor man's country in the world." "If a happy peace be settled in poor England," it had been said, "then they in Virginia shall be as happy a people as any under heaven." But plenty encouraged indolence. No domestic manufactures were established ; every thing was imported from England. The chief branch of industry, for the purpose of exchanges, was tobacco-planting ; and the spirit of invention was enfeebled by the uniformity of pursuit.

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## CONNECTICUT.

CONNECTICUT, from the first, possessed unmixed popular liberty. The government was in honest and upright hands ; the little strifes of rivalry never became heated ; the magistrates were sometimes persons of no ordinary endowments ; but though gifts of learning and genius were valued, the state was content with virtue and single-mindedness ; and the public welfare never suffered at the hands of plain men. Roger Williams had ever been a welcome guest at Hartford ; and "that heavenly man, John Haynes," would say to him, "I think, Mr. Williams, I must now confess to you, that the most wise God hath provided and cut out this part of the world as a refuge and receptacle for all sorts of consciences."

There never existed a persecuting spirit in Connecticut ; while "it had a scholar to their minister in every town or village." Education was cherished ; religious knowledge was carried to the highest degree of refinement, alike in its application to moral duties, and to the mysterious questions on the nature of God, of liberty, and of the soul. A hardy race multiplied along the alluvion of the streams, and subdued the more rocky and less inviting fields ; its population for a century doubled once in twenty years, in spite of considerable emigration ; and if, as has often been said, the ratio of the increase of population is the surest criterion of public happiness, Connecticut was long the happiest state in the world. Religion united with the pursuits of agriculture, to give to the land the aspect of salubrity. The domestic wars were discussions of knotty points in theology ; the concerns of the parish, the merits of the minister, were the weightiest affairs ; and a church reproof the heaviest calamity. The strifes of the parent country, though they sometimes occasioned a levy among the sons



of the husbandmen, yet never brought an enemy within their borders; tranquillity was within their gates, and the peace of God within their hearts. No fears of midnight ruffians could disturb the sweetness of slumber; the best house required no fastening but a latch, lifted by a string; bolts and locks were unknown.

There was nothing morose in the Connecticut character. It was temperate industry enjoying the abundance which it had created. No great inequalities of condition excited envy, or raised political feuds; wealth could display itself only in a larger house and a fuller barn; and covetousness was satisfied by the tranquil succession of harvests. There was venison from the hills; salmon, in their season, not less than shad, from the rivers; and sugar from the trees of the forest. For a foreign market little was produced beside cattle; and in return for them but few foreign luxuries stole in. Even so late as 1713, the number of seamen did not exceed one hundred and twenty.

The soil had originally been justly divided, or held as common property in trust for the public, and for new comers. Forestalling was successfully resisted; the brood of speculators in land inexorably turned aside. Happiness was enjoyed unconsciously; beneath the rugged exterior humanity wore its sweetest smile. There was for a long time hardly a lawyer in the land. The husbandman who held his own plough, and fed his own cattle, was the great man of the age; no one was superior to the matron, who, with her busy daughters, kept the hum of the wheel incessantly alive, spinning and weaving every article of their dress.

Fashion was confined within narrow limits; and pride, which aimed at no grander equipage than a pillion, could exult only in the common splendor of the blue and white little gown, with short sleeves, coming down to the waist, and in the snow-white flaxen apron, which, primly starched and ironed, was worn on public days by every woman in the land. For there was no revolution except from the time of sowing to the time of reaping; from the plain dress of the week-day to the more trim attire of Sunday.

Every family was taught to look upward to God, as to the Fountain of all good. Yet life was not sombre. The spirit of frolic mingled with innocence: religion itself sometimes wore the garb of gayety; and the annual thanksgiving to God was, from primitive times, as joyous as it was sincere. Nature always asserts her rights, and abounds in means of gladness.

The frugality of private life had its influence on public expenditure. Half a century after the concession of the charter, the annual expenses of the government did not exceed eight hundred pounds, or four thousand dollars; and the wages of the chief jus-



tice were ten shillings a day while on service. In each county a magistrate acted as judge of probate, and the business was transacted with small expense to the fatherless.

Education was always esteemed a concern of deepest interest, and there were common schools from the first. Nor was it long before a small college, such as the day of small things permitted, began to be established; and Yale owes its birth "to ten worthy fathers, who, in 1700, assembled at Branford, and each one, laying a few volumes on a table, said, 'I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.'"

But the political education of the people is due to the happy organization of towns, which here, as indeed throughout all New England, constituted each separate settlement a little democracy of itself. It was the natural reproduction of the system, which the instinct of humanity had imperfectly revealed to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. In the ancient republics, citizenship had been an hereditary privilege.

In Connecticut, citizenship was acquired by inhabitancy, was lost by removal. Each town-meeting was a little legislature, and all inhabitants, the affluent and more needy, the wise and the foolish, were members with equal franchises. There the taxes of the town were discussed and levied; there the village officers were chosen; there roads were laid out, and bridges voted; there the minister was elected, the representatives to the assembly were instructed. The debate was open to all; wisdom asked no favors; the churl abated nothing of his pretensions.

Whoever reads the records of these village democracies, will be perpetually coming upon some little document of political wisdom, which breathes freshness of rural legislation, and wins a disproportioned interest, from the justice and simplicity of the times. As the progress of society required exertions in a wider field, the public mind was quickened by associations that were blended with early history; and when Connecticut emerged from the quiet of its origin, and made its way into scenes where a new political world was to be created, the sagacity that had regulated the affairs of the village, gained admiration in the field and in council.

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## THE HUGUENOTS IN CAROLINA.

WHAT need of describing the stripes, the roastings by slow fires, the plunging into wells, the gashes from knives, the wounds from red-hot pincers, and all the cruelties employed by men who



were only forbidden not to ravish nor to kill? The loss of lives cannot be computed. How many thousands of men, how many thousands of children and women, perished in the attempt to escape, who can tell? An historian has asserted that ten thousand perished at the stake, or on the gibbet and the wheel.

But the efforts of tyranny were powerless. Truth enjoys serenely her own immortality; and opinion, which always yields to a clearer conviction, laughs violence to scorn. The unparalleled persecution of vast masses of men for their religious creed, occasioned but a new display of the power of humanity; the Calvinists preserved their faith over the ashes of their churches, and the bodies of their murdered ministers. The power of a brutal soldiery was defied by whole companies of faithful men, that still assembled to sing their psalms; and from the country and the city, from the comfortable homes of wealthy merchants, from the abodes of an humbler peasantry, from the workshops of artisans, hundreds of thousands of men rose up, as with one heart, to bear testimony to the indefeasible, irresistible right to freedom of mind.

Every wise government was eager to offer a refuge to the upright men who would carry to other countries the arts, the skill in manufactures, and the wealth of France. Emigrant Huguenots put a new aspect on the north of Germany, where they filled entire towns and sections of cities, introducing manufactures before unknown. A suburb of London was filled with French mechanics; the prince of Orange gained entire regiments of soldiers, as brave as those whom Cromwell led to victory; a colony of them reached even the Cape of Good Hope.

In our American colonies they were welcome everywhere. The religious sympathies of New England were awakened; did any arrive in poverty, having barely escaped with life?—the towns of Massachusetts contributed liberally to their support, and provided them with lands. Others repaired to New York; but the warmer climate was more inviting to the exiles of Languedoc, and South Carolina became the chief resort of the Huguenots. What though the attempt to emigrate was by the law of France a felony? In spite of every precaution of the police, five hundred thousand souls escaped from their country. The unfortunate were more wakeful to fly than the ministers of tyranny to restrain.

Escaping from a land where the profession of their religion was a felony, where their estates were liable to be confiscated in favor of the apostate, where the preaching of their faith was a crime to be expiated on the wheel, where their children might be torn from them, to be subjected to the nearest Catholic relation—the fugitives



from Languedoc on the Mediterranean, from Rochelle, and Saintange, and Bordeaux, the provinces on the Bay of Biscay, from St. Quentin, Poitiers, and the beautiful valley of Tour, from St. Lo and Dieppe, men who had the virtues of the English Puritans, without their bigotry, came to the land to which the tolerant benevolence of Shaftesbury had invited the believer of every creed.

From a land that had suffered its king, in wanton bigotry, to drive half a million of its best citizens into exile, they came to the land which was the hospitable refuge of the oppressed; where superstition and fanaticism, infidelity and faith, cold speculation and animated zeal, were alike admitted without question, and where the fires of religious persecution were never to be kindled. There they obtained an assignment of lands, and soon had tenements; there they might safely make the woods the scene of their devotions, and join the simple incense of their psalms to the melodies of the winds among the ancient groves. Their church was in Charleston; and thither, on every Lord's day, gathering from their plantations upon the banks of the Cooper, and taking advantage of the ebb and flow of the tide, they might all regularly be seen, the parents with their children, whom no bigot could now wrest from them, making their way in light skiffs along the river, through scenes so tranquil, that silence was broken only by the rippling of oars, and the hum of the flourishing village that gemmed the confluence of the rivers.

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## NEW NETHERLANDS AND NEW YORK.

SOMBRE forests shed a melancholy grandeur over the useless magnificence of nature, and hid in their deep shades the rich soil which the sun had never warmed. No axe had levelled the giant progeny of the crowded groves, in which the fantastic forms of withered limbs, that had been blasted and riven by lightning, contrasted strangely with the verdant freshness of a younger growth of branches. The wanton grape-vine, seeming by its own power to have sprung from the earth, and to have fastened its leafy coils on the top of the tallest forest tree, swung in the air with every breeze, like the loosened shrouds of a ship.

Trees might everywhere be seen breaking from their root in the marshy soil, and threatening to fall with the first rude gust; while the ground was strown with the ruins of former forests, over which a profusion of wild flowers wasted their freshness in mockery of the gloom. Reptiles sported in the stagnant pools, or crawled unharmed over piles of mouldering trees.



The spotted deer couched among the thickets ; but not to hide, for there was no pursuer ; and there were none but wild animals to crop the uncut herbage of the productive prairies. Silence reigned, broken, it may have been, by the flight of land-birds or the flapping of water-fowl, and rendered more dismal by the howl of beasts of prey. The streams, not yet limited to a channel, spread over sand-bars, tufted with copses of willow, or waded through wastes of reeds ; or slowly but surely undermined the groups of sycamores that grew by their side. The smaller brooks spread out into sedgy swamps, and were overhung by clouds of mosquitoes ; masses of decaying vegetation fed the exhalations with the seeds of pestilence, and made the balmy air of the summer's evening as deadly as it seemed grateful. Vegetable life and death were mingled hideously together. The horrors of corruption frowned on the fruitless fertility of uncultivated nature.

And man, the occupant of the soil, was wild as the savage scene, in harmony with the rude nature by which he was surrounded ; a vagrant over the continent, in constant warfare with his fellow-man ; the bark of the birch his canoe ; strings of shells his ornaments, his record, and his coin ; the roots of the forest among his resources for food ; his knowledge in architecture surpassed both in strength and durability by the skill of a beaver ; bended saplings the beams of his house ; the branches and rind of trees its roof ; drifts of forest leaves his couch ; mats of bulrushes his protection against the winter's cold ; his religion the adoration of nature ; his morals the promptings of undisciplined instinct ; disputing with the wolves and bears the lordship of the soil, and dividing with the squirrel the wild fruits with which the universal woodlands abounded.

And how changed is the scene from that on which Hudson gazed ! The earth glows with the colors of civilization ; the banks of the streams are enamelled with richest grasses ; woodlands and cultivated fields are harmoniously blended ; the birds of spring find their delight in orchards and trim gardens, variegated with choicest plants from every temperate zone ; while the brilliant flowers of the tropics bloom from the windows of the greenhouse and the saloon. The yeoman, living like a good neighbor near the fields he cultivates, glories in the fruitfulness of the valleys, and counts with honest exultation the flocks and herds that browse in safety on the hills. The thorn has given way to the rosebush ; the cultivated vine clambers over rocks where the brood of serpents used to nestle ; while industry smiles at the changes she has wrought, and inhales the bland air which now has health on its wings.



## THE LANDING OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Do you think, sir, as we repose beneath this splendid pavilion, adorned by the hand of taste, blooming with festive garlands, wreathed with the stars and stripes of this great republic, resounding with strains of heart-stirring music, that, merely because it stands upon the soil of Barnstable, we form any idea of the spot as it appeared to Captain Miles Standish, and his companions, on the 15th or 16th of November, 1620? Oh, no, sir. Let us go up for a moment, in imagination, to yonder hill, which overlooks the village and the bay, and suppose ourselves standing there on some bleak, ungenial morning, in the middle of November of that year.

The coast is fringed with ice. Dreary forests, interspersed with sandy tracts, fill the background. Nothing of humanity quickens on the spot, save a few roaming savages, who, ill-provided with what even they deem the necessaries of life, are digging with their fingers a scanty repast out of the frozen sands. No friendly lighthouses had as yet hung up their cressets upon your headlands; no brave pilot-boat was hovering like a sea-bird on the tops of the waves, beyond the Cape, to guide the shattered bark to its harbor; no charts and soundings made the secret pathways of the deep as plain as a gravelled road through a lawn; no comfortable dwellings along the line of the shore, and where are now your well-inhabited streets, spoke a welcome to the Pilgrim; no steeple poured the music of Sabbath morn into the ear of the fugitive for conscience' sake.

Primeval wildness and native desolation brood over sea and land; and from the 9th of November, when, after a most calamitous voyage, the Mayflower first came to anchor in Provincetown harbor, to the end of December, the entire male portion of the company was occupied, for the greater part of every day, and often by night as well as by day, in exploring the coast and seeking a place of rest, amidst perils from the savages, from the unknown shore, and the elements, which it makes one's heart bleed to think upon.

But this dreary waste, which we thus contemplate in imagination, and which they traversed in sad reality, is a chosen land. It is a theatre upon which an all-glorious drama is to be enacted. On this frozen soil,—driven from the ivy-clad churches of their mother land,—escaped, at last, from loathsome prisons,—the meek fathers of a pure church will lay the spiritual basement of their temple. Here, on the everlasting rock of liberty, they will



establish the foundation of a free State. Beneath its ungenial wintry sky, principles of social right, institutions of civil government, shall germinate, in which, what seemed the Utopian dreams of visionary sages, are to be more than realized.

But let us contemplate, for a moment, the instruments selected by Providence, for this political and moral creation. However unpromising the field of action, the agents must correspond with the excellence of the work. The time is truly auspicious. England is well supplied with all the materials of a generous enterprise. She is in the full affluence of her wealth of intellect and character. The age of Elizabeth has passed and garnered up its treasures.

The age of the commonwealth, silent and unsuspected, is ripening towards its harvest of great men. The Burleighs and Cecils have sounded the depths of statesmanship; the Drakes and Raleighs have run the whole round of chivalry and adventure; the Cokes and Bacons are spreading the light of their master-minds through the entire universe of philosophy and law. Out of a generation of which men like these are the guides and lights, it cannot be difficult to select the leaders of any lofty undertaking; and, through their influence, to secure to it the protection of royalty.

But, alas, for New England! No, sir, happily for New England, Providence works not with human instruments. Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. The stars of human greatness, that glitter in a court, are not destined to rise on the lowering horizon of the despised Colony. The feeble company of Pilgrims is not to be marshalled by gartered statesmen, or mitred prelates. Fleets will not be despatched to convoy the little band, nor armies to protect it.

Had there been honors to be won, or pleasures to be enjoyed, or plunder to be grasped, hungry courtiers, mid-summer friends, godless adventurers, would have eaten out the heart of the enterprise. Silken Buckinghams and Somersets would have blasted it with their patronage. But, safe amidst their unenvied perils, strong in their inoffensive weakness, rich in their untempting poverty, the patient fugitives are permitted to pursue unmolested the thorny paths of tribulation; and, landed at last on the unfriendly shore, the hosts of God, in the frozen mail of December, encamp around the dwellings of the just;

“Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And winter barricades the realms of frost.”

While Bacon is attuning the sweetest strains of his honeyed



eloquence to soothe the dull ear of a crowned pedant, and his great rival, only less obsequious, is on his knees to deprecate the royal displeasure, the future founders of the new republic beyond the sea are training up for their illustrious mission, in obscurity, hardship, and weary exile in a foreign land.

And now,—for the fulness of time is come,—let us go up once more, in imagination, to yonder hill, and look out upon the November scene. That single dark speck, just discernible through the perspective glass, on the waste of waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans through her tattered canvas, as she creeps, almost sinking, to her anchorage in Provincetown harbor; and there she lies, with all her treasures, not of silver and gold, (for of these she has none,) but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring.

So often as I dwell in imagination on this scene; when I consider the condition of the Mayflower, utterly incapable, as she was, of living through another gale; when I survey the terrible front presented by our coast to the navigator who, unacquainted with its channels and roadsteads, should approach it in the stormy season, I dare not call it a mere piece of good fortune, that the general north and south wall of the shore of New England should be broken by this extraordinary projection of the Cape, running out into the ocean a hundred miles, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the precious vessel.

As I now see her, freighted with the destinies of a continent, barely escaped from the perils of the deep, approaching the shore precisely where the broad sweep of this most remarkable headland presents almost the only point, at which, for hundreds of miles, she could, with any ease, have made a harbor, and this, perhaps, the very best on the seaboard, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere of mere natural agencies.

I see the mountains of New England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance; and there they range themselves, as a mighty bulwark around the Heaven-directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy and his power, in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of his worshippers as in the hollow of his hand.



## CAPTURE OF JOHN SMITH.

THE winter of 1607, remarkable for an extraordinary frost in Europe, was extremely cold in Virginia; but no seasons seemed to discourage the enterprise of our hero. He penetrated the Chickahominy for fifty miles in his barge, cutting his way through trees where they had fallen across the stream, and pressing on, from point to point, with all the diligence and address which marked his character.

At length, the shoals becoming such as to endanger his vessel, he procured a canoe from the Indians, two of whom were engaged as oarsmen. Having put the barge in security, and given express charge to his men not to go ashore, he took with him two of his people, and with the two Indians continued his further voyage in the canoe.

Smith had learned many admirable lessons in foreign warfare, but he was yet to learn the subtlety of those tribes whose forests he had begun to subdue. The probability is, that every footstep which he took from the mouth of the Chickahominy was noted by the spies of Powhatan. Whether the two Indians who rowed his boat were faithful to him is quite questionable. He himself was without suspicion, as he was without fear. He ascended the river in the canoe some twenty miles above the spot where his barge was anchored.

Here, as the river was cumbered with trees and foliage, though still keeping sufficient depth for his progress, he left the canoe in the charge of the two Englishmen and one of the Indians. The other he took with him, and went ashore "to see the nature of the soil," and to head or cross the tributary branches of the stream. On leaving the canoe, he instructed his followers to keep their matches alight, and to discharge a piece at the first appearance of danger. With these precautions, deeming himself tolerably secure, he passed with his guide into the forests.

A quarter of an hour had not elapsed, after his leaving the canoe, when he was startled by the war-whoop of the savage. No warning matchlock apprised him of the proximity of any enemy, and believing that the two whom he had left with the canoe had been betrayed and murdered by his Indian guide, with the prompt decision of his character, he at once grappled with the Indian, his companion. The stern resolution of our adventurer, with the suddenness of his movement, disarmed the savage and subdued his spirit; and Smith, with his garters, bound the



arm of the savage tightly to one of his own; thus preparing to use him as a buckler.

He had scarcely taken this precaution, when he felt himself struck with an arrow upon the thigh. The shaft did not hurt, being discharged from a respectful distance; but a moment after the vigilant eyes of our hero discovered two other Indians about to draw their bows upon him. He anticipated them by a discharge of his pistol, the effects of which they already knew. This sent them flying for a while, and enabled him to reload his weapon.

But they soon returned to the conflict, and Smith, retreating with his face toward them, and his fettered Indian—who proved quite submissive—still as a buckler between their darts and his bosom, slowly aimed to make his way backward to the canoe. But the sudden appearance upon the ground, of Opechancanough, one of their greatest chiefs, at the head of more than two hundred warriors, soon lessened, if it did not utterly destroy his hopes.

But Smith was not to be subdued. He knew too much of the barbarian nature to exhibit any apprehensions; and, steadily continuing to retire, answered some twenty or thirty of their arrows with four or five pistol-shots. To approach him closely while possessed of these formidable weapons was no part of the Indian policy, and to do him much hurt at a distance, while he so adroitly interposed their comrade between him and their shafts, was soon discovered to be no easy matter. A conference took place between the parties. Smith was told that his two followers were slain, but that his life would be spared if he would yield himself.

But he must have better terms than this. He must be permitted to retire in safety to the boat. He will not deliver up his arms. He will use them, and shoot with them famously, though his Indian buckler-man importunes him not to do so. This conference was carried on with less formal state than is customary on such occasions, as well in barbarous as in Christian countries.

It was a sort of running conference—a running fight at the same time; Smith backing regularly as he argued, and drawing his tethered Indian along with him, very awkwardly placed, no doubt, between two fires, and anxious to get away; Opechancanough pressing upon him within treating and fighting distance, unwilling to provoke the pistol, but resolved that the Captain shall not get away.

It is difficult to say how long this curious sort of strife could have been maintained, and what would have been its final issue, had not a mishap befallen our adventurer, against which he had



made no provision. Retreating still, with face averted from the path which he treads, he walks suddenly into a morass, into which he drags perforce his unwilling companion.

This morass alone had protected him from assault in the rear. But he was too busy with his foes in front to think of any other danger, and, up to his waist in bog, he cannot extricate himself without assistance. The hope of escape is at an end. He flings away his pistols, and makes signs of submission; and he who has tasted of the perils of Turkish bondage will now have an opportunity of comparing it with that of the Apalachian.

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### SMITH SAVED BY POCAHONTAS.

THE appearance of the captive before the king was welcomed by a shout from all the people. This does not appear to have been an outbreak of exultation. On the contrary, the disposition seems to have been to treat the prisoner with becoming gravity and consideration. A handsome young woman, the Queen of Apamattuck, is commanded to bring him water, in which to wash his hands. Another stands by with a bunch of feathers, a substitute for the towel, with which he dries them.

Food is then put before him, and he is instructed to eat, while a long consultation takes place between the Emperor and his chief warriors as to what shall be done with the captive. In this question Smith is quite too deeply interested to give himself entirely to the repast before him. He keeps up a stout heart and a manly countenance; but, to employ some of the lines quoted by the quaint narrator, whose statements he adopts,

— “Sure his heart was sad;  
For who can pleasant be and rest,  
That lives in feare and dread?”

The discussion results unfavorably. His judges decide against him. It is the policy of the savages to destroy him. He is their great enemy. He is the master spirit of the powerful and intrusive strangers. They have already discovered this. They have seen that by his will and energies, great courage and equal discretion, he has kept down the discontents, disarmed the rebellious, and strengthened the feeble among his brethren; and they have sagacity enough to understand how much more easy it will be, in the absence of this one adventurous warrior, to overthrow and root out the white colony which he has planted.



It is no brutal passion for blood and murder which prompts their resolution. It is a simple and clear policy, such as has distinguished the decision in like cases of far more civilized, and even Christian communities; and the award of the council of Powhatan is instant death to the prisoner. He is soon apprised of their decision by their proceedings. Two great stones are brought into the assembly, and laid before the king. "Then as many as could lay hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon layd his head." "Being ready with their clubs to beate out his braines," it was then that "Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter," interposed for his safety.

It seems that she first strove to move her father by entreaties, but finding these of no avail, she darted to the place of execution, and before she could be prevented, got the head of the captive in her arms, and laying her own upon it, in this way arrested the stroke of the executioner. And this was the action of a child ten years old! We may imagine the exquisite beauty of such a spectacle — the infantine grace, the feminine tenderness, the childish eagerness, mingled with uncertainty and fear, with which she maintained her hold upon the object of her concern and solicitude, until the wild and violent passion of her father had been appeased.

This is all that comes to us of the strange, but exquisite dramatic spectacle. Few details are given us. The original narrators from whom we draw are cold and lifeless in their statements. Smith himself says little on the subject; and in the narrative already quoted — that of Watson — especially known as his, it is curious to note that the whole event is omitted, not even the slightest allusion being made to Pocahontas. But it is not denied that we may conceive for ourselves the beauty and the terror of this highly tragic scene.

Imagination may depict the event in her most glowing colors. The poet and the painter will make it their own. They will show us the sweet child of the forest clasping beneath her arm the head of the pale warrior, while the stroke of death, impending over both, awaits but the nod of the mighty chieftain, whose will is law in all that savage region. They will show us first the rage and fury which fill his eyes as he finds himself baffled by his child, and then the softening indulgence with which he regards that pleading sweetness in her glance which has always had such power over his soul.

"She was the King's dearest daughter:" this is the language of the unaffected and simple chroniclers, and her entreaty prevails for the safety of the prisoner. Her embrace seems to have



consecrated from harm the head of the strange intruder. The policy of her nation, their passion for revenge and blood, all yield to the potent humanity which speaks in the heart of that unbaptized daughter of the forest, and the prisoner is freed from his bonds and given to the damsel who has saved him. Henceforth he is her captive. That is the decree of Powhatan. He shall be spared to make her bells and her beads, and to weave, into proper form, her ornaments of copper.

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### TRIALS OF THE PILGRIMS.

FROM the dark portals of the Star Chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those, who engaged in it, to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause; and if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of pilgrims encountered; and to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel—one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons! One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season, where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men,—a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the



ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success.

It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preëminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims; no Carr or Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans; no well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness; no craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims; their own cares, their own labors, their own councils, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not sown; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favor, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath — when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the May-Flower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, — without shelter, — without means, — surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many



months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!

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### LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

1. THE breaking waves dashed high  
    On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
    And the woods against a stormy sky,  
    Their giant branches tossed;
2. And the heavy night hung dark,  
    The hills and waters o'er,  
    When a band of exiles moored their bark  
    On the wild New England shore.
3. Not as the conqueror comes,  
    They, the true-hearted, came,  
    Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
    And the trumpet that rings of fame.
4. Not as the flying come,  
    In silence, and in fear,  
    They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
    With their hymns of lofty cheer.
5. Amid the storm they sang,  
    And the stars heard, and the sea;  
    And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
    To the anthem of the free.



6. The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;  
This was their welcome home.
  7. There were men with hoary hair,  
Amid that pilgrim band,  
Why had *they* come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?
  8. There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.
  9. What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mind?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
  10. Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod!  
They have left unstained what there they found!  
Freedom to worship God!
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## SONG OF EMIGRATION.

1. THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,  
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;  
Man's voice unbroken by sighs was there,  
Filling with triumph the sunny air;  
Of fresh, green lands, and of pastures new,  
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.  
But ever and anon  
A murmur of farewell,  
Told by its plaintive tone,  
That from woman's lips it fell.
2. "Away, away o'er the foaming main!"  
This was the free and joyous strain—  
"There are clearer skies than ours afar,  
We will shape our course by a brighter star;  
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,  
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."  
"But alas! that we should go,"  
Sang the farewell voices then,  
"From the homestead warm and low  
By the brook and in the glen!"

3. "We will rear new homes, under trees that glow  
 As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;  
 O'er our white walls we will train the vine,  
 And sit in its shadow at day's decline;  
 And watch our herds as they range at will  
 Through the green savannahs, all bright and still."  
 "But woe for that sweet shade  
 Of the flowering orchard-trees,  
 Where first our children played  
 'Mid birds and honey-bees!"
4. "All, all our own shall the forests be,  
 As to the bound of the roe-buck free!  
 None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass!'  
 We will track each step through the wavy grass;  
 We will chase the elk in his speed and might,  
 And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."  
 "But oh! the gray church-tower,  
 And the sound of the Sabbath-bell,  
 And the sheltered garden-bower,  
 We have bid them all farewell!"
5. "We will give the names of our fearless race  
 To each bright river whose course we trace;  
 We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,  
 And the path of our daring, in boundless woods;  
 And our works on many a lake's green shore,  
 Where the Indians' graves lay alone, before."  
 "But who shall teach the flowers  
 Which our children loved, to dwell  
 In a soil that is not ours?  
 Home, home and friends, farewell!"

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## POCAHONTAS.

It is difficult to speak of the character of Pocahontas without falling into extravagance. Though our whole knowledge of her is confined to a few brilliant and striking incidents, yet there is in them so complete a consistency, that reason, as well as imagination, permits us to construct the whole character from these occasional manifestations. She seems to have possessed every quality essential to the perfection of the female character; the most graceful modesty, the most winning sensibility, strong affections, tenderness and delicacy of feeling, dove-like gentleness, and most entire disinterestedness. These beautiful qualities were not in her nurtured and trained by the influences of refined life, but were the native and spontaneous growth of her heart and soul.



Her mind had not been formed and fed by books, or the conversation of the gifted and cultivated; the nameless graces of polished life had not surrounded her from her birth, and created that tact in manner and deportment, and becoming propriety in carriage and conversation, which all well-bred people, however differing originally in refinement and delicacy of perception, seem to possess in about the same degree; nor had the coarse forms of actual life been, to her eyes, concealed by the elegant drapery which civilization throws over them. From her earliest years she had been familiar with rude ways of living, uncouth habits, and lawless passions.

Yet she seems to have been, from the first, a being distinct from and unlike her people, though in the midst of them. She reminds us of a delicate wild-flower, growing up in the cleft of a rock, where the eye can discern no soil for its roots to grasp, and sustain its slender stalk. We behold her as she came from the hands of her Maker, who seems to have created her in a spirit of rebuke to the pride of civilization, giving to an Indian girl, reared in the depths of a Virginian forest, that symmetry of feminine loveliness which we but seldom see, with all our helps and appliances, and all that moral machinery with which we work upon the raw material of character.

But in our admiration of what is lovely and attractive in the character of Pocahontas, we must not overlook the higher moral qualities, which command respect almost to reverence. Moral courage, dignity, and independence, are among her most conspicuous traits. Before we can do justice to them, we must take into consideration the circumstances under which they were displayed. At the time when the English first appeared in Virginia, she was a child but twelve or thirteen years old. These formidable strangers immediately awakened in the breasts of her people the strongest passions of hatred and fear; and Captain Smith, in particular, was looked upon as a being whose powers of injuring them were irresistible and superhuman. What could have been more natural than that this young girl should have had all these feelings exaggerated by the creative imagination of childhood; that Captain Smith should have haunted her dreams; and that she should not have had the courage to look upon the man to whom her excited fancy had given an outward appearance corresponding to his frightful attributes?

But the very first act of her life, as known to us, puts her far above the notions and prejudices of her people, and stamps at once a seal of marked superiority upon her character. And from



this elevation she never descends. Her motives are peculiar to herself, and take no tinge from the passions and opinions around her. She thinks and acts for herself, and does not hesitate, when thereto constrained, to leave her father, and trust for protection to that respect which was awakened alike by her high birth and high character among the whole Indian race. It is certainly a remarkable combination which we see in her, of gentleness and sweetness with strength of mind, decision, and firm consistency of purpose, and would be so in any female, reared under the most favorable influences.

The lot of Pocahontas may be considered a happy one, notwithstanding the pang which her affectionate nature must have felt, in being called so early to part from her husband and child. It was her good fortune to be the instrument, in the hand of Providence, for bringing about a league of peace and amity between her own nation and the English—a consummation most agreeable to her taste and feelings. The many favors, which she bestowed upon the colonists, were by them gratefully acknowledged, and obtained for her a rich harvest of attentions in England. Her name and deeds have not been suffered to pass out of the minds of men, nor are they discerned only by the glimmering light of tradition. Captain Smith has repaid the vast debt of gratitude which he owed her, by the immortality which his eloquent and feeling pen has given her. Who has not heard the beautiful story of her heroism? and who, that has heard it, has not felt his heart throb quick with generous admiration? She has become one of the darlings of history, and her name is as familiar as a household word to the numerous and powerful descendants of the “feeble folk” whom she protected and befriended.

Her own blood flows in the veins of many honorable families, who trace back with pride their descent from this daughter of a despised people. She has been a powerful, though silent, advocate in behalf of the race to which she belonged. Her deeds have covered a multitude of their sins. When disgusted with numerous recitals of their cruelty and treachery, and about to pass an unfavorable judgment in our minds upon the Indian character, at the thought of Pocahontas our “rigor relents.” With a softened heart, we are ready to admit that there must have been fine elements in a people, from among whom such a being could spring.



## PENNSYLVANIA TREATY.

IN the year 1681, on a day appointed, an innumerable multitude of Indians assembled near the site of the present city of Philadelphia, and were seen with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving in vast swarms in the depths of the woods, which then overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region. On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends, advanced to meet them. He came, of course, unarmed, in his usual plain dress, without banners, or mace, or guards, or carriages, and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk network, and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. As soon as he drew near the spot where the sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn that the natives were ready to hear him.

Having been thus called upon, he began: "The Great Spirit," he said, "who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love."

After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and, by means of the interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated; for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents from the merchandise which had been spread before them.



Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body was to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem, who wore a horn in his chaplet; and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues; of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered, but that "they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure." And thus ended this famous treaty; of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, "that it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath—and the only one that never was broken."

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## GOFFE THE REGICIDE.

IN May, 1675, six hundred hostile Indians, under Philip, appeared at Hatfield, rushing suddenly into the place. Twelve unfortified buildings were immediately fired, and several palisaded dwelling-houses violently attacked, and bravely defended by a few people. Being with difficulty repulsed, the Indians renewed the attack on the twelfth of June with additional forces. Having laid an ambuscade the preceding night, they commenced the attack at daylight with great spirit. Though warmly opposed, they seemed determined on carrying the place. They pressed on with the greatest fury. The Americans were on the point of giving way, and flying in confusion. At a critical moment, however, a reinforcement appeared in the person of a man of venerable aspect, who differed from the rest of the inhabitants in his apparel. No one remembered to have seen him before.

The stranger placed himself at the head of the people, as if he had been habituated to the command of armies. His eye kindled



as with the enthusiasm of past years, and he issued his directions with that air of authority, which one naturally acquires, who knows not what it is to be disobeyed. His arrangements for the defence of the place evinced a thorough acquaintance with military tactics, and his undaunted coolness and courage in the midst of danger served to reanimate the men. Calling upon them to follow him, and not even glancing behind to see whether he was obeyed, he rushed like a destroying agent upon the foe, who regarded him with superstitious amazement, and soon fled precipitately.

As soon as the battle was ended and the Indians had retired, the stranger suddenly disappeared, nor could any one tell where or how. Who was this brave and mysterious deliverer? His departure had been as abrupt and unaccountable as his coming. The good people of Hadley, unable to arrive at any other solution, came to the conclusion that he was an angelic auxiliary commissioned by the great Ruler of the universe. His grave and noble visage, his air of confident authority, his unshrinking courage, activity, and skill, and the mystery which attended the circumstance of his appearance—all tended to confirm them in this belief.

It will be recollected that, at this time, the two judges, Whalley and Goffe, were secreted in the village, at the house of Mr. Russel. The supposed angel was then no other than General Goffe, who, seeing the village in imminent danger, risked his own safety, quitted his place of concealment, assumed the command of the inhabitants, and animated them to a vigorous defence. Whalley being then superannuated, probably remained in his secluded chamber.

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## ESCAPE OF MR. WELLS.

A CASE of individual suffering occurred in this expedition, which deserves notice. Mr. Jonathan Wells, of Hatfield, one of the twenty who remained in the rear when Turner began his march from the Falls, soon after mounting his horse, received a shot in one of his thighs, which had previously been fractured and badly healed. Another shot wounded his horse. With much difficulty, Wells kept his saddle, and, after several narrow escapes, joined the main body just as it was separating into different parties, as has been related. Attaching himself to one that was making toward the swamp on the left, and perceiving the enemy in that direction, he altered his route, and joined another party flying in a different direction.



Unable to keep up with the party, he was soon left alone, but shortly afterwards fell in with one Jones, who was also wounded. The woods being thick, and the weather cloudy, they soon got bewildered. Wells lost his companion, and after wandering in various directions, accidentally struck Green river, and proceeding up the stream, arrived at a place since called the Country Farms, in the northerly part of Greenfield. Passing the river, and attempting to ascend an abrupt hill bordering the shore, he fell from his horse exhausted.

After lying senseless for some time, Wells revived, and found his faithful horse still standing patiently by his side. Making him fast to a tree, he again lay down to rest himself; but, finding he should not be able to remount, he turned the horse loose, and, making use of his gun as a crutch, hobbled up the river, directly opposite to the course he ought to have taken. His progress was slow and painful, and being much annoyed by mosquitoes, he kindled a fire toward night, which soon spread in all directions, so that it was with some difficulty he avoided the flames. New fears now were suggested. The fire would probably guide the Indians to the spot, and he should be sacrificed to their fury. Under these impressions he divested himself of his ammunition, that it might not fall into their hands; bound up his thigh with a handkerchief, and stanching the blood, and composing himself as well as he could, soon fell asleep. Probably, before this, he had conjectured that he was pursuing a wrong course, for in a dream he imagined himself bewildered, and was impressed with the idea that he must turn *down* the stream to find his home.

The rising of the sun the next morning convinced him that his sleeping impressions were correct—that he had travelled *from* instead of *toward* Hatfield, and that he was then farther from that place than the Falls, where the action took place. He was now some distance up Green river, where the high lands closed down to the stream. Reversing his course, he at length regained the level interval in the upper part of Greenfield, and soon found a footpath which led him to the trail of his retreating comrades. This he pursued to Deerfield river, which, with much difficulty, he forded by the aid of his gun. Ascending the bank he laid himself down to rest, and being overcome with fatigue he fell asleep. On awaking, he discovered an Indian making directly toward him in a canoe.

Unable to flee, and finding his situation desperate, Wells presented his gun as if in the act of firing, although it was wet and filled with sand and gravel. The Indian, leaving his own gun,



instantly leaped from his canoe into the water, escaped to the opposite shore, and disappeared. Wells now concluded that he should be sacrificed by others, who he knew were but a small distance down the river; but determining, if possible, to elude them, he gained an adjacent swamp, and secreted himself under a pile of driftwood. The Indians were soon heard in search of him, traversing the swamp, and passing over the driftwood; but by lying close, the fugitive fortunately avoided discovery, and, after they had given up the search and left the place, he continued his painful march through Deerfield Meadows. Hunger now began to prey upon him, and looking about, he accidentally discovered the skeleton of a horse, from the bones of which he gathered some animal matter, which he eagerly devoured. He afterward found a few bird's eggs, and some decayed beans, which in some measure allayed the cravings of nature, and added to his strength.

Passing the ruins of Deerfield at dusk, Wells arrived the next morning at Lathrop's battle ground, at Bloody Brook, in the south part of Deerfield, where he found himself so exhausted, that he concluded he must give up farther efforts, lie down, and die. But, after resting a short time, and recollecting that he was within about eight miles from Hatfield, his resolution returned, and he resumed his march over pine woods, then smoking with a recent fire. Here he found himself in great distress from a want of water to quench his thirst, and almost despaired of reaching home. But, once more rousing himself, he continued his march, and, about mid-day on Sunday, reached Hatfield, to the inexpressible joy of his friends, who had supposed him dead. After a long confinement, Mr. Wells's wound was healed, and he lived to an advanced age, a worthy member of the town.

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## DEATH OF KING PHILIP.

It is said that when the Indian chieftain, King Philip, had long borne up against a series of miseries and misfortunes, the treachery of his followers reduced him to utter despondency. The spring of hope was broken; the ardor of enterprise was extinguished: he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity, or any arm that could bring deliverance.

With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the



vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. He wandered, like a spectre, among the scenes of former power and prosperity, bereft of home, of family, and friends.

Even at his last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers around his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking-place. Defeated, but not dismayed; crushed to the earth, but not humiliated; he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them. The idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death a follower who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim escaped, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain.

A body of white men and Indians were immediately despatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

Such was the fate of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find, that, amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of CONNUBIAL LOVE and PATERNAL TENDERNESS, and to the generous sentiment of FRIENDSHIP.

The captivity of his beloved wife and only son is mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery: the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, are said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all farther comfort.

He was a patriot, attached to his native soil; a prince, true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs; a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he



had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements.

With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark, foundering amidst darkness and tempest; without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to make a record of his struggles.

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## INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the red men be forgotten while so many of our States and Territories, Bays, Lakes, and Rivers, are inevitably stamped by names of their giving?"

1. YE say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave,  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave;  
That midst the forest where they roamed  
There rings no hunter shout,  
But their names are on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.
2. 'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like Ocean's surge is curled  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world.  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tribute from the West,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.
3. Ye say their cone-like cabins,  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have fled away like withered leaves  
Before the autumn gale,  
But their memory liveth on your hills  
Their baptism on your shore,  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.
4. Old Massachusetts wears it,  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it,  
Amidst his young renown;

Connecticut hath wreathed it  
 Where her quiet foliage waves,  
 And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse  
 Through all her ancient caves.

5. Wachuset hides its lingering voice  
 Within his rocky heart,  
 And Alleghany graves its tone  
 Throughout his lofty chart;  
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar  
 Doth seal the sacred trust,  
 Your mountains build their monument,  
 Though ye destroy their dust.

6. Ye call these red-browed brethren  
 The insects of an hour,  
 Crushed like the noteless worm amidst  
 The regions of their power;  
 Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,  
 Ye break of faith the seal,  
 But can ye from the court of Heaven  
 Exclude their last appeal?

7. Ye see their unresisting tribes,  
 With toilsome step and slow,  
 On through the trackless desert pass,  
 A caravan of woe;  
 Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?  
 His sleepless vision dim?  
 Think ye the *soul's blood* may not cry  
 From that far land to Him

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### ARABELLA JOHNSON.

LADY ARABELLA JOHNSON was the daughter of the proud Earl of Lincoln. She was an exceedingly beautiful girl, and her father cherished the hope of seeing her united to a nobleman of the first rank. But there had been a different path appointed her; and it seemed not among the least extraordinary incidents marking her fortune, that her father consented, notwithstanding his ambitious projects, that she should marry Mr. Johnson. He was, to be sure, very rich, and connected with families of high rank; but he had no title in possession or expectancy.

Mr. Johnson was naturally of a contemplative character; serious in his deportment, with an expression of thought on his mild countenance, which people, who for the first time beheld



him, termed sadness. Yet his heart was warm and frank; and when, in intercourse with his friends, he threw off the reserve, which proceeded more from excess of feeling than a want of sympathy with his fellow-creatures, few were so agreeable, or so beloved in society, as this amiable man. His wife, the Lady Arabella, on the contrary, was of a joyous spirit. It seemed as if no blight of sorrow had ever fallen on her, and that she was happy because she was innocent. Even the most rigid and gloomy Christians never objected to her gayety; they appeared to feel that her gladness proceeded from a guileless heart.

The pensiveness on her husband's brow might sometimes seem too deeply shadowed, contrasted, as it was, with the sunshine of her bright face, to promise perfect congeniality of feeling between the pair; but, when they spoke to each other, the hearer was instantly aware of the affectionate communion their hearts enjoyed. There was a modulation in their voices which love only can teach; it was not terms of endearment,—such are easily said; it was the manner, the tone, the soft, low-breathed, and, as it were, watchful sympathy of tone, always chiming in harmony, and making, to the soul of either, that pleasant music, which no skill in art, no sound in nature, can equal.

But the Christian can never live for himself. Mr. Johnson, blessed as his lot was, could not feel happy while those pious men, whose tenets he respected, were suffering persecution. It is true, he sometimes regretted that they should adhere, with such unbending pertinacity, to those points of their faith which only regarded ceremonials in religion; but their firmness, under every trial which their vindictive enemies could inflict, gave a sacredness to the suffering cause, which enlisted all his benevolent feelings in their behalf.

He had a large estate unencumbered. He had been married to the Lady Arabella ten years, but they had no children; and it often occurred to him, that it was his duty to employ his wealth in succoring the oppressed Puritans. His own mildness and moderation, and the powerful family with which he was connected, had effectually screened him from the persecutions which had followed the obnoxious party he favored. His moderation did not proceed from timidity, or love of worldly ease, or indifference to the cause he had espoused; it was the character of the man. He was considerate.

Such people make less bustle in the world, and, consequently, draw less notice than the ardent and enthusiastic; but they are,



notwithstanding, the stamina of every successful adventure. Such a one will hold on his way when a more fiery spirit is broken or subdued; and the impetus given to a particular train of events by the latter, would soon cease, were not the motion continued by the cool perseverance of the former.

The project of the Puritans, to transport themselves, their wives and children, to the new world, and there to remain and found a nation, considered only by the light of sober reason, was as romantic an undertaking as ever sane men adopted. Some were too old to provide for themselves — some were too young to render assistance — and many were too poor to procure necessities, even for the voyage. But all these must go. No one of the brethren, who wished to join the expedition, must be rejected because he was old or poor. And their little ones, — could they leave them behind?

Mr. Johnson's eyes overflowed with tears, and his heart throbbed with thick heavings, while he read a letter from one of his friends, describing the difficulties they were encountering, to prepare for the emigration of the colony. "Oh," thought he, "why do I sit here? Why, when God has placed the means in my hands, do I not arise, and offer of my substance to assist his servants? And why do I not go with them?"

He paused, for the thought of his wife came over his mind. Could she endure the change? Ought he to expect it, to wish it? Should her love to him be the means of exposing her delicate form to the dangers of the sea — the perils of a howling wilderness? Just as he had concluded, that even to think of her making such a sacrifice, was a breach of the protection he had vowed to her at the altar, she entered the library where he was sitting. "In tears, my beloved?" said Arabella, advancing, and laying her white hand softly on her husband's shoulder, while the smile that could usually chase away all his cares played on her lips. But, as he raised his eyes to hers, their deep sorrow awed her, and she felt it was no earthly grief that oppressed him. She drew closer to him, sat down by his side, took one of his hands between hers, and for some minutes kept that silence which is the surest sign of deep sympathy.

But when he had told her the cause why he wept, and read to her the letter, it was wonderful to see how the spirit of that angelic woman awoke to the perception of all that was in his heart. He had spoken nothing of his own thoughts, or wishes,



or struggles. But she comprehended them in a moment; and she felt, at the same time, happy that she had at last penetrated the cause why his countenance had, for many weeks, worn more than its usual pensiveness, and that it was in her power to comfort him—to reconcile him to himself—to aid him in the performance of his duty.

Everything was soon arranged, and Mr. Johnson and the Lady Arabella joined their names to the list of the emigrants. “It is no cross to me to forsake the world, if I may only keep by your side,” whispered Arabella to her husband, while a fashionable friend was expatiating on the terrible dangers to be encountered in a pilgrimage to America. And all her conduct was framed to lessen his uneasiness for her; to take from him every fear that her compliance with his wishes was a sacrifice of her inclination; indeed, she seemed to enjoy the thought of assisting him to do the good he meditated, as a privilege.

Mr. Johnson disposed of the bulk of his property in England, that he might have the power of aiding those poor pious persons, who had hearts, but not means, to join the expedition. He provided comforts for many who had none to help them; and it was chiefly owing to the judicious plans he proposed, and the efficient pecuniary aid he was ever ready to furnish, that the embarkation of so large a company was effected.

In all this he was cheered by the approving smiles of her whom he loved more than all the world; and the more than heroic, the Christian fortitude and cheerfulness with which his wife resigned all the luxuries and blandishments of her high station, and bent her whole heart to aid him in performing what he felt to be his duty, infused into his soul a strength, an ardor, a joy, that made every labor and sacrifice seem a triumph. At length, they embarked; and, during the long passage, the Lady Arabella displayed the same unshaken confidence in the success of their expedition.

The vivacity of her spirits had, it is true, somewhat abated; but it was only the chastened effect which the deep responsibility of a design so important as that in which she had voluntarily engaged, would have on a mind so pure and devoted as hers. Yet there was nothing in her air like the prim gravity with which our imagination is accustomed to invest the Puritans, especially the men. She was habitually cheerful. But the most rigid among that company would unhesitatingly have pointed her out as their example in Christian patience and charity. She was the sunbeam on their dark path; and not only her husband, but all



to whom she was known, regarded her as almost, if not altogether, an angel.

They landed at Salem, June 12th, 1630. The condition in which they found the colony at that place, was most distressing. They had looked on death, and wept over the graves of their friends, till the fountain of their tears seemed dried up; and they had felt, in their despair, that it was better for them to die than to live. They needed sympathy, aid, comforters. And in those who landed they found all these. The Lady Arabella, especially, exerted herself to soothe the mourners, and presented, with her own hands, many of those delicacies, which her husband had carefully provided for her, to the sick and debilitated among the settlers. And many a blessing was invoked on her head, and many a prayer was breathed for her preservation.

But her work was soon done. She was attacked with severe pain in her limbs, the consequence of a cold, accompanied by a slow fever; yet she still maintained her cheerfulness, and even exhibited increasing interest in the plans then agitating among the company, respecting the place where they should make their permanent settlement.

Her mind, during her sickness, which lasted ten days, appeared wholly intent on promoting the interests of pure religion; and, as connected with that end, she, like all the colonists, thought the settlement of New England essentially necessary. Much of her time was passed in conversing with her husband and those about her, on the future prospects of the colony. And it afterwards mightily encouraged the hearts of those self-exiled people, that the Lady Arabella had always, even in the midst of her suffering, rejoiced that she had shared in the expedition, and declared her conviction, that God would prosper them even beyond their hopes.

The night before she died, she endured much, and her husband watched beside her; but towards morning, she insisted he should retire, and try to sleep. The sun was just rising, and the cool air of the morning came fresh from the waters; but it could not revive her. The "mortal paleness" was on her cheek,—and her husband saw it; and, for a few moments, he was too much overcome to listen to the sweet, comforting words that broke from her lips, as if she would impart to his mind a portion of the peace that pervaded hers.



## SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

1. THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,  
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,  
And, bounding with the wave and wind,  
We leave old England's shores behind;  
Leave behind our native shore,  
Homes, and all we loved before.
2. The deep may dash, the winds may blow,  
The storm spread out its wings of woe,  
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud  
Hung in the folds of every cloud;  
Still, as long as life shall last,  
From that shore we'll speed us fast.
3. For we would rather never be,  
Than dwell where mind can not be free,  
But bows beneath a despot's rod  
E'en where it seeks to worship God.  
Blasts of heaven, onward sweep!  
Bear us o'er the troubled deep!
4. O, see what wonders meet our eyes!  
Another land and other skies!  
Columbian hills have met our view!  
Adieu! Old England's shores, adieu!  
Here, at length, our feet shall rest,  
Hearts be free, and homes be blest.
5. As long as yonder firs shall spread  
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head!  
As long as yonder cliff shall stand,  
Where join the ocean and the land,—  
Shall those cliffs and mountains be  
Proud retreats for liberty.

## DE SOTO'S DISCOVERY AND DEATH.

ALL the disasters which had been encountered, far from diminishing the boldness of the governor, served only to confirm his obstinacy by wounding his pride. Should he, who had promised greater booty than Mexico or Peru had yielded, now return as a defeated fugitive, so naked that his troops were clad only in skins and mats of ivy? The search for some wealthy region was renewed; the caravan marched still further to the west. For seven days, it struggled through a wilderness of forests and marshes; and, at length, came to Indian settlements in the vicinity of the Mississippi. Soto was the first of Europeans to behold the magnificent river, which rolled its immense mass of waters through the splendid vegetation of a wide alluvial soil. The lapse of nearly three centuries has not changed the character of the stream; it was then described as more than a mile broad; flowing with a strong current, and, by the weight of its waters, forcing a channel of great depth. The water was always muddy; trees and timber were continually floating down the stream.

The Spaniards were guided to the Mississippi by natives; and were directed to one of the usual crossing places, probably at the lowest Chickasa Bluff, not far from the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. The arrival of the strangers awakened curiosity and fear. A multitude of people from the western banks of the river, painted and gayly decorated with great plumes of white feathers, the warriors standing in rows with bow and arrows in their hands, the chieftains sitting under awnings as magnificent as the artless manufactures of the natives could weave, came rowing down the stream in a fleet of two hundred canoes, seeming to the admiring Spaniards "like a fair army of galleys." They brought gifts of fish, and loaves made of the fruit of the persimmon. At first they showed some desire to offer resistance; but, soon becoming conscious of their relative weakness, they ceased to defy an enemy who could not be overcome, and suffered injury without attempting open retaliation. The boats of the natives were too weak to transport horses; almost a month expired, before barges large enough to hold three horsemen each, were constructed for crossing the river. At length the Spaniards embarked upon the Mississippi; and Europeans were borne to its western bank.

The Dahcota tribes, doubtless, then occupied the country southwest of the Missouri; De Soto had heard its praises; he believed in its vicinity to mineral wealth; and he determined to



visit its towns. In ascending the Mississippi, the party was often obliged to wade through morasses; at length they came, as it would seem, upon the district of Little Prairie, and the dry and elevated lands which extend towards New Madrid. Here the religions of the invaders and the natives came in contrast. The Spaniards were adored as children of the sun, and the blind were brought into their presence, to be healed by the sons of light. "Pray only to God, who is in heaven, for whatsoever ye need," said De Soto in reply; and the sublime doctrine which, thousands of years before, had been proclaimed in the deserts of Arabia, now first found its way into the prairies of the Far West.

The wild fruits of that region were abundant; the pecan nut, the mulberry, and the two kinds of wild plums, furnished the natives with articles of food. At Pacaha, the northernmost point which De Soto reached near the Mississippi, he remained forty days. The spot cannot be identified; but the accounts of the amusements of the Spaniards confirm the truth of the narrative of their ramblings. Fish were taken, such as are now found in the fresh waters of that region; one of them, the spade-fish, the strangest and most whimsical production of the muddy streams of the West, so rare, that, even now, it is hardly to be found in any museum, is accurately described by the best historian of the expedition.

An exploring party, which was sent to examine the regions to the north, reported that they were almost a desert. The country still nearer the Missouri was said by the Indians to be thinly inhabited; the bison abounded there so much, that no maize could be cultivated; and the few inhabitants were hunters. De Soto turned, therefore, to the West and Northwest, and plunged still more deeply into the interior of the continent. The highlands of White river, more than two hundred miles from the Mississippi, were probably the limit of his ramble in this direction. The mountains offered neither gems nor gold; and the disappointed adventurers marched to the south. They passed through a succession of towns, of which the position cannot be fixed; till, at length, we find them among the Tunicas, near the Hot Springs and saline tributaries of the Washita. It was at Autiamque, a town on the same river, that they passed the winter; they had arrived at the settlement through the country of the Kappaws.

In the spring of the following year, De Soto determined to descend the Washita to its junction, and to get tidings of the sea. As he advanced, he was soon lost amid the bayous and marshes which are found along the Red River and its tributaries.



Near the Mississippi, he came upon the country of Nilco, which was well peopled. The river was there larger than the Guadalquivir at Seville. At last, he arrived at the province where the Washita, already united with the Red river, enters the Mississippi. The province was called Guachoya. De Soto anxiously inquired the distance to the sea; the chieftain of Guachoya could not tell. Were there settlements extending along the river to its mouth? It was answered that its lower banks were an uninhabited waste. Unwilling to believe so disheartening a tale, De Soto sent one of his men, with eight horsemen, to descend the banks of the Mississippi, and explore the country. They travelled eight days, and were able to advance not much more than thirty miles, they were so delayed by the frequent bayous, the impassable cane-brakes, and the dense woods. The governor received the intelligence with concern; he suffered from anxiety and gloom. His horses and men were dying around him, so that the natives were becoming dangerous enemies. He attempted to overawe a tribe of Indians near Natchez, by claiming a supernatural birth, and demanding obedience and tribute. "You say you are the child of the sun," replied the undaunted chief; "dry up the river, and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive you with special good-will; if in war, I will not shrink one foot back." But De Soto was no longer able to abate the confidence, or punish the temerity of the natives. His stubborn pride was changed by long disappointments into a wasting melancholy; and his health sunk rapidly and entirely under a conflict of emotions. A malignant fever ensued, during which he had little comfort, and was neither visited nor attended as the last hours of life demand. Believing his death near at hand, he held the last solemn interview with his faithful followers; and, yielding to the wishes of his companions, who obeyed him to the end, he named a successor. On the next day he died. Thus perished Ferdinand De Soto, the Governor of Cuba, the successful associate of Pizarro. His miserable end was the more observed, from the greatness of his former prosperity. His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving for their loss; the priests chanted over his body the first requiems that were ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi. To conceal his death, his body was wrapped in a mantle, and, in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial-place.



## READING EXERCISES

### ILLUSTRATING THE SECOND ERA.

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#### THE RIFLEMAN OF CHIPPEWA.

AT the time of the French and Indian wars, the American army was encamped on the plains of Chippewa. Col. St. Clair, the commander, was a bold and meritorious officer; but there was mixed with his bravery a large share of rashness or indiscretion. His rashness in this case consisted in encamping upon an open plain beside a thick wood, from which an Indian scout could easily pick off his outposts without being himself exposed, in the least, to the fire of the sentinel.

Five nights had passed, and every night he had been surprised by the disappearance of a sentry, who stood at a lonely post in the vicinity of the forest. These repeated disasters had struck such a dread into the breasts of the remaining soldiers, that no one would volunteer to take the post, and the commander, knowing it would be throwing away their lives — let it stand unoccupied for a night or two.

At length a rifleman of the Virginia corps volunteered his services. He was told the danger of the duty, but he laughed at the fears of his comrades, saying he would return safe, to drink the health of his commander in the morning. The guard marched up soon after, and he shouldered his rifle, and fell in. He arrived at his bounds, and, bidding his fellow-sentinels “good-night,” assumed the duties of his post.

The night was dark, from the thick clouds that overspread the firmament. No star shone on the sentinel as he paced his lonely path, and naught was heard but the mournful hoot of the owl, as she raised her nightly wail from the withered branch of the venerable oak. At length, a low rustling among the bushes on the right, caught his ear. He gazed long toward the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, but saw nothing save the impenetrable gloom of the thick forest which surrounded the encamp-



ment. Then, as he marched onward, he heard the joyful cry of "All's well," after which he seated himself upon a stump, and fell into a reverie. While he thus sat, a savage entered the open space behind, and, after buckling his tunic, with its numerous folds, tight around his body, drew over his head the skin of a wild boar, with the natural appendages of those animals. Thus accoutred, he walked past the soldier, who, seeing the object approach, quickly stood upon his guard. But a well-known grunt eased his fears, and he suffered it to pass, it being too dark for any one to discover the cheat. The beast, as it appeared to be, quietly sought the thicket to the left; it was nearly out of sight, when, through a sudden break in the clouds, the moon shone bright upon it. The soldier then perceived the ornamented moccasin of an Indian, and quick as thought, prepared to fire. But, fearing lest he might be mistaken, and thus needlessly alarm the camp, and also supposing, if he were right, that other savages would be near at hand, he refrained, and having a perfect knowledge of Indian subtlety and craft, quickly took off his coat and cap, and, after hanging them on the stump where he had reclined, secured his rifle, and softly groped his way toward the thicket. He had barely reached it, when the whizzing of an arrow passed his head, and told him of the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

Turning his eyes toward a small spot of cleared land within the thicket, he perceived a dozen of the same *animals* sitting on their hind legs, instead of feeding on the acorns, which, at this season, lay plentifully upon the surface of the leaves; and, listening attentively, he heard them conversing in the Iroquois tongue. The substance of their conversation was, that if the sentinel should not discover them, the next evening, as soon as the moon should afford them sufficient light for their operations, they would make an attack upon the American camp. They then quitted their rendezvous, and soon their tall forms were lost in the gloom of the forest. The soldier now returned to his post, and found the arrow sunk deep in the stump, it having passed through the breast of his coat.

He directly returned to the encampment, and desired the orderly at the marquee to inform the commander of his wish to speak with him, having information of importance to communicate. He was admitted, and, having been heard, the colonel bestowed on him the vacant post of lieutenant of the corps, and directed him to be ready, with a picket-guard, to march at eight o'clock in the evening to the spot he had occupied the night before, where he was to place his hat and coat upon the stump,



and then lie in ambush for the intruders. Accordingly, the party proceeded, and obeyed the colonel's orders. The moon rose, but shone dimly through the thick branches of the forest.

While the new lieutenant was waiting the result of this manoeuvre, an arrow whizzed from the same quarter as before. The mock soldier fell on his face. A dozen subdued voices sounded from within the thicket, which were soon followed by the sudden appearance of the Indians themselves. They barely reached the stump, when our hero gave the order to fire, and the whole band were stretched dead upon the plain. After stripping them of their arms and trappings, the Americans returned to the camp.

Twelve chiefs fell at the destructive fire of the white men, and their fall was, undoubtedly, one great cause of the French and Indian wars with the English. The fortunate rifleman, who had originated and conducted the ambuscade, returned from the war, at its termination, with a competency. He was not again heard of, until the parent-country raised her arm against the infant colonies. Then was seen, at the head of a band of Virginia riflemen, our hero as the brave and gallant Colonel Morgan.

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### CAPTURE OF JAMES SMITH.

IN the spring of the year 1755, James Smith, then a youth of eighteen, accompanied a party of three hundred men from the frontiers of Pennsylvania, who advanced in front of Braddock's army for the purpose of opening a road over the mountain. When within a few miles of the Bedford Springs, he was sent back to the rear, to hasten the progress of some wagons laden with provisions and stores for the use of the road-cutters.

Having delivered his orders, Smith was returning in company with another young man, when they were suddenly fired upon by a party of three Indians from a cedar thicket, which skirted the road. Smith's companion was killed on the spot; and, although he himself was unhurt, yet his horse was so much frightened by the flash and report of the guns, as to become totally unmanageable, and, after a few plunges, threw him with violence to the ground. Before he could recover his feet, the Indians sprung upon him, and, overpowering his resistance, secured him as a prisoner.

One of them demanded in broken English, whether more white men were coming up; and upon his answering in the negative, he was seized by each arm, and compelled to run with



great rapidity over the mountain until night, when the small party encamped and cooked their supper. An equal share of their scanty stock of provisions was given to the prisoner; and, in other respects, although strictly guarded, he was treated with great kindness.

On the evening of the next day, after a rapid walk of fifty miles, through cedar thickets and over very rocky ground, they reached the western side of the Laurel mountain, and beheld at a little distance the smoke of an Indian encampment. The captors now fired their guns, and raised the terrible *scalp-halloo*. This is a long yell for every scalp that has been taken, followed by a rapid succession of shrill, quick, piercing shrieks, somewhat resembling laughter in its most excited tones. They were answered from the Indian camp below, by a discharge of rifles, and a long whoop, followed by cries of joy. All thronged out to meet the party.

Smith expected instant death at their hands, as they crowded round him. To his surprise, no one offered him any violence. They belonged to another tribe, and entertained the party in their camp with great hospitality, respecting the prisoner as the property of their guests.

The next morning Smith's captors continued their march, and on the evening of the next day arrived at Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburg. When within half a mile of the fort, they again raised the interesting *scalp-halloo*, and fired their guns as before. Instantly the whole garrison was in commotion. The cannon were fired, the drums were beaten, and French and Indians ran out in great numbers to meet the party, and partake of their triumph. Smith was again surrounded by a multitude of savages, painted with various colors, and shouting with delight; but their demeanor was by no means as pacific as that of the last party he had encountered. They rapidly formed in two long lines, and, brandishing their hatchets, ramrods, and clubs, called upon him to run the gauntlet.

Never having heard of this Indian ceremony before, he stood amazed for some time, not knowing what to do. One of his captors explained to him, that he was to run between the two lines, and receive a blow from every Indian as he passed. His informant concluded the information by exhorting him to "run his best," as the faster he ran the sooner the sport would be over.

This truth was very plain; and young Smith entered upon his race with spirit. He was switched very handsomely along the lines, for about three-fourths of the distance, the stripes only act-



ing as a spur to greater exertions, and he had almost reached the opposite extremity of the line, when a tall chief struck him a furious blow with a club upon the back of the head, and instantly felled him to the ground. Recovering himself at once, Smith sprang to his feet, and started forward again, when a handful of sand was thrown into his eyes, which, in addition to the great pain, completely blinded him. He still attempted to grope his way through; but was again knocked down and beaten with merciless severity. He soon became insensible under such barbarous treatment.

On recovering his senses, he found himself, beaten to a jelly, and unable to move a limb, in the hospital of the fort, under the hands of a French surgeon. Here he was soon visited by one of his captors, the same who had given him the advice on commencing the race, and who now inquired, with some appearance of interest, if he "felt very sore."

Young Smith replied, that he had been bruised almost to death; and his savage friend assured him that he had merely experienced the customary greeting of the Indians to their prisoners.

Smith rapidly recovered, and was soon able to walk on the battlements of the fort. On the morning of the ninth of July, he observed an unusual bustle. The Indians, armed and painted, stood in crowds at the great gate. Many barrels of powder, balls, and flints, were brought out to them, from which the warriors helped themselves to such articles as they required. They were soon joined by a small detachment of French regulars, when the whole party marched off together. He soon learned that they were proceeding against Braddock, who was now within a few miles of the fort. In the afternoon an Indian runner arrived, announcing that the battle had not yet ended, but that Braddock's men had been surrounded and were shot down in heaps by an invisible enemy; that instead of flying at once, or rushing upon their concealed foe, they appeared completely bewildered, and huddled together in the centre of the ring. It was probable that, before sundown, there would not be a man of them alive.

We all know that this anticipation was fully realized in the total rout of the British force, with immense slaughter, and the death of Braddock himself; and that the calm resolution and military sagacity of the illustrious Washington was here for the first time manifested.



## PUTNAM AND THE WOLF.

WHEN General Putnam first moved to Pomfret, in Connecticut, in the year 1739, the country was new, and much infested with wolves. Great havoc was made among the sheep by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years continued in that vicinity. The young ones were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters; but the old one was too sagacious to be ensnared by them.

This wolf, at length, became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors, to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other.

By this vestige, the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut River, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned; and by ten o'clock the next morning, the bloodhounds had driven her into a den about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam.

The people soon collected, with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit her retirement.

Wearied with such fruitless attempts, (which had brought the time to ten at night,) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain; he proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf. The negro declined the hazardous service.

Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed of having a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock.

His neighbors strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprise; but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch bark, the only combustible material he could obtain, which would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent.



Having accordingly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened around his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered, head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

Having groped his way till he came to a horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror.

He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to an ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl.

As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity, that his clothes were torn, and he was severely bruised.

After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended a second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him.

At this critical instant, he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time.

Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose; and, perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then, kicking the rope, (still tied round his legs,) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.



## EARLY HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

THOSE now alive, who have reached the age of eighty years, were born before the first white man entered Kentucky. For the English have never displayed the same love of discovery as the Spaniards and French, either in North or South America. Wherever they have fixed themselves, they remain. A love of adventure, an eager curiosity, a desire of change, or some like motive, had carried the French all over the continent, while the English colonists continued quietly within their own limits.

The French missionaries coasted along the lakes and descended the Mississippi, a whole century before the Virginians began to cross the Alleghany ridge, to get a glimpse of the noble inheritance, which had remained undisturbed for centuries, waiting their coming. It was not till the year 1767, only eight years before the breaking out of the revolutionary war, that John Finley, of North Carolina, descended into Kentucky for the purpose of hunting and trading.

The feelings of wonder and delight experienced by this early pioneer in passing through the rich lands, which were filled with deer, buffaloes, and every kind of game, and covered with majestic growth of centuries, soon communicated themselves to others. Like the spies who returned from Palestine, they declared, "The land, which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land." They compared it to parks, and gardens, or a succession of farms stocked with cattle, and full of birds tame as farm-yard poultry.

Instigated by these descriptions, in 1769, Daniel Boone, a man much distinguished for bravery and skill, entered Kentucky. And now commenced a series of enterprise, romantic adventure, chivalrous daring, and patient endurance, not surpassed in the history of modern times. Nothing in those voluminous tales of knight-errantry, which occupied the leisure of pages and squires in old baronial days, or in the Waverley novels and their train of romances of the second class, which amuse modern gentlemen and ladies, nothing in these works of imagination, can exceed the realities of early Kentucky history.

From 1769 till Wayne's victory on the Maumee in 1794, a period of twenty-five years, including the whole revolutionary war, the people of Kentucky were engaged in Indian warfare, for life and home. Surrounded by an enemy far outnumbering them; deadly in hatred, of ferocious cruelty, wielding the same rifle with themselves, and as skilful in its use, they took possession of the



country, felled the forest, built towns, laid out roads, and changed the wilderness into a garden.

No man could open his cabin-door in the morning, without danger of receiving a rifle-bullet from a lurking Indian; no woman could go out to milk the cows, without risk of having a scalping-knife at her forehead before she returned. Many a man returned from hunting, only to find a smoking ruin, where he had left a happy home with wife and children.

But did this constant danger create a constant anxiety? Did they live in terror? Fightings were without; were fears within? By no means. If you talk with the survivors of those days, they will tell you: "We soon came to think ourselves as good men as the Indians. We believed we were as strong as they, as good marksmen, as quick of sight, and as likely to see them, as they were to see us; so there was no use in being afraid of them." The danger produced a constant watchfulness, an active intelligence, a prompt decision; traits still strongly apparent in the Kentucky character.

By the same causes, other, more amiable and social qualities, were developed. While every man was forced to depend on himself and trust to his own courage, coolness, and skill, every man felt that he depended on his neighbor for help in cases where his own powers could no longer avail him. And no man could decline making an effort for another, when he knew that he might need a like aid before the sun went down. Hence we have frequent examples of one man risking his life to save that of another, and of desperate exertions made for the common safety of the dwellers in fort or stockade.

Can we, then, wonder at the strong family attachments still existing in Kentucky? The remembrance of hours of common danger and mutual sacrifice, and generous disregard of self, must have sunk deep into the hearts of those earnest men, the early settlers. "He saved my life at the risk of his own. He helped me bring back my wife from the Indians. He shot the man who was about to dash out my infant's brains." Here was a foundation for friendships, which nothing can root up.

"Whispering tongues can poison truth;" but no tongues could do away such evidences of true friendship as these. No subsequent coldness, no after injury, could efface their remembrance. They must have been treasured up in the deepest cells of the heart, with a sacred gratitude, a religious care. And hence, while Indian warfare developed all the strongest and self-relying faculties, it cultivated also all the sympathies, the confiding trust, the generous affections, which, to the present hour, are marked on the heart of that people's character.



## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DANIEL BOONE.

DANIEL BOONE, the pioneer of Kentucky, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in the month of February, 1735. He was the sixth of a family of eleven children. His father, Squire Boone, was a native of England. While Daniel was yet a child, his father removed to Berks County, Pennsylvania, at that time a frontier settlement, abounding with game and exposed to Indian assaults. Here young Boone acquired those sylvan tastes which shaped the fashion of his future years. But the woodland solitudes in which he was reared were not entirely deprived of the light of knowledge. He received the rudiments of learning in one of those little log school-houses which always follow in the train of our hardy pioneers of the wilderness.

When Daniel was about eighteen, his father removed his family to North Carolina, and settled on the banks of the Yadkin, a mountain stream in the north-west of the state. Here Daniel married, and lived for many years, occupying himself with farming and hunting, in which latter employment he acquired great skill. He was an unerring marksman, capable of great bodily exertion, cool in danger, and possessed of all the knowledge which a life in the wilderness could teach.

About the year 1767, rumors came to the region where Boone lived, of a country west of the mountains, rich beyond parallel in natural advantages — blessed with a deep, fertile soil, watered by fair streams, and abounding with game. This was the State of Kentucky, at that time a pathless wilderness, into which the foot of a white man had hardly entered. The imagination of Boone, who had become dissatisfied with the state of things around him, was fired by these accounts, and he determined to visit this terrestrial paradise. He accordingly left his home, May 1, 1769, at the head of a party of five persons, and turned his face towards the setting sun. After a toilsome march of about five weeks, the party, after surmounting a mountain range, saw spreading out before them a rich and beautiful valley, watered by the Red River, covered with stately forests, through which the deer and buffalo roamed in great numbers.

Here the adventurers rested, and passed their time in successful hunting, without any accident or molestation, till the month of December. But on the 22d day of this month, Boone and one of his companions, Stewart, were taken captives by a band of Indians, who rushed suddenly out of a cane-brake upon them. Boone knew the Indian character too well to manifest either fear



or anxiety to escape. He preserved his coolness and self-possession; and this caused his savage captors gradually to relax their vigilance.

On the seventh night, when all were asleep, Boone gently awaked Stewart; and the two, securing their guns and a few trifling articles, left the Indians in a profound slumber, and stole away unobserved. Great caution was necessary not to awake the savages; for, had the attempt of the hunters been discovered, they would have been sacrificed on the spot. They made their way back to their old hunting camp, but, to their surprise and distress, found it plundered and deserted. Of their three companions nothing was ever after heard: they were probably slain by the Indians. Boone and Stewart continued their hunter life, and in the course of the winter were joined by Squire Boone, a brother of Daniel, and another person, both from North Carolina.

Not long after, Daniel Boone and Stewart were attacked by another band of savages, and the latter was killed. Squire Boone's companion also disappeared afterwards, and the two brothers were left alone. They passed the winter in hunting; and on the 1st of May, 1770, Squire Boone took leave of his brother and went back to North Carolina for supplies. From this time till July 27, when his brother returned, Daniel was left entirely alone. The two brothers resumed their former way of life, and continued in it till the spring of 1771; when they went back to their families in North Carolina. Daniel Boone had been absent about two years, during which time he had tasted neither bread nor salt. He had determined to remove his family to Kentucky; but more than two years passed by before he could sell his farm and make the necessary arrangements for such a step.

On the 25th of September, 1773, the two brothers bade adieu to their friends and neighbors on the Yadkin, and, with their families, took up their march to the wilderness of Kentucky. At Powell's valley, through which their route lay, they were joined by five families and forty men, the latter well armed. They went on full of hope and spirit; but when near the Cumberland Gap, they were attacked by a band of Indians, and six of their party were killed; among them the eldest son of Daniel Boone, a youth of about seventeen. By this event the party were discouraged, and gave up the further prosecution of the enterprise for the present; returning to some settlements in the south-west of Virginia. Boone and his brother, with a few others, would have gone on; but a majority being against them, they felt bound to submit.

The next year, at the request of the governor of Virginia. Boone went to Kentucky to bring back a company of surveyors—



a task which he successfully accomplished. He then took the lead of a company of settlers, by whom the fort of Boonesborough was built, in the spring of 1775, on the bank of the Kentucky River. In the summer of that year he returned to Virginia, and succeeded in removing his family to Boonesborough. His wife and daughters were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River. Soon after, they were joined by three families more; and the opening of the ensuing spring brought other emigrants.

Nothing occurred beyond the usual course of pioneer life till the 14th day of July, 1776. On that day Betsey Callaway, her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone, a daughter of Captain Boone, (such was the title he now bore,) carelessly crossed the river opposite Boonesborough, in a canoe, at a late hour in the afternoon. The trees and shrubs on the opposite bank were thick, and came down to the water's edge; the girls, unconscious of danger, were playing and splashing the water with their paddles, until the canoe, floating with the current, drifted near the shore. Five stout Indians lay concealed there, one of whom stealthily crawled down the bank until he reached the rope that hung from the bow, turned its course up the stream, and in a direction to be hidden from a view of the fort. The loud shrieks of the captured girls were heard, but too late for their rescue. The canoe, their only means of crossing, was on the opposite shore, and none dared to risk the chance of swimming the river, under the impression that a large body of savages was concealed in the woods. Boone and Callaway were both absent, and night set in before their return and arrangements for the pursuit.

The next morning, by daylight, a party set out. The trail of the Indians was struck; and after travelling about forty miles they were overtaken. The great object of the white men was, to come upon the Indians so suddenly, that they should have no time to kill their prisoners before defending themselves. In this they succeeded. In an instant a mutual discovery took place. Shots were interchanged; two of the Indians were wounded, and they all fled. The terrified girls were brought back unhurt to the fort.

The settlements in Kentucky at this time were exposed to constant assaults from the Indians, instigated by the British forces at the north-west forts. Captain Boone's skill, courage, and knowledge of Indian habits, were constantly put in requisition for the protection of his countrymen. On one occasion, he went in command of a party of thirty men to a salt-lick, on Licking River, to manufacture salt. The enterprise was commenced on New Year's day, 1778. Boone was commander, scout, and



hunter for the party. On the 7th day of February, Boone, when engaged in hunting at some distance from the lick, was captured by a large band of Indians. Escape being impossible, he assumed a tranquil and assured demeanor, which gained him the confidence of his captors. Knowing that resistance would be hopeless, he induced the saltmakers of his company to surrender, having previously obtained favorable terms for them. They were all taken to the British fort at Detroit, and his friends were given up to the commander as prisoners.

Liberal sums were offered at Detroit for the ransom of Boone; but the Indians had become so much attached to him, from his courage and skill in hunting accomplishments, that they refused to part with him. He was finally received into the tribe, and adopted by an old chief in the place of a deceased son. Here he lived for some months, kindly treated, but still somewhat watched. Whenever he was allowed to leave the village on a hunting excursion, the balls for his gun were carefully counted, and he was required to account in game for each ball and charge of powder. He ingeniously divided a number of balls, with the halves of which he could kill turkeys, raccoons, squirrels, and other small game, and, by using light charges of powder, he contrived to save several charges for his own use, if he should find an opportunity to escape.

Early in June, being with the tribe at Chillicothe, in Ohio, he perceived that they were making preparations for a warlike expedition, and learned that they were going to attack the fort at Boonesborough. Dissembling his emotions, he continued a few days longer with them, watching his opportunity to escape and warn the devoted garrison. On the morning of the 16th of June, he arose, and, without suspicion, went forth on his morning's hunt as usual. Contriving to secrete some dried venison, he struck through the woods for Boonesborough, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, and reached it at the end of five days—a remarkable feat, when we remember that he was obliged to shape his course in such a way as to throw the Indians off his trail. He was received by his friends as one risen from the dead. His wife, despairing of his return, had gone back, with some of her children, to her kindred in North Carolina.

The garrison at Boonesborough employed themselves in strengthening their fort, and calmly awaited the attack of their foes. But they did not appear till the 7th of September. The Indians were four hundred and fifty in number, commanded by Captain Duquesne, a Canadian in the service of Great Britain. With him were eleven other Canadians. The garrison, compris-



ing between fifty and sixty men, with a large number of women and children, was summoned to surrender, "in the name of his Britannic majesty." Two days were requested by Captain Boone to consider the proposal. This was partly to enable them to collect the cattle which were dispersed through the woods, and partly in the hope that aid might come from a neighboring settlement. At the end of the time, the garrison announced their determination not to surrender.

Captain Duquesne, in spite of his greatly superior force, seemed reluctant to commence an assault. He proposed that the garrison should send out a deputation of nine men to discuss the terms of a treaty of surrender. After some consultation, this was assented to; and Captain Boone and eight other persons were selected for the duty. The parties met on a plot of ground in front of the fort, and about sixty yards distant. Well aware of the treacherous character of the Indians, Captain Boone, before he left the fort, had stationed twenty men with loaded rifles, where they could see the whole proceedings, and be ready for the slightest alarm. Very favorable terms were offered by the besiegers, and agreed to by the representatives of the garrison. At the conclusion, the Indians proposed that two of their number should shake hands with each of the white men, in compliance, as they said, with an ancient custom on such occasions. Captain Boone and his associates agreed to this; and when the Indians approached, each pair grasped the hand and arm of a white man. But the grasp was not relaxed: the red men attempted to drag off their white opponents as prisoners. But the latter were prepared for this; a scuffle ensued; the Kentuckians broke away from the Indians, and fled back to the fort, while a volley from the twenty riflemen checked the pursuers. The assault of the fort then commenced in good earnest, and continued, with little intermission, for nine days, when the enemy retired, baffled in his plans alike of treachery and violence.

At the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, in 1782, Boone was present, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The action was brought on contrary to his advice; but he behaved with great courage. In this engagement one of his sons was killed, and his brother was severely wounded.

After the close of the Revolutionary war, the settlements of the whites were not disturbed by any serious attacks of the Indians, but there was not entire peace between the two races. On one occasion, Colonel Boone was nearly taken prisoner by four Indians, who came to his farm. They found him in the upper part of a small outbuilding used for drying tobacco. They



entered the lower part, and calling him by name, told him that he was their prisoner, and would cheat them no more, at the same time pointing their guns at him. He replied with perfect coolness, and told them he was willing to go with them, and only begged that they would give him a little time, that he might finish the work he was engaged in — that of removing sticks of dry tobacco. While thus parleying with them, and diverting their attention from his purpose, he suddenly jumped down among them with his arms full of the dried tobacco, and flung it into their faces, filling their mouths and eyes with the pungent dust. Under cover of this blinding volley, he fled to his cabin, where he had the means of defence; and the baffled Indians retreated, having learned another of the old hunter's tricks.

About 1792, Colonel Boone was dispossessed of his farm at Boonesborough, through a defect of title, and removed to Kenhawa river, in Virginia, where he lived for a while. But, hearing good accounts of the country of the Upper Missouri, he went there in 1795, and established himself about forty-five miles west of St. Louis. The country then belonged to Spain, and Boone was made syndic, or commandant, of a township; but the duties of his office did not interfere with his customary employments of hunting and trapping in the winter season. Having little skill in business, and taking no thought for the advancement of his own fortunes, he lost, through defect of title, at the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, a tract of land which had been granted him by the Spanish government; but this loss was repaired by Congress, which made a special grant to him of about a thousand acres.

The old age of Boone was passed in a tranquil happiness which was in bright contrast with the perilous adventures of his manhood. He lived among his children, the object of affectionate care and devoted attention; and before his death he held descendants of the fifth generation upon his knees. Almost to the very last, he continued his favorite employment of the chase. In his old age, he became a sort of an historical personage; his life and adventures were written and talked about; and many persons came to see him and hear his story from his own lips. His wife, his faithful and loving companion for more than half a century, died in 1813. He survived her a few years, and died tranquilly, and by natural decay, September 26, 1820, in his eighty-sixth year, in the midst of his children and grandchildren. He was living at that time in Montgomery county, Missouri.

Boone's frame was vigorous and athletic, but in strength and



stature he was not beyond the average standard of man. There was nothing rough, still less fierce, in his manners; but he was rather remarkable for the gentleness and quietness of his bearing. He was a man of few words, but was always willing to answer the questions which curious visitors put to him. His moral character was spotless. His affections were strong, and he tenderly loved those who were near to him; to his dying day, he never could speak of the son who was killed at the Blue Licks without tears. His nature was simple and truthful; and though the incidents of his life have been, by some writers, embellished by many romantic fictions, he himself never afforded any materials for it.

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### DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

THE eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before day-break, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions or the impetuous energy of his action.

He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low voice of Wolfe as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which had recently appeared, and which he had just received from England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words, —

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave,” —

the shadow of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. “Gentlemen,” he said, as he closed his recital, “I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow.”

They reached the landing place in safety — an indentation in the shore about a league from the city, and now bearing the name



of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the currents, the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights that towered above him in the gloom. "You can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment they were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the height, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and with the dawn of day the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and from the ramparts of Quebec the astonished people saw the plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark red lines of the English forming in array of battle. \* \* \*

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm, light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharp-shooters, who kept a distant, spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and in a few moments all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks, not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given. At once, from end to end of the British line, the muskets rose to the level, as if with the sway of some great machine, and the whole blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like



a ship at full career arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the columns of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead.

The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed—men and officers tumbled in heaps, columns resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic.

For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced, and swept the field before them. The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the very gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit, the Frenchmen lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles, to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec. Bougainville, with his detachment, arrived from the upper country, and hovering about their rear, threatened an attack; but when he saw what greeting was prepared for him, he abandoned his purpose, and withdrew. Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn, and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown: yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in



their arms, and bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass.

They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way every where." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured; and turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

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## A THRILLING INCIDENT.

THE first settlers of Maine found, beside its red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests, which then waved where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages now stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals. Often at night was the farmer's family aroused from sleep by the noise without, which told that Bruin was storming the sheep-pen or the pig-sty, or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky calf.

Often, on a cold, winter evening, did they roll a larger log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious and blood-thirsty, but cowardly, of all; rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity.

The incident which I am about to relate, occurred in the early history of Biddeford. A man who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. H——, was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the fields and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work.

One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home



Just on the edge of the forest, he saw a curious pile of leaves; and, without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves; when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep. It was but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result.

After waiting a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds. The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprung directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear.

He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by his supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him in pieces, and devoured him on the spot. When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest, and disappeared. Within five minutes from their first appearance, not a wolf was in sight.

The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy. The child, after playing till he was weary, had laid down, and fallen asleep; and in that situation had the wolf found him, and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself furnished the repast.

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## FRANKLIN'S ENTRANCE INTO PHILADELPHIA.

I HAVE entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall, in like manner, describe my first entrance into this city, that you may be able to compare beginnings, so little auspicious, with the figure I have since made.

On my arrival at Philadelphia, I was in my working dress; my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling's worth of cop-



pers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first; but I insisted on their taking it.

A man is sometimes more generous when he has little, than when he has much money; probably, because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty. I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market Street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner on dry bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop, which he pointed out to me.

I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf. They made no loaves of that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much. I took them, however, and, having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third.

In this manner, I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down with us in the boat, and were waiting to continue their journey.

Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quaker meeting-house near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued, till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was, consequently, the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia.



## BENJAMIN WEST.

THE celebrated painter Benjamin West was born at Springfield, in Pennsylvania, October 10, 1738. His parents were Quakers, and most of the people of that place were of this sect. Many interesting anecdotes have been related of the early years of this artist, which show how strong was the natural bent of his genius.

He was only entering his seventh year, when, being left one day to watch the infant of his elder sister, which was asleep in its cradle, he was detected by his mother, on her return, in an attempt—and by no means an unsuccessful one—to make a drawing, with pen and ink, of the features of the child. From this time, the sketching, in the same simple way, of flowers, birds, and such other objects as struck his fancy, was long his favorite occupation, to which he would willingly have devoted every moment.

At length, a party of Indians, who paid a visit to Springfield, enlarged his stock of colors, which had as yet consisted only of black and red ink, by teaching him how to prepare red and yellow ochre; and he soon after supplied himself with brushes from the tail and back of a cat. It is said that, up to this period, he had never seen a picture or engraving.

He had been practising his art for about a year, when a Mr. Pennington, a merchant from Philadelphia, chanced to come to see his father, and was so much surprised and delighted with the untutored efforts of the boy, that, on his return home, he sent him a box furnished with colors, oils, and brushes, and also a few prints. We give the remainder of the story from the “Pursuit of Knowledge:”—

“Benjamin was perfectly enraptured. The true nature of the prints he did not suspect at first, the existence of such an art as engraving never having entered his imagination. But, of course, he thought them the finest things he had ever seen in his life. During the remainder of the evening, he scarcely lifted his eyes from his box and its contents.

“Sometimes he almost doubted that he was actually master of so precious a treasure, and would take it in his hand merely to be assured that it was real. Even after going to sleep, he awoke more than once during the night, and anxiously put out his hand to the box, which he had placed by his bed-side, half afraid that he might find his riches only a dream.

“Next morning, he rose at break of day, and, carrying his



colors and canvass to the garret, proceeded to work. Every thing else was now unheeded. Even his attendance at school was given up. As soon as he got out of the sight of his father and mother, he stole to his garret, and here passed the hours in a world of his own.

“At last, after he had been absent from school some days, the master called at his father’s house to inquire what had become of him. This led to the discovery of his secret occupation. His mother, proceeding to the garret, found the truant; but so much was she astonished and delighted by the works of his pencil, which also met her view when she entered the apartment, that, instead of rebuking him, she could only take him in her arms and kiss him with transports of affection.

“He had made a new composition of his own out of two of the engravings, which he had colored from his own feeling of the proper tints; and so perfect did the performance already appear to his mother, that, although half the canvass yet remained uncovered, she would not suffer him to add another touch to what he had done.

“Mr. Galt, West’s biographer, saw the picture in the state in which it had thus been left, sixty-seven years afterwards; and the artist himself used to acknowledge, that in none of his subsequent efforts had he been able to excel some of the touches of invention in this his first essay.” It was many years after this, however, before West emerged from the obscurity of his native village.

When he was fifteen, he was, at length, taken to Lancaster and Philadelphia, under the patronage of some persons of influence, who were anxious to foster his talents. In his eighteenth year, he set up as a portrait-painter in Philadelphia; and, after some time, he proceeded in the same capacity, to New York. Means were then found, by his friends, to send him to Italy, where he remained, studying and practising his art, for about three years. From Italy he went to England, reaching London in August, 1763.

In that country he spent the remainder of his life, and executed all the works upon which his reputation is founded. Among these are particularly celebrated, his “Death of General Wolfe,” his “Last Supper,” his “Christ healing the Sick,” and his “Death on the Pale Horse.” On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791, West was chosen to succeed him as President of the Royal Academy; and to this honorable office he was annually re-elected (with the exception of one year) so long as he lived. He died on the 11th of March, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age.



## EXPEDITION AGAINST TICONDEROGA.

THE campaign against Canada, of 1758, opened with great apparent spirit. Not only did the hostile incursions of the Canadian Indians continue very annoying to the frontier settlements, but the mother country and the colonies alike felt that they had much to accomplish to repair the losses and disappointments of the two preceding years. Indeed, the repeated failures of Braddock, and Webb, and Lord Loudon, had chagrined and exasperated the nation.

The elder Pitt even declared in parliament that there appeared to be a determination on the part of the officers in command, against any vigorous execution of the service of the country; and when, during the same year, the king was remonstrated with on appointing so young and rash a madman as Wolfe to conduct the meditated expedition against Quebec, the sturdy Brunswicker vexedly replied, "If he is mad, I hope he will bite some of my generals."

It was under these circumstances that England had determined to put forth her whole energies in the three formidable expeditions this year projected, viz. : against Louisburg, under General Amherst; against Fort Du Quesne, on the Ohio; and the third and principal division against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, with a view of striking a blow upon Montreal. It is this latter campaign with which the progress of our story is connected.

For the prosecution of this high emprise, an army of regular troops and provincials was assembled, unprecedented for its numbers in the annals of American warfare. Lord Loudon having been recalled, the command devolved upon General Abercrombie, who determined to lead the expedition in person. The rendezvous of the formidable army destined upon this service, was at the head of Lake George, or Lake St. Sacrament, as it was called by the French, from the remarkable purity and transparency of its waters, which were for a long time conveyed to France for the services of the Catholic altar. After it came indisputably into the possession of the English, it was baptized anew, in honor of the Brunswickers.

This lake is thirty-five miles long, with a mean breadth not exceeding two. Its elevation is one hundred and sixty feet above the waters of Champlain, into which it rushes through a rocky strait of two and a half miles at its north-eastern extremity. Its location is in the high northern region of New York, embosomed deep among the mountains. The summer landscape from its



head is indescribably grand and beautiful. At the distance of fourteen miles, the lake turns to the right, stretching off eastwardly, and is lost among the mountains.

The prospect, therefore, resembles a stupendous amphitheatre, the mountains composing which rise by steep and precipitous acclivities to the height of more than a thousand feet. On the right, the French mountain rears its lofty crest, in sullen grandeur, to an elevation of fourteen hundred feet, sloping off gradually to the west, until its base is laved by the bright waters of St. Sacrament. In some instances the mountain summits are bald, and the rocks stand forth from their sides in bold and naked relief.

But for the most part, the heights are covered to their tops with deciduous trees and shrubs, plentifully sprinkled with the darker shades of the evergreens. At the point where the lake takes a more eastern direction, a bay sets up among the hills to the north-west, beyond which, as far as vision extends, hills rise above hills, surprising for their loftiness, till at length their peaked summits are lost in the clouds.

The bosom of the lake itself is adorned with multitudinous little islands, the fresh verdure of which, in summer, being, with the surrounding mountains, reflected back with peculiar vividness from the pure element, adds greatly to the picturesque effect, by thus mingling the beautiful with the rugged and sublime. Wild and desolate as this romantic region then was, and yet continues, its shores have nevertheless been consecrated with more blood than any other spot in America.

For a long period it was the Thermopylæ through which alone the French supposed they must pass in their repeated attempts upon the extensive and fertile valley of the Hudson. And fierce and bloody were the conflicts for its possession. Even to this day, in the gloomy solitude of the forest which overshadows the Bloody Pond, or among the crumbling ruins of Fort William Henry, "the spectres of the gallant but forgotten dead; the spirits of the Briton and the Gaul; the hardy American and the plumed Indian, seem to start up and meet the traveller at every step."

The embarkation took place early on a clear and beautiful morning of July. The spectacle was full of life and animation, and withal very imposing. The forces collected on the occasion numbered seven thousand British troops of the line, and upwards of ten thousand provincials, exclusive of the many hundreds of non-combatants necessarily in the train of such an army.

The flotilla for their transportation to Ticonderoga, at the far-



ther extremity of the lake, consisted of nine hundred batteaux, and one hundred and thirty-five whale-boats, together with a sufficient number of rafts to convey the heavy stores and ammunition, and the artillery to cover the landing of the troops, in the neighborhood of the works first to be invested. The utmost confidence of success inspired both officers and men, and all was activity and gayety in getting in motion, from the instant the reveille started the armed host from their repose at the dawn, until the embarkation was complete.

So sure were all of an easy victory, that they went forth as to a grand review, or the pageant of a national festival. A part of England's "chivalry was gathered there," of whom was the accomplished Lord Howe, distinguished alike for his generosity, his gallantry, and his courage. Many other young noblemen, of high bearing and promise, were likewise there; together with a still greater number of nature's noblemen, in the persons of New England's hardy sons, both in commission and in the ranks.

Nor were the spirited colonists of New York unrepresented. Their sons, both of English and Dutch descent, sustained a generous rivalry in their chivalrous bearing, and evinced an equal readiness to "rush to glory or the grave," for the honor of their country. These proud-spirited Americans, with the blood of freemen ardently running through their veins, neither knew nor cared whether they were descended from the Talbots, the John of Gaunts, or the Percys; but their hearts beat as high, and their souls were as brave, and their sinewy arms could strike as heavy blows, as those who could trace the longest ancestry, or wore the proudest crest.

— There, also, was the proud Highland regiment of Lord John Murray, with their bagpipes, their tartan breacan, fringed down their brawny legs, and their black plumes in their bonnets. What an array, and what a splendid armament, for a small and quiet lake, sequestered so deep in the interior of what was then a woody continent, and imbedded in a wild and remote chasm, among a hundred mountains!

Who would have supposed that this lonely and inhospitable region, "where there were nothing but rocks and solitudes, and bleak mountains to contend for, would have been the theatre on which the disputes between the rival courts of St. James and St. Cloud should be decided; and on which the embattled hosts of Europe, at the distance of a thousand leagues from their respective homes, should have joined in the bloody conflict for empire!"

Lord Howe and his suite had not joined the army since the removal of the head-quarters to Fort William Henry; but having



reached Fort Edward from Albany on the preceding evening, purposed to take horse early, and ride the remaining ten miles on the morning of the embarkation. Emerging from the forest intervening between the two fortresses, and breaking suddenly, and for the first time, in full view of the St. Sacrament, an hour before the sun had peered above the eastern range of the mountains, he involuntarily checked his impatient steed, now rendered more restiff by the din of martial music swelling upon the air in advance, and sat motionless, gazing upon the gorgeous splendors that flashed around, first burnishing the lofty summits of the mountains with gold, and then, by degrees, illumining the whole amphitheatre in a blaze of unequalled beauty and brightness.

The morning being perfectly clear, after the light mists which floated gracefully along the sides of the hills had disappeared, the sky glowed brighter and purer than many of them had ever seen it. Before them, at their feet, lay the crystal waters of the lake like a mirror of molten silver; the green islands tufted with trees, floating, as it were, in the clear element. In the camp, on the open esplanade by the shore, was the mustering of troops, the hurrying to and fro of the officers, the rattling of armor, the neighing of steeds, with all the inharmonious confusion which such a scene must necessarily present.

Beyond, wide spread upon the lake, were the thousand barges, shifting and changing places as convenience required, the banners of the different regiments streaming gayly in the breeze, while the swell of cheerful voices, the rolling of the drums, the prolonged and exhilarating notes of the trumpet, as they resounded among the mountains, combined to throw over the whole wild region an air of enchantment, which bound the ardent military amateur as with a spell.

Indeed, the whole of this memorable passage of Lake St. Sacrament resembled more the appearance of a grand aquatic gala, or a dream of romance, than a chapter of real life. Stretching down the lake, the scenery partook of the same wild and glorious character, and every mile of their progress disclosed new objects of wonder, or presented fresh sources of delight.

The tops and shaggy sides of the mountains afforded new phases with every turn, while the relative positions of the boats were changing continually as they shot forward among the islands studing the whole distance of the lake; and hills, rocks, islands, every thing, were reflected back, fresh and beautiful as nature had made them. It was a day of unmingled pleasure. A fine elastic breeze swept through the gorges of the mountains, serving



to brace the nerves, and produce a glow of good feeling, humor, and hilarity, which lasted till the setting sun.

The animal spirits were often cheered and enlivened by favorite airs from the well-appointed regimental bands. Wheeling aloft, with untiring wing, as if moving with, and watching over the armament, were several noble bald-eagles, whose eyries hung on the beetling crags, affording to the soldiers a happy presage of victory. The bagpipes of the Highlanders would thrill every soul in the armada with the pibroch, or an expert bugleman electrify the multitude by causing the hills and the glens to echo with the stirring notes wound from his instrument.

The effect of the varying and shifting movements of the barges among the islands, with their different streamers fluttering in the air, now shooting in this direction, and now running in that, was exceedingly fine, animating, and romantic. Taking these movements in connexion with the nodding of plumes, the dazzling glitter of polished armor, and the flashing of the oars at every stroke as they rose from the sparkling waters, the whole prospect, seen at a *coup d'œil*, was of surpassing magnificence.

Gayest among the gay on this occasion was our friend Captain Thorndyke, with his spirited company of rangers, destined to act on the right flank. Nor did the healthy buoyancy of spirits which prevailed during the voyage perceptibly diminish until the laugh and the song, the light joke and the brisk repartee, had fairly expended themselves, and the giant shadows of the western mountains were thrown far across the lake, softening the intensity of light, and bringing with them that chastened pensiveness which loves to dwell in the shade.

The landing of the expedition was effected in good order. But the particulars of the two days' fighting that followed, the formidable obstacles which embarrassed their progress, the unexpected odds they were doomed to encounter, the repeated and furious onsets, the prodigies of valor performed to no purpose, the defeat, the overthrow, and the rout, are matters which we leave with the graver and statelier historians, who chronicle dull facts to be used as webs in weaving the romance of history.

Among the higher officers slain, was the truly noble Lord Howe, the pride of the army, and a universal favorite, whose remains repose in our soil, and to whose memory a cenotaph was erected in Westminster Abbey by American generosity. And many were the American mothers and daughters who were called to mourn the catastrophe of that day.



A NIGHT ADVENTURE DURING THE OLD  
FRENCH WAR.

“SHOULD you discover the position of the enemy,” continued Sir William Johnson to Sybrandt, “you must depend upon your own sagacity, and that of Timothy Weasel for the direction of your subsequent conduct.”

“Timothy Weasel! who is he?”

“What! have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Var-mounter, as he calls himself?”

“Never.”

“Well, then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in those parts, married, and took possession, by right of discovery, I suppose, of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New Hampshire grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real 'cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women, and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the dead of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them, except Timothy, either consumed in the flames or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes, in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn, for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighboring settlements in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely wounded in a dozen places, had, as he says, only been 'playing 'possum,' raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow, and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one's blood run cold. He managed to raise himself upright, and, by dint of incredible exertions, to reach a neighboring settlement, distant about forty miles, where he told his story, and then was put to bed where he lay some weeks. In the meantime the people of the settlement had gone and buried the remains of his unfortunate family and neighbors. When Timothy got well, he visited the spot, and while viewing the ruins of the houses, and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him, solemnly devoted the remainder of his life to revenge.



He accordingly buried himself in the woods, and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favorable to killing the 'kритters,' as he calls the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and, according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the manes of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself, but I have heard this man relate stories of his adventures and escapes which make me feel myself, in the language of the red-skins, 'a woman' in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian; and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of these 'kритters.' It is a horrible propensity: but to lose all in one night, and to wake the next morning and see nothing but the mangled remains of wife, children, all that man holds most dear to his inmost heart, is no trifle. If ever man had motive for revenge, it is Timothy. Such as he is I employ him, and find his services highly useful. He is a compound of the two races, and combines all the qualities essential to the species of warfare in which we are now engaged. I have sent for him, and expect him here every moment."

As Sir William concluded, Sybrandt heard a long, dry sort of "H-e-e-m-m," ejaculated just outside of the door. "That's he," exclaimed Sir William; "I know the sound. It is his usual expression of satisfaction at the prospect of being employed against his old enemies, the Indians. Come in, Timothy."

Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow, and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed his associate with close attention. He was a tall, wind-dried man, with extremely sharp, angular features, and a complexion deeply bronzed by the exposures to which he had been subjected for so many years. His scanty head of hair was of a sort of sunburnt color; his beard of a month's growth at least, and his eye of sprightly blue never rested a moment in the socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest, or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarm.

"Timothy," said Sir William, "I want to employ you to-night."

"H-e-m-m," answered Timothy.

"Are you at leisure to depart immediately?"



"What, right off?"

"Ay, in less than no time."

"I guess I am."

"Very well — that means you are certain."

"I'm always sartin of my mark."

"Have you your gun with you?"

"The kritter is just outside the door."

"And plenty of ammunition?"

"Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?"

"Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?"

"Can't I? h-e-e-m-m!"

"And you are all ready?"

"I'spect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got every thing to hand."

"Have you any thing to eat by the way?"

"No; if I only stay out two or three days, I shan't want any thing."

"But you are to have a companion."

Timothy here manufactured a sort of linsey-woolsey grunt, betokening disapprobation.

"I'd rather go alone."

"But it is necessary you should have a companion; this young gentleman will go with you."

Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

"I'd rather go by myself," said he again.

"That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now — this minute?"

"Yes."

Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt.

"But mayn't I shoot one of these tarnil kritters if he comes in my way?" said Timothy, in a tone of great interest.

"No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you."

"Well, that's what I call hard; but maybe it will please God to put our lives in danger — that's some comfort."

The knight now produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on somewhat against the inclinations of friend Timothy, who observed that if he happened to see his shadow in the water, he should certainly mistake it for one of



the tarnal kritters, and shoot himself. Sir William then with his own hand painted the face of Sybrandt so as to resemble that of an Indian — an operation not at all necessary to Timothy; his toilet was already made; his complexion required no embellishment. This done, the night having now set in, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga, which was opened by the sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank which hung over the narrow strait in front of the fort. A little bark canoe lay moored at the foot, into which Sybrandt and Timothy placed themselves flat on the bottom, each with his musket and accoutrements at his side, and a paddle in his hand.

“Now,” said Sir William, almost in a whisper, “now, luck be with you, boys; remember, you are to return before daylight without fail.”

“But, Sir William,” said Timothy, coaxingly, “now, *mayn’t* I take a pop at one of the tarnal kritters, if I meet ’em?”

“I tell you, No!” replied the other; “unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys.”

Each seized his paddle; and the light feather of a boat darted away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

“It’s plaguy hard,” muttered Timothy to himself.

“What?” quoth Sybrandt.

“Why, not to have the privilege of shooting one of these varmints.”

“Not another word,” whispered Sybrandt; “we may be overheard from the shore.”

“Does he think I don’t know what’s what?” again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a celerity and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. All became of one color, and the earth and the air were confounded together in utter obscurity, at least to the eyes of Sybrandt Westbrook. Not a breath of wind disturbed the foliage of the trees that hung invisible to all eyes but those of Timothy, who seemed to see best in the dark; not an echo, not a whisper, disturbed the dead silence of nature, as they darted along unseen and unseeing, at least our hero could see nothing but darkness.

“Whisht!” aspirated Timothy, at length, so low that he could scarcely hear himself; and after making a few strokes with his paddle, so as to shoot the boat out of her course, cowered himself down to the bottom. Sybrandt did the same, peering just over the side of the boat, to discover if possible the reason of Timothy’s



manceuvres. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly through the obscurity, apparently at a great distance. Timothy raised himself up suddenly, seized his gun and pointed it for a moment at one of the lights; but recollecting the injunction of Sir William, immediately resumed his former position. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away, and the lights disappeared.

"What was that?" whispered Sybrandt.

"The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess," replied the other. "If that boat isn't going a-spying jist like ourselves, I'm quite out in my calculation."

"What! with lights? They must be great fools."

"It was only the fire of their pipes, which the darkness made look like so many candles. I'm thinking what a fine mark these lights would have bin; and how I could have peppered two or three of them, if Sir William had not bin so plaguy obstinate."

"Peppered them! why, they were half-a-dozen miles off."

"They were within fifty yards—the kritters; I could have broke all their pipes as easy as kiss my hand."

"How do you know they were kritters, as you call the Indians?"

"Why, did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise?"

This reply was perfectly convincing; and Sybrandt again enjoining silence, they proceeded with the same celerity, and in the same intensity of darkness as before, for more than an hour. This brought them, at the swift rate they were going, a distance of at least twenty miles from the place of their departure.

Turning a sharp angle, at the expiration of the time just specified, Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle as before, and cowered down at the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt had no occasion to inquire the reason of this action; for, happening to look toward the shore, he could discover at a distance innumerable lights glimmering and flashing amid the obscurity, and rendering the darkness beyond the sphere of their influence still more profound. These lights appeared to extend several miles along what he supposed to be the strait or lake, which occasionally reflected their glancing rays upon its quiet bosom.

"There they are, the kritters," whispered Timothy exultingly; "we've treed 'em at last, I swow. Now, mister, let me ask you one question—will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them," said Sybrandt.



"Ay, like or no like. I must be captain for a little time, at least."

"I have no objection to benefit by your experience."

"Can you play Ingen when you are put to it?"

"I have been among them, and know something of their character and manners."

"Can you talk Ingen?"

"No!"

"Ah! your education has been sadly neglected. But come, there's no time to waste in talking Ingen or English. We must get right in the middle of these kritters. Can you creep on all-fours without waking up a cricket?"

"No!"

"Plague on 't! I wonder what Sir William meant by sending you with me. I could have done better by myself. Are you afeared?"

"Try me."

"Well, then, I must make the best of the matter. The kritters are camped out—I see by their fires—by themselves. I can't stop to tell you every thing; but you must keep close to me, do jist as I do, and say nothing; that's all."

"I am likely to play a pretty part, I see."

"Play! you'll find no play here, I guess, mister. Set down close; make no noise; and if you go to sneeze or cough, take right hold of your throat, and let it go downwards."

Sybrandt obeyed his injunctions; and Timothy proceeded toward the lights, which appeared much farther off in the darkness than they really were, handling his paddle with such lightness and dexterity that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. In this manner they swiftly approached the encampment, until they could distinguish a confused noise of shoutings and hallooings which gradually broke on their ears in discordant violence. Timothy stopped his paddle, and listened.

"It is the song of those tarnal kritters, the Utawas. They're in in a drunken frolic, as they always are the night before going to battle. I know the kritters, for I've popped off a few, and can sing their songs pretty considerably, I guess. So we'll be among 'em right off. Don't forget what I told you about doing as I do, and holding your tongue."

Cautiously plying his paddle, he now shot in close to the shore whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, and made the land at some little distance, that he might avoid the sentinels, whom they could hear ever and anon challenging each other. They then drew the light canoe into the bushes, which here closely



skirted the waters. "Now leave all behind but yourself, and follow me," whispered Timothy, as he carefully felt whether the muskets were well covered from the damps of the night; and then laid himself down on his face and crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind?" whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's a plaguy hard case. Yet upon the whole it's best; for if I was to get a fair chance at one of these kritters, I believe in my heart my gun would go off clean of itself. But hush! Shut your mouth as close as a powder-horn."

After proceeding some distance, Sybrandt getting well scratched by the briars, and finding infinite difficulty in keeping up with Timothy, the latter stopped short.

"Here the kritters are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?" replied the other in the same tone.

"Look right before you."

Sybrandt followed the direction, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire, the waning lustre of which cast a fitful light upon their dark countenances, whose savage expression was heightened to ferocity by the stimulant of the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat on the ground swaying to and fro, backward and forward, and from side to side, ever and anon passing round the canteen from one to the other, and sometimes rudely snatching it away when they thought either was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs, filled with extravagant boastings of murders, massacres, burnings, and plunderings, mixed up with threatenings of what they would do to the red-coat long-knives on the morrow. One of these songs recited the destruction of a village, and bore a striking resemblance to the bloody catastrophe of poor Timothy's wife and children. Sybrandt could not understand it, but he could hear the quick suppressed breathings of his companion, who, when it was done, aspirated, in a tone of smothered vengeance, "If I only had my gun!"

"Stay here a moment," whispered he, as he crept cautiously toward the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet, and remained in the attitude of listening.

"Huh!" muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the principal.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words, which Sybrandt did not comprehend; and raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged; and Timothy then brought forward his companion.



whom he presented to the Utawas, who welcomed him, and handed the canteen, now almost empty.

"My brother does not talk," said Timothy.

"Is he dumb?" asked the chief of the Utawas.

"No; but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long-knife."

"Good," said the other; "he is welcome."

After a pause he went on, at the same time eyeing Sybrandt with suspicion; though his faculties were obscured by the fumes of the liquor he still continued to drink, and hand round at short intervals.

"I don't remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe?"

"He is; but he was stolen by the Mohawks many years ago, and only returned lately."

"How did he escape?"

"He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

"Good," said the Utawas; and for a few moments sunk into a kind of stupor, from which he suddenly roused himself, and grasping his tomahawk started up, rushed toward Sybrandt, and raising his deadly weapon, stood over him in the attitude of striking. Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

"Good," said the Utawas again; "I am satisfied; the Utawas never shuts his eyes at death. He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow."

"We have just come in time," said Timothy. "Does the white chief march against the red-coats to-morrow?"

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"They are like the leaves on the trees," said the other.

By degrees Timothy drew from the Utawas chief the number of Frenchmen, Indians, and *coureurs de bois*, which composed the army; the time when they were to commence their march; the course they were to take, and the outlines of the plan of attack, in case the British either waited for them in the fort or met them in the field. By the time he had finished his examination, the whole party, with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt, and the chief, were fast asleep. In a few minutes after, the two former affected to be in the same state, and began to snore lustily. The Utawas chief nodded from side to side; then sunk down like a log and remained insensible to every thing around him, in the sleep of drunkenness.

Timothy lay without motion for awhile, then turned himself



over, and rolled about from side to side, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. He then cautiously raised himself, and Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard some one approach, and distinguished, as they came nigh, two officers, apparently of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French, in a low tone :

"The beasts are all asleep; it is time to wake them. Our spies are come back, and we must march."

"Not yet," replied the other; "let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober." They then passed on, and when their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself up, motioning our hero to lie still. After ascertaining by certain tests which experience had taught him that the Indians still continued in a profound sleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns in succession. After this, he took their powder-horns and emptied them; then seizing up the tomahawk of the Utawas chief, which had dropped from his hand, he stood over him for a moment with an expression of deadly hatred which Sybrandt had never before seen in his or any other countenance. The intense desire of killing one of the krittters, as he called them, struggled a few moments with his obligations to obey the orders of Sir William; but the latter at length triumphed, and motioning Sybrandt, they crawled away with the silence and celerity with which they came; launched their light canoe and plied their paddles with might and main. "The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must be tarnal busy."

And busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the wave, leaving scarce a wake behind her. As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view, Timothy ventured to speak a little above his breath.

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed coming down has returned, for it's growing light apace. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Utawas alone. If I had only bin out on my own bottom, he'd have bin stun dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you, too, I *guess*," said Sybrandt, adopting his peculiar phraseology; "you would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who, I? I must be a poor krittter if I can't dodge half a dozen of these drunken varmints."



A few hours of sturdy exertion brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga, just as the red harbingers of morning striped the pale green of the skies. Star after star disappeared, as Timothy observed, like candles that had been burning all night and gone but of themselves, and as they struck the foot of the high bluff whence they had departed, the rays of the sun just tipped the peaks of the high mountains rising toward the west. Timothy then shook hands with our hero.

"You're a hearty kritter," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William how you looked at that tarnal tomahawk as if it had been an old pipe-stem."

Without losing a moment, they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William, whom they found waiting for them with extreme anxiety. He extended both hands toward our hero, and eagerly exclaimed—

"What luck, my lads? I have been up all night, waiting your return."

"Then you will be quite likely to sleep sound to-night," quoth master Timothy, unbending the intense rigidity of his leathern countenance. "I am of opinion if a man wants to have a real good night's rest, he's only to set up the night before, and he may calculate upon it with sartinty."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Sir William, good-humoredly, "or else speak to the purpose. Have you been at the enemy's camp?"

"Right in their very bowels," said Timothy.

Sir William proceeded to question, and Sybrandt and Timothy to answer, until he drew from them all the important information of which they had possessed themselves. He then dismissed Timothy with cordial thanks and a purse of yellow boys, which he received with much satisfaction.

"It's not of any great use to me, to be sure," said he as he departed; "but somehow or other I love to look at the kritters."

"As to you, Sybrandt Westbrook, you have fulfilled the expectations I formed of you on our first acquaintance. You claim a higher reward; for you have acted from higher motives, and at least with equal courage and resolution. His majesty shall know of this; and in the mean time call yourself Major Westbrook, for such you are from this moment. Now go with me to the commander-in-chief, who must know of what you heard and saw."



## THE HEROIC DOG.

CALL it sagacity, instinct, or by whatever name we please, there is a faculty of the brain possessed by some orders of the animal creation which is so near akin to reason, that it would argue the possession of a considerable amount of critical acumen on the part of him who should attempt to say where instinct ceases and reason begins. So many well-attested and authentic instances of canine intelligence are on record, all going to prove that the dog, above all other animals, possesses the power of intelligently associating cause and effect, that it would be the work of supererogation to advance an argument in favor of his reasoning capacity. How far the possession of this power is limited by the size of the brain of the individual, is a subject for the metaphysicians; it is enough for our present purpose, that it is a generally conceded fact that the mastiff, of all the canine species, is the most intelligent and judicious. The Newfoundland dog, it is true, exhibits traits of character and mind which have rendered him famous; but for true intelligence and readiness in time of danger, the mastiff is ever the most reliable.

The family of Mr. Lybrook, who settled on New River, Giles county, Virginia, possessed a large and valuable dog of the mastiff breed, which did good service on one occasion in saving the life of one of his children; and in doing so, exhibited a degree of sagacity which would have been creditable to one of the *genus homo*. Mr. Lybrook's children — John, a boy of ten or twelve, a brother about six, and his sister, of some thirteen years of age — were playing one morning, with other children, on the banks of New river, when they were surprised by a party of four Indians, who succeeded in killing and scalping all but John and his sister.

On leaving the house, the children were accompanied by the dog, who, feeling as desirous as they of a good play spell, ran bounding before them toward a bright sunny bank near the river, which he knew to be their playground. They were at first disposed to send him back; but finding their efforts to that effect unavailing, they gave up the attempt, and very fortunately, as it afterwards proved.

When tired of play, the little ones had grouped themselves on the bank, and while some were busy in building miniature cabins under the roots of a pin-oak, others of the younger ones were making sand pies and mud houses nearer the shore, while the dog had strayed off, probably on the scent of some small game.



While thus situated, and little dreaming of danger, they heard a crackling in the bushes, and looked up, expecting to see their good-natured canine companion come bounding through the underbrush — instead of which, they were horror-struck and terrified at beholding the painted and otherwise hideous face of an Indian peering at them over the top of a shrub-oak which grew by the side of the path leading toward their home. Their first impulse was to run towards a canoe which lay on the edge of the stream, and in which they had amused themselves during the afternoon, childlike, thinking this their only ark of safety. John had presence of mind enough, however, to endeavor to reach home by running around another way. This the Indian was not satisfied to let him do, and took after him at the top of his speed.

A short distance would, of course, soon have ended the race, but for a deep and wide gulley which lay across their path, and which, when John came to it, he attempted to leap. It was twelve feet wide where he made the attempt, and very deep. Any one not flying for his life would have hesitated, perhaps, before essaying so great a feat; but John, collecting all his power into one tremendous effort, cleared it at a bound, and the Indian not being prepared to follow, he escaped. Meantime, three other red-skins had followed the remaining children into the canoe, where they were huddled together in an agony of fear, and commenced to kill and scalp them.

John's sister, in the confusion, slipped out of the canoe, and making good use of her feet, fled down the path towards home. The Indian who had pursued John returning from his race at this moment, discovered her ere she was out of sight, and started in pursuit. Hearing his approaching footsteps, the poor girl gave vent to her fears in a series of heart-rending shrieks, which rang through the forest, and had the effect to recall the straying dog, who came bounding through the wood, and threw himself between his young mistress and her pursuer.

The Indian, not liking his appearance, endeavored to avoid him; but, quick as the bolt from Heaven, the faithful animal sprang at his throat, and, although he tried to ward his grasp, such was the dog's certainty of spring, that they both went to the ground together; and now commenced a series of struggles between the Indian and his canine antagonist which were terrific to behold — the one pulling, tearing and jerking at his enemy's throat, while the other endeavored in every way to loose his hold or to stun him with his war-club.

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The dog had already received one or two severe blows, when, apparently perceiving his disadvantage, he threw himself across the body of the Indian in such a manner as to rest partly upon his right arm, and thus avoid the blows. This was the result of reason. How else could he so effectually shield himself, and still maintain his ascendancy, as by throwing his body directly under the arm which was inflicting the blows, so that they must necessarily pass over him? In this position he remained, tugging at the throat of his antagonist, until the other Indians, having finished their bloody work, drove him off by a heavy blow on his head, which nearly deprived him of life.

His young mistress had escaped, however, and the Indians fearing pursuit, hastily gathered up their scalps, and taking their wounded comrade upon their shoulders, made all haste to decamp. The dog, when he returned to consciousness, managed to crawl to the canoe where lay the mutilated bodies of five of the children, and laid himself down beside them, as though determined to spend his little remaining strength in watching over and shielding them from further injury.

When the parents, who had been alarmed by John and his sister, came to the spot, they found him still at his post, endeavoring to recall to life the mangled bodies of his playmates by licking their gaping wounds, and exhibiting the most affecting evidences of sorrow at his want of success.

Tenderly and sadly the lifeless remains of the murdered innocents were removed to the cabins of their respective parents for burial, and then and there went up a wail of sorrow from the hearts of their poor bereaved relatives, which might have moved the pity of the most obdurate and savage red-skin warrior to hear. One of the little ones was yet unaccounted for—the youngest Lybrook—and search was immediately instituted to find his hiding-place. The dog, too, was missing. In the hurry and confusion consequent upon the removal of the bodies, no note had been taken of his movements, and now he was nowhere to be found. When the party returned to the canoe, however, they heard his pitiful howl in the adjacent woods, and upon going to the spot, they found the still faithful animal by the side of the dying boy, who had received a blow on his head which fractured his skull, and was stripped of his scalp. Thus had the noble mastiff remained true to the last.



## MORGAN'S PRAYER.

IN the Presbyterian graveyard at Winchester, Virginia, stands an humble slab of little pretension, which the passer-by would scarcely notice among the many which surround it; yet it bears upon its face a name which every American delights to honor, and which is known to every child throughout our land who has ever looked into the page of history. Beneath that stone rests the mortal remains of one of America's bravest and noblest warriors — Daniel Morgan. Who has not heard the trump of fame sounding in clarion notes the deeds of that noble rifle corps which gained such imperishable laurels on the field of Saratoga? Where will you find a name so omnipresent on the record of our Revolutionary struggle as that of Daniel Morgan? Who, among our heroes, performed such service — yet received such small reward? From Braddock's defeat, in the French and Indian wars, to the surrender of Cornwallis at the close of the war of Independence, he was ever active, and was never tired of doing battle for his country and her liberties.

Born in New Jersey, in 1737, he went to Virginia at an early age, and resided there until the period of Braddock's ill-starred expedition against Fort Du Quesne, occupying himself alternately in farming and waggoning. He enlisted as a private in that campaign, and was present under the command of the young Colonel Washington at the memorable defeat where the egotistical and pompous Briton paid the forfeit of his foolhardiness with his life. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he enlisted a corps of riflemen and marched to Cambridge, where they united with the motley and undisciplined army assembled around Boston. He marched across the wilderness of Maine with Arnold, and was engaged with that officer in the siege of Quebec, where he eminently distinguished himself, and where he was taken prisoner. Upon his exchange, he was placed in command of the 11th Virginia Regiment, in which was incorporated that famous rifle corps which he had brought to a state of discipline and efficiency second to no other corps in the army. At Saratoga, where Burgoyne was so signally defeated, and made to succumb to the foe of whom he had entertained such limited ideas, Morgan and his corps of riflemen performed an all-important part; yet his name was omitted in Gates' report, as were those of several other meritorious officers. He went to the South with Gates, and served through the whole Southern campaign until the surrender of Cornwallis, and the close of the war, released him from service,



and permitted him to retire to the delights of rural life. His victory over Tarleton at the Cowpens, in South Carolina, was a brilliant affair, and Congress voted him a gold medal. His estate, which was situated a few miles from Winchester, was called *Saratoga*, after the place where he had fought. In 1794, he was appointed to command the militia organized to quell the Whiskey Insurrection in Western Virginia, and soon after was elected a member of Congress. In 1800 he removed to Winchester, where he died two years after, in the 67th year of his age.

In early life, Morgan was dissipated, and guilty of gross blasphemy. He was a noted pugilist and fighter, and was considered a wild, reckless young man. When in camp, and in command, he was very profane, which led many to suppose that he was an infidel, and contemner of Deity; but the early lessons which had been impressed upon his mind in childhood by a pious mother had the effect to direct his thoughts at times towards his Creator—and under such influences he was a very child in meekness and humility. Towards the close of life he professed religion, and united himself with the Presbyterian church at Winchester, at that time under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Hill.

Some of the veteran's conversations with this gentleman have been recorded, and afford ample evidence that, although Morgan was habitually profane and impious, yet there were occasions when his soul was evidently touched by a sense of dependence upon a higher power, and he was led to throw himself at the feet of his God in humble supplication. "Ah!" said he, on one occasion, "people thought that old Morgan was never afraid—people said that 'Dan Morgan never prayed.' I'll tell you what it is, Daniel Morgan, wicked as he was, has prayed as hard and as earnestly as ever a man prayed in this world. The night we stormed Quebec, while I was waiting with my men in the cold driving storm for the word to advance, I felt unhappy; I looked up at the frowning battlements above me, and then around upon my handful of men, and felt that the enterprise was more than perilous; I felt that nothing but a miracle could prevent our being utterly destroyed in a contest where we fought at such an immense disadvantage." He went on to say that, with such feelings, he "stepped aside, and kneeling down in the snow alongside an old gun, with the storm beating into my face, I poured out my soul in an humble petition to God, beseeching him to be my shield and protection in the coming struggle—for nothing but an Almighty arm could save me—



and I really and sincerely feel that I owed my safety on that occasion to the interposition of Providence — and I thought so at that time.”

At the battle of the Cowpens he had felt afraid to fight the famous Tarleton, with his numerous force flushed with success, and had retreated until his men refused to go any further, and he was compelled to stand and risk a battle. His little army was drawn up in three lines, prepared to meet the foe, who was rapidly forming in his front, and while waiting the anticipated attack, he trembled for the fate of the day. He knew how much depended upon the result, and when he looked upon his own small army, composed of such rude material, wretchedly equipped, and but poorly disciplined, and his gaze wandered through the open forest and rested upon the veteran troops, beautifully equipped, and drilled with the utmost precision, with whom he was about to contend, his heart failed him, and he retired from the field to pray.

In a quiet and retired dell just back of the spot where his reserve was posted, he found a large tree which had been blown up by the roots — and, hidden by the branches of this giant of the forest, he threw himself upon his knees and offered up a heartfelt prayer to God, beseeching him to be with him during the battle, and give the victory to those who were contending for their liberties, their homes, and their families. With an impulsive force characteristic of his nature, he wrestled with his Maker, with an energy of spirit and a power of language scarcely to be expected in one so “unused to the melting mood.” Rising from his knees with feelings relieved, and an oppressive weight taken from his soul, he returned to the lines, where he cheered his men in his own blunt and impulsive manner, and was answered by shouts and huzzas, which showed on their parts a determination to conquer or die. In a few moments the battle commenced, and raged with tremendous fury. At one time a mistaken order had nearly thrown the victory into the hands of the British; but a sudden and well-executed movement snatched it from their grasp, and it remained with the Americans. Tarleton left a large portion of his army and all his munitions behind him, and fled ingloriously from the field. “Ah!” said Morgan, when speaking of this victory, “people thought Old Morgan never feared; they thought he was never afraid; they did not know Old Morgan was often miserably afraid.”



## THE MOTHER'S TRIAL.

WHO has not heard of Logan, "the white man's friend"—that noble specimen of the Indian race, who, by his forbearance, prudence, and magnanimity, has done so much towards elevating the character of the red men to that high standard so forcibly depicted in the works of America's greatest novelist—Cooper. That there may have been, and undoubtedly were, thousands among the tribes who inhabited this continent at the period of its settlement by the whites, who were actuated and controlled by the savage impulses of their naturally brutal and cruel propensities, there can be no doubt; but these pages give striking evidence that there were many who were governed by the dictates of higher instincts and loftier sentiments than those of passion and prejudice.

In early life Logan lived at a place called Logan's Spring, in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania. The first settler in his immediate neighborhood, was William Brown, who afterwards became an associate judge for Mifflin County, a post which he held until his death, at the age of ninety. While engaged in looking for a convenient spot upon which to erect his cabin, he visited Logan at his camp, accompanied by his brother, and while there, engaged in a friendly contest of skill in the use of the rifle with the chieftain. A dollar a shot was the wager for which they contended, and when they ceased it was found that Logan was the loser of several shots. Going to his cabin, he returned with as many deer skins as he had lost dollars, and handed them to the winner, who refused to take them, alleging that he was his guest, and did not come to rob him; that the bet had been a mere nominal one, and he did not expect him to pay it. The chief drew himself up to his full height, while a frown of injured dignity darkened his brow, and exclaimed—"Me bet to make you shoot your best; me gentleman, and me take your money if me beat," and as there was no wish to insult him, the winner was obliged to take the skins from their host, who would not accept even a horn of powder in return. So much for the Indian's honesty and integrity.

Mrs. Norris, a daughter of Judge Brown, gives some particulars relating to Logan, which are highly interesting. She says—"Logan supported himself by killing deer and dressing their skins, which he sold to the whites. He had sold quite a quan-



tity to one De Yong, a tailor, who lived in Ferguson's Valley, below the Gap. Tailors, in those days, dealt extensively in buckskin breeches. Logan received his pay, according to stipulation, in wheat. The wheat, on being taken to the mill, was found so worthless that the miller refused to grind it. Logan was much chagrined, and attempted in vain to obtain redress from the tailor. He then took his case before his friend Brown, then a magistrate; and on the Judge's questioning him as to the character of the wheat, and what was in it, Logan sought for words in vain to express the precise nature of the article with which the wheat was adulterated, but said that it resembled in character the wheat itself. "It must have been *cheat*," said the Judge. "Yoh!" said Logan—"that very good name for him." A decision was given in Logan's favor, and a writ given to him to hand to the constable, which he was told would bring the money for the skins. But the untutored Indian—too uncivilized to be dishonest—could not comprehend by what magic this little bit of paper would force the tailor against his will to pay for the skins. The Judge took down his own commission with the arms of the King upon it, and explained to him the first principles and operations of civil law. "Law good," said Logan; "make rogues pay." But how much more efficient the law which the Great Spirit had impressed upon the Indian's heart—to *do unto others as he would be done by!*

When one of Judge Brown's children was just learning to walk, its mother happened to express a regret that she could not get a pair of shoes to support its first efforts. Logan, who stood by, overheard the remark, but apparently paid no attention to it, although he had determined in his own mind that the want of shoes should not hinder the little girl in her first attempts. Two or three days passed, and the remark had been forgotten by all save the chieftain, when, happening into their house, he asked the mother if she would allow the child to go with him and spend the day at his cabin. Mrs. B. could not divine the reason of such a request, and all her cautious anxiety was aroused at the idea of placing her little cherub in the hands of one whose objects she could not penetrate or understand.

The proposition alarmed her, and without giving a decided negative, she hesitated to comply. The matter was left to her husband, who urged her to consent, representing the delicacy of Logan's feelings, his sensitiveness, and his character for truth and plain dealing. With much reluctance, but with apparent cheerfulness, the mother at length complied, although her heart was



filled with anxious forebodings as she saw her little one disappear in the woods in the arms of the chieftain. Slowly passed the sad hours away, and the poor mother could do nothing but think of her absent one in the hands of a savage warrior, the natural enemy of the pale-face.

As the day drew to a close, she took her station at the window, and watched with the most intense anxiety for the return of her child; but hour after hour passed by without bringing any relief to her anxious heart. A thousand vague fears and conjectures filled her mind with the many tales of Indian barbarity and treachery which she had heard, and as the shades of evening drew around the landscape, and her little one had not returned, she felt that to hear of her death at the hands of the chief would be a relief to her overwrought brain. Her husband endeavored to calm her agitated feelings, and soothe her into confidence in the integrity of Logan — but with little effect; and it is probable that her anxiety would have driven her to go to the cabin of the Indian in search of her child. Just after the sun went down, however, he made his appearance in the dim twilight, bearing the little treasure in his arms, who seemed delighted with her conductor, for her little arms were thrown about his neck as he bore her along with firm and rapid steps to her home.

The mother's heart leaped with joy as she recognized the persons of the chief and the child. She sprang from her chair where she had passed so many anxious moments, and prepared to receive the little one, around whom had been concentrated all her maternal feelings all that tiresome, lonely, and weary day. A few brief moments, which to her seemed hours, brought the chief to the door, where he released the child from its embrace, and set it down upon the floor. The mother caught it in her arms, and hugged it to her bosom, while the father addressed his thanks to the proud and gratified chief for a pair of beautiful little moccasins, adorned with beads and all the fancy-work of an Indian's taste, which covered and supported the feet of the little girl. During all that day, which had been so tedious and full of anxiety to the mother, Logan had been engaged in constructing and ornamenting the little gift, by which he intended to show his appreciation of the many favors he had received at the parent's hands.



## EXPEDITION AGAINST ST. AUGUSTINE.

IN North America, the central colonies of our republic scarcely knew the existence of war, except as they were invited to aid in defending the borders, or were sometimes alarmed at a privateer hovering off the coast. The Five Nations, at peace with both France and England, protected New York by a mutual compact of neutrality. South Carolina, bordering on Spanish Florida; New England, which had so often conquered Acadia, and coveted the fisheries; were alone involved in the direct evils of war.

South Carolina began colonial hostilities. Its governor, James Moore, by the desire of the commons, placed himself at the head of an expedition for the reduction of St. Augustine. The town was easily ravaged; but the garrison retreated to the castle, and the besiegers waited the arrival of heavy artillery. To obtain it, a sloop was sent to Jamaica; but an emissary had already announced the danger to Bienville, at Mobile, who conveyed the intelligence to the Spanish viceroy; and, when two Spanish vessels of war appeared near the mouth of the harbor, Moore abandoned his ships and stores, and retreated by land. The colony, burdened with debt, pleaded the precedent "of great and rich countries," and, confident that "funds of credit have fully answered the ends of money, and given the people a quick circulation of their trade and cash," issued bills of credit to the amount of six thousand pounds. To Carolina, the first fruits of war were debt and paper-money.

This ill success diminished the terror of the Indians. The Spaniards had long occupied the country on the Bay of Appalache; had gathered the natives into towns, built for them churches, and instructed them by missions of Franciscan priests. The traders of Carolina beheld with alarm the continuous line of communication from St. Augustine to the incipient settlements in Louisiana; and, in the last weeks of 1705, a company of fifty volunteers, under the command of Moore, and assisted by a thousand savage allies, roamed through the woods by the trading path across the Ocmulgee, descended through the regions which none but De Soto had invaded, and came upon the Indian towns near the fort of St. Mark's. There seems no reason to doubt that the inhabitants spoke a dialect of the language of the Musk-hogees. They had already learned the use of horses and of beeves, which multiplied without care in their groves. At sunrise, on the fourteenth of December, the bold adventurers reached the strong place of Ayavalla. Beaten back from the



assault with loss, they succeeded in setting fire to the church, which adjoined the fort. A "barefoot friar," the only white man, came forward to beg mercy; more than a hundred women and children, and more than fifty warriors, were taken and kept as prisoners for the slave market. On the next morning, the Spanish commander on the bay, with twenty-three soldiers and four hundred Indians, gave battle, and was defeated; but the Spanish fort was too strong to be carried by storm. The tawny chief of Ivitachma "compounded for peace with the plate of his church and ten horses laden with provisions." Five other towns submitted without conditions. Most of their people abandoned their homes, and were received as free emigrants into the jurisdiction of Carolina. Thus was St. Augustine insulated by the victory over its allies. The Creeks, that dwelt between Appalache and Mobile, being friends to Carolina, interrupted the communication with the French. The English flag having been carried triumphantly through the wilderness to the Gulf of Mexico, the savages were overawed; and Great Britain established a new claim to the central forests that were soon to be named Georgia.

In the next year, a French squadron from the Havana attempted revenge by an invasion of Charleston; but the brave William Rhett and the governor, Sir Nathaniel Johnson, inspired courage, and prepared defence. The Huguenots, also, panted for action. One of the French ships was taken; and, wherever a landing was effected, the enemy was attacked with such energy that, of eight hundred, three hundred were killed or taken prisoners. The colonists fought like brave men contending for their families and homes. Unaided by the proprietaries, South Carolina gloriously defended her territory, and, with very little loss, repelled the invaders. The result of the war at the south was evidently an extension of the English boundary far into the territory that Spain had esteemed as a portion of Florida.

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## ATTACK ON DEERFIELD

DEATH hung on the frontier. The farmers, that had built their dwellings on the bank just above the beautiful meadows of Deerfield, had surrounded with pickets an enclosure of twenty acres—the village citadel. There were separate dwelling-houses, also fortified by a circle of sticks of timber set upright in the ground. Their occupants knew, through the Mohawks, that danger was at hand. All that winter, there was not a night but the sentinel was abroad; not a mother lulled her infant to rest,



but knew that, before morning, the tomahawk might crush its feeble skull. The snow lay four feet deep, when the clear, invigorating air of midwinter cheered the war party of about two hundred French and one hundred and forty-two Indians, who, with the aid of snow-shoes, and led by Hertel de Rouville, had walked on the crust all the way from Canada. On the last night in February, a pine forest near Deerfield gave them shelter till after midnight. When, at the approach of morning, the unfaithful sentinels retired, the war party entered within the palisades, which drifts of snow had made useless; and the war-whoop of the savages bade each family prepare for captivity or death. The village was set on fire, and all but the church and one dwelling-house were consumed. Of the inhabitants but few escaped: forty-seven were killed; one hundred and twelve, including the minister and his family, were made captives. One hour after sunrise, the party began its return to Canada. But who would know the horrors of that winter march through the wilderness? Two men starved to death. Did a young child weep from fatigue, or a feeble woman totter from anguish under the burden of her own offspring, the tomahawk stilled complaint, or the helpless infant was cast out upon the snow. Eunice Williams, the wife of the minister, had not forgotten her Bible; and, when they rested by the way-side, or, at night, made their couch of branches of evergreen strown on the snow, the savages allowed her to read it. Having but recently recovered from confinement, her strength soon failed. To her husband, who reminded her of the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," "she justified God in what had happened." The mother's heart rose to her lips, as she commended her five captive children, under God, to their father's care; and then one blow from a tomahawk ended her sorrows. "She rests in peace," said her husband, "and joy unspeakable and full of glory." In Canada, no entreaties, no offers of ransom, could rescue his youngest daughter, then a girl of but seven years old. Adopted into the village of the praying Indians near Montreal, she became a proselyte to the Catholic faith, and the wife of a Cahnewaga chief; and when, after long years, she visited her friends at Deerfield, she appeared in an Indian dress; and, after a short sojourn, in spite of a day of fast of a whole village, which assembled to pray for her deliverance, she returned to the fires of her own wigwam, and to the love of her own Mohawk children.

There is no tale to tell of battles like those of Blenheim or of Ramillies, but only one sad narrative of rural dangers and sorrows. In the following years, the Indians stealthily approached towns



in the heart of Massachusetts, as well as along the coast, and on the southern and western frontiers. Children, as they gambolled on the beach; reapers, as they gathered the harvest; mowers, as they rested from using the scythe; mothers, as they busied themselves about the household,—were victims to an enemy who disappeared the moment a blow was struck, and who was ever present where a garrison or a family ceased its vigilance.

## THE GEORGIA COLONY.

DURING his stay in England, Oglethorpe won universal favor for his colony, the youngest child of the colonial enterprise of England. Parliament continued its benefactions; the king expressed interest in a province which bore his name. While the jealousy of the maritime powers on the continent was excited, new emigrants continued to be sent from England. The voice of mercy reached the Highlands of Scotland; and a company of Gaelic mountaineers, as brave as the bravest warriors of the Creek nation, some of them kindred to the loyalists who fell victims to their fidelity to the Stuarts, embarked for America, and established New Inverness, in Darien,

“Where wild Altama murmured to their woe,”

Within a few weeks, a new company of three hundred emigrants, conducted by Oglethorpe himself, whose care of them during the voyage proved him as considerate as he was brave, ascended a rising ground, not far from Tybee Island, “where they all knelt and returned thanks to God for having safely arrived in Georgia.” Among that group was a reinforcement of Moravians; men who had a faith above fear; “whose wives and children even were not afraid to die;” whose simplicity and solemnity, in their conferences and prayers, seemed to revive the primitive “assemblies, where form and state were not, but Paul, the tent-maker, or Peter, the fisherman, presided with the demonstration of the Spirit.” There, too, were John and Charles Wesley,—the latter selected as the secretary to Oglethorpe, the former eager to become an apostle to the Indians,—fervent enthusiasts, who, by their own confession, were not yet disciplined to a peaceful possession of their souls. “That they were simple of heart, but yet that their ideas were disturbed,” was the judgment of Zinzendorf. “Our end in leaving our native country,” said they, “is not to gain riches and honor, but singly



this—to live wholly to the glory of God.” They desired to make Georgia a religious colony, having no theory but devotion, no ambition but to quicken the sentiment of piety. The reformation of Luther and Calvin had included a political revolution; its advocates went abroad on the whirlwind, eager to overthrow the institutions which time had consecrated and selfishness perverted. The age in which religious and political excitements were united, had passed away; with the period of commercial influence fanaticism had no sympathy. Mystic piety, more intense by its aversion to the theories of the eighteenth century, appeared as the rainbow; and Wesley was as the sower, who comes after the clouds have been lifted up, and the floods have subsided, and scatters his seed in the serene hour of peace. The new devotees, content to remain under the guardianship of the established government, sought to enjoy the exquisite delights of religious sensibility, not to overthrow dynasties, or to break the bonds of colonial dependence. By John Wesley, therefore, who resided in America less than two years, no share in moulding the political institutions of Georgia was desired or exerted. As he strolled through natural avenues of palmettoes and evergreen hollies, and woods sombre with hanging moss, his heart gushed forth in addresses to God.

“Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,—  
The Lord of every motion there.”

The austerity of his maxims involved him in controversies with the mixed settlers of Georgia; and his residence in America preceded his influence on the religious culture of its people. His brother was still less suited to shape events; fainting under fatigue, he sighed for sympathy; the privations and hardships of the wilderness, among rough associates, plunged his gentle nature into the depths of melancholy and home-sickness; and, at this time, his journal, of which extracts have unwisely been made public, is not a record of events around him, but rather a chronicle of what passed within himself—the groundless jealousies of a pure mind, rendered suspicious by pining disease. When afterwards George Whitefield came, his intrepid nature did not lose its cheerfulness in the encounter with the wilderness; his eager benevolence, led by the example of the Moravians and the fame of the Orphan House at Halle, founded and sustained an orphan house at Savannah by contributions which his eloquence extorted. He became more nearly identified with America.



visited all the provinces from Florida to the northern frontier, and made his grave in New England; but he, also, swayed no legislatures, and is chiefly remembered for his fervor and his power of melting the multitude.

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## WAR BETWEEN GEORGIA AND THE SPANIARDS.

HAVING, in September, 1739, received instructions from England of the approaching war with Spain, Oglethorpe hastened, before the close of the year, to extend the boundaries of Georgia once more to the St. John's, and immediately, in December, urged upon the province of South Carolina the reduction of the Spaniards at St. Augustine. "As soon as the sea is free," he adds, "they will send a large body of troops from Cuba." His own intrepidity would brook no delay, and, in the first week of 1740, he entered Florida. "Dear Mr. Oglethorpe," wrote the Moravian ministers, "is now exposed to much danger; for the Spaniards wish nothing more than to destroy his health and life. He does not spare himself, but, in the common soldier's dress, he engages in the most perilous actions. Since the new year, he has captured two small fortified places of the Spaniards, which were the outposts of St. Augustine, and now waits only for more Indians and more soldiers to attack that important fortress itself."

In March, Oglethorpe hurried to Charleston, to encourage the zeal of South Carolina; but the forces, which that province voted in April, were not ready till May; and when the expedition, composed of six hundred regular troops, four hundred militia from Carolina, beside Indian auxiliaries, who were soon reduced to two hundred, advanced to the walls of St. Augustine, the garrison, commanded by Monteano, a man of courage and energy, had already received supplies. A vigorous sally was successful against a detached party, chiefly of Highlanders, at Fort Moosa. Yet, for nearly five weeks, Oglethorpe endeavored, in defiance of his own weakness and the strength of the place, to devise means for victory, till "the Carolina troops, enfeebled by the heat, dispirited by sickness, and fatigued by fruitless efforts, marched away in large bodies." The small naval force also resolved, in council, "to take off all their men, and sail away," and thus "put an end to the enterprise." Oglethorpe returned without molestation to Frederica. His conduct throughout the summer was a commentary on his character. The few prisoners whom he made were kindly treated; the cruelties of the savages were reproved



and restrained ; not a field, or a garden, or a house, near St. Augustine, was injured, unless by the Indians,—for burning them he thought the worst use to which they could be devoted. “He endured more fatigues than any of his soldiers ; and, in spite of ill health consequent on exposure to perpetual damps, he was always at the head in every important action.”

The English still asserted their superiority on the southern frontier. St. Augustine had not fallen ; the Spaniards had not been driven from Florida ; but Oglethorpe maintained the extended limits of Georgia ; his Indian alliances gave him the superiority in the wilderness as far as the land of the Choctas.

At last, to make good its pretensions, the Spanish government resolved on invading Georgia. It collected its forces from Cuba, and a large fleet, with an armament of which the force had been greatly exaggerated, sailed towards the mouth of the St. Mary's. Fort William, which Oglethorpe had constructed at the southern extremity of Cumberland Island, defended the entrance successfully, till, fighting his way through Spanish vessels, which endeavored to intercept him, the general himself reinforced it. Then, promptly returning to St. Simon's, having no aid from Carolina, with less than a thousand men, by his vigilant activity, trusting in Providence, he prepared for defence. “We are resolved not to suffer defeat”—such was his cheering message to Savannah—“we will rather die like Leonidas and his Spartans, if we can but protect Carolina and the rest of the Americans from desolation.” And, going on board one of the little vessels that chanced to be at hand, he called on the seamen to stand by their liberties and country. “For myself,” he added, “I am prepared for all dangers. I know the enemy are far more numerous than we ; but I rely on the valor of our men, and, with the aid of God, I do not doubt we shall be victorious.”

On the fifth of July, seven days after it first came to anchor off Simon's Bar, the Spanish fleet of thirty-six vessels, with the tide of flood and a brisk gale, entered St. Simon's Harbor, and succeeded in passing the English batteries on the southern point of the island. The general signalled his ships to run up to Frederica, and, spiking the guns of the lower fort, withdrew to the town ; while the Spaniards landed at Gascoin's Bluff, and took possession of the camps which the English had abandoned. But, in constructing the road to Frederica, Oglethorpe had left a morass on the one side, and a dense oak wood on the other. A party of Spaniards advance ; they are within a mile of the town ; they are met by Oglethorpe himself, with the Highland company, are overcome, pursued, and most of the party killed or taken prisoners.



A second party of the Spaniards march to the assault; they come to a place where the narrow avenue, bending with the edge of the morass, forms a crescent: as they reach the fatal spot, Highland caps rise up in the wood, and, under the command of Mackay and Sutherland, an attack is begun. The opposing grenadiers at first stood firm, and discharged volley after volley at an enemy whom the thicket concealed. But, as Oglethorpe hastened to the scene, he found the victory already complete, except as a Highland shout or the yell of an Indian announced the discovery of some straggling Spaniard. The enemy had retreated, with a loss of about two hundred men, leaving to the ground, which was now strown with the dead, the name of "the Bloody Marsh."

Despairing of success, and weakened by divisions,—deceived, too, by an ingenious stratagem,—the Spaniards, on the night of the fourteenth, re-embarked, leaving a quantity of ammunition and guns behind them. On the eighteenth, on their way to the south, they renewed their attack on Fort William, which was bravely defended by Stuart and his little garrison of fifty men. The English boats watched the movements of the retreating squadron till it was south of the St. John's; and, on the twenty-fourth day of July, Oglethorpe could publish an order for a general thanksgiving for the end of the invasion.



## READING EXERCISES

### ILLUSTRATING THE THIRD ERA.

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#### PATRIOTISM AND ELOQUENCE OF JOHN ADAMS.

HE possessed a bold spirit, which disregarded danger, and a sanguine reliance on the goodness of the cause and the virtues of the people, which led him to overlook all obstacles. His character, too, had been formed in troubled times. He had been rocked in the early storms of controversy, and had acquired a decision and a hardihood, proportioned to the severity of the discipline which he had undergone.

He not only loved the American cause devoutly, but had studied and understood it. He had tried his powers on the questions that it involved, often, and in various ways; and had brought to their consideration whatever of argument or illustration the history of his own country, the history of England, or the stores of ancient or of legal learning could furnish. Every grievance enumerated in the long catalogue of the Declaration had been the subject of his discussion and the object of his remonstrance and reprobation.

The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation,  
(162)



all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius feels itself rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress then was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent state was to be severed at once, and severed for ever. All the colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And, surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest: if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears in still greater magnitude.

Let us then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question, thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances—let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots. Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the Declaration. It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

“Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But, there’s a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us



to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance?

“Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we, ourselves, shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

“I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men—that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

“For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised or to be raised for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign.

“Nay, I maintain, that England herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would



regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

“If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

“Read this Declaration at the head of the army: every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow be uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit: religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy’s cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

“Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day’s business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

“But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration *will* stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious,



an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears—not of subjection and slavery—not of agony and distress—but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready to stake here upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—independence *now*; and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!”

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### WASHINGTON AND ADAMS.

IN a manuscript journal, under date of November 4, 1825, I find a record of a conversation had with the venerable John Adams, at that time, relative to the appointment of General Washington. It was in substance as follows:—

The army was assembled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under General Ward, and Congress was sitting at Philadelphia. Every day arrived new applications in behalf of the army. The country was urgent that Congress should *adopt the army*, for until they had, it must be considered, and was in law considered, only as a mob, a band of armed rebels. The country was placed in circumstances of peculiar delicacy and danger. The struggle had begun, and yet everything was at loose ends. The great trial now seemed to be in this question—*who shall be commander-in-chief?* It was exceedingly important, and was felt to be the hinge on which the whole might turn for or against us.

The Southern and Middle States, warm and rapid in their zeal, for the most part were jealous of New England, because they felt that the real physical force was *here*. What, then, was to be done? All New England adored General Ward; he had been in the French war, and came out laden with laurels. He was a scholar and a gentleman. All the qualifications seemed to cluster in him, and it was confidently believed that the army could not receive any commander over him. What, then, was to be done? Difficulties thickened at every step. The struggle was to be long and bloody. Without union all was lost. Union was strength. The country, and the whole country, must come in. One pulsa-



tion must beat through all hearts. The cause was one, and the arm must be one. The members had talked, debated, considered, and guessed, and yet the decisive step had not been taken.

At length Mr. Adams came to his conclusion, and the manner of developing it was nearly as follows:—He was walking one morning before Congress Hall, apparently in deep thought, when his cousin, Samuel Adams, came up to him and said, “What is the topic with you this morning, cousin?” “Oh, the army, the army,” he replied. “I am determined what to do about the army at Cambridge,” he continued — “I am determined to go into the hall this morning, and enter on a full detail of the state of the colonies, in order to show the absolute need of taking some decisive steps. My whole aim will be to induce Congress to appoint a day for adopting the army as the legal army of the United Colonies of North America, and then to hint at an election of a commander-in-chief.”

“Well,” said Samuel Adams, “I like that, cousin John; but on whom have you fixed as this commander?” “I’ll tell you — George Washington, of Virginia, a member of this house.” “Oh,” replied Samuel Adams, quickly, “that will never do, never, never.” “It *must* do, it *shall* do,” said John, “and for these reasons: The Southern and Middle States are loath to enter heartily into the cause, and their arguments are potent; they see that New England holds the physical power in her hands, and they fear the result. A New England army, a New England commander, with New England perseverance, all united, appal them. For this cause they hang back. Now the only way is, to allay their fears, and give them nothing to complain of; and this can be done in no other way but by appointing a Southern chief over this force. *Then* all will feel secure; then all will rush to the standard. This policy will blend us in one mass, and that mass will be resistless.”

At this Samuel Adams seemed greatly moved. They talked over the preliminary circumstances, and John asked his cousin to second his motion. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, and put forth all his strength in the delineations he had prepared, all aiming at the adoption of the army! *He* was ready to own the army, appoint a commander, vote supplies, and proceed to business.

After his speech, some doubted, some objected, and some feared. His warmth mounted with the occasion, and to all these doubts and hesitations he replied, “Gentlemen, if this Congress will not adopt this army, before ten moons have set, New England will have a Congress of her own which *will* adopt it, and she, *she* will undertake the struggle *alone*; yes, with a strong arm and a clear



conscience, will front the foe alone!" This had the desired effect. They saw New England was not playing, and was not to be played with; they agreed to appoint a day. The day was fixed. It came. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, urged the measure, and, after debate, it passed.

The next thing was to get a lawful commander for this lawful army, with supplies, &c. All looked to Mr. Adams on this occasion, and he was ready. He took the floor, and went into a minute delineation of the character of General Ward, bestowing on him the epithets which then belonged to no one else. At the end of this eulogy, he said, "But this is not the man I have chosen." He then went into a delineation of the character of a commander-in-chief, such as was required by the peculiar situation of the colonies at that juncture; and, after he had presented the qualifications in his strongest language, and given the reasons for the nomination he was about to make, he said—"Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful at this crisis in this chief. Does any one say they are not to be obtained in the country? I reply, they are; they reside in one of our own body, and he is the person whom I now nominate—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *of Virginia!*"

Washington, who sat on Mr. Adams's right hand, was looking him intently in the face to watch the name he was about to announce; and not expecting it would be his own, he sprang from his seat the moment he heard it, and rushed into an adjoining room as quickly as though moved by a shock of electricity.

Mr. Adams had asked his cousin Sam to move for an adjournment as soon as the nomination was made, in order to give the members time to deliberate in private. They did deliberate, and the result is before the world.

I asked Mr. Adams, among other questions, the following:—"Did you never doubt of the success of the conflict?" "No, no," said he, "not for a moment. I expected to be hung and quartered, if I was caught; but no matter for that, my country would be free; I knew George III. could not forge chains long enough and strong enough to reach round these States."

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## ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

ON a day in the early part of the revolution, just after the sun had passed its meridian, an American officer could have been seen slowly wending his way along one of the unfrequented roads that



wound their way up among the mountains, in the vicinity of West Point; where was then stationed the American army. The officer was unaccompanied, and as the horse, with slow and measured tread moved along the road, with the slackened rein hanging loose upon his neck, his rider seemed buried in a deep reverie.

The scene around was one of peculiar beauty, the far mountains heaped up, one above another, against the horizon, and at his feet the Hudson sweeping on with a sweet and placid look. But the thoughts of the traveller were turned inward, and his eyes heeded not the pageant before them, but seemed rather to be reading the dark and obscure future, or trying to penetrate into the mysteries which surrounded the present. His thoughts, however, were apparently not disturbed, but only solemn and deep. It would have been impossible for any one to have looked upon his calm, thoughtful brow, the majestic, but benevolent expression of his countenance, the firm contour though sweet expression of his lips, the mild, penetrating glance of his eye, and the noble proportions of his frame, without detecting the presence of the great WASHINGTON. Presently he drew up before a mansion on the road, dismounted, and approached the house. Almost immediately a door was thrown open, and an aged gentleman, in a civilian's dress, rushed forth and greeted the comer with many, seemingly, earnest protestations of welcome.

The family in which Washington, on this occasion, was received, was one he had frequently been in the habit of visiting. During the stay of the army at West Point, he frequently dined with its members, and with its head he had at first reposed confidence and friendship. But many suspicions of his honesty were whispered about, and in some quarters he was openly accused of treachery to the American cause. To these suspicions Washington would not heed, but having been invited to dine with him on a certain day and at a certain hour, and this invitation being pressed with so much over-earnestness, and accompanied with an insinuation, that his appearance with a guard was an indication of his want of confidence in his friend's fidelity, and urged to give a proof of his unchanged belief in his honesty, by coming unattended to partake with him a private dinner, Washington's suspicions at last became aroused, and he resolved, by accepting the invitation, to prove at once the truth or falsehood of the suspicions entertained against him. It was to fulfil this engagement that Washington, on the occasion we have described, proceeded to the residence of his suspected friend.

The time appointed for the dinner was two o'clock, but it was not later than one when Washington dismounted at the door of



his host. He had an especial object in this early arrival. The host proposed to occupy the interim before dinner, by a walk on the piazza. Here conversation occupied the time, and it soon became apparent to the chief that his host's manner was exceedingly nervous and excitable.

Without revealing this knowledge, Washington continued the discourse, and, while he carefully avoided betraying his suspicions, he skilfully led the conversation to such subjects, that would be most likely to cause his companion to betray his agitation. So poor an actor was he, and so often was his conscience probed by the apparently innocent remarks of the commander-in-chief, that his nervousness of manner became so marked as to give the greatest pain to Washington, at this proof of the infidelity of one on whom he had once reposed unlimited confidence.

The American commander, in commenting upon the different beauties of the landscape that surrounded them, pointed out the spot where lay the encampment of the enemy, at the same time remarking upon the extraordinary lack of principle that could induce men of American birth to forego the interests of their country, and every consideration of holy patriotism, to enrol themselves among their country's invaders for no other temptation than a little glittering gold. Before the penetrating look which Washington fixed upon him while making these remarks, the guilty traitor quailed; but at this juncture, he was relieved by the sound of approaching horses, and as both guest and host turned to the direction whence the sound proceeded, a company of dragoons in British uniforms appeared upon the brow of the hill, and galloping rapidly along the road towards the house. "Bless me, sir!" exclaimed Washington; "what cavalry are these approaching the house?"

"A party of British light horse," rejoined his trembling host, "who mean no harm, but are merely sent for my protection!" "British horse sent here while I am your guest!" said Washington with startling sternness, as he turned upon his guest with an air of command that awed, and caused to quail, the little soul of the betrayer before the mighty spirit that he had aroused. "What does this mean, sir?" continued Washington, as a terrible look gathered upon his brow.

By this time the troops had arrived, and they were seen dismounting from their horses. This gave courage to the trembling traitor. "General," said he approaching his guest, "General, you are my prisoner." "I believe not," replied Washington, his manner having regained its former calmness, "but, sir, I know that you are *mine*! Officer, arrest this traitor!"



In bewildering consternation the treacherous hypocrite looked from Washington to the men; the one an American officer, and the others seemingly British soldiers. But the puzzle was soon solved. Washington had ordered a company of Americans to disguise themselves as British cavalry, and to arrive at the mansion designated, at a *quarter before two*, by which means he would be enabled to discover the innocence or guilt of the suspected person.

The issue proved his suspicions were well founded, and the mode he adopted for detecting the plot admirably displayed his great sagacity. The false friend was handed over to the keeping of the soldiers, and conducted to the American camp as a prisoner. He afterwards, confessed, that he had been offered a large sum to betray Washington into the hands of the English; and at the hour of two, a party of British horse would have surrounded the house and captured the American chief.

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## ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

It is a known matter of history, that in the early part of 1755, great exertions were made by the British ministry, at the head of which was the illustrious Earl of Chatham, for the reduction of the French power in the provinces of the Canadas. To carry the object into effect, General Amherst, referred to in the letters of Junius, was appointed to the command of the British arms in North-western America; and the British colonies in America were called upon for assistance, who contributed with alacrity their several quotas of men to effect the grand object of British enterprise.

It is a fact still within the recollection of some of our oldest inhabitants here, that the British army lay encamped, in the summer of 1755, on the eastern banks of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany, on the ground now belonging to John I. Van Rensselaer, Esq. To this day vestiges of their encampment remain, and after a lapse of so many years, when a great proportion of the actors of those days have passed away, like the shadows from the earth, the inquisitive traveller can observe where they boiled their camp-kettles.

It was this army that, under the command of Abercrombie, was foiled with a severe loss in the attack on Ticonderoga, where the distinguished Howe fell at the head of his troops, in an hour that history has consecrated to his fame. In the early part of



June, the eastern troops began to pour in, company after company; and such a motley assemblage never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff, of right merry and facetious memory.

It would, said my worthy ancestor, who related to me the story, have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to have seen the descendants of the Puritans marching through the streets of our ancient city, to take their stations on the left side of the British army, some with small coats, and others with no coats at all, as varied as the rainbow, some with their hair cropped, like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs whose curls flowed with grace around their shoulders.

Their march, their accoutrements, and the whole arrangement of the troops, furnished matter of amusement to the wits of the British army. The music played the airs of two centuries ago; the *tout ensemble* exhibited a sight to the wondering strangers that they had been unaccustomed to in their native land. Among the club of wits that belonged to the British army, there was a physician attached to the staff, by the name of Dr. Shackburg, who combined with the science of the surgeon the skill and talents of a musician.

To please brother Jonathan, he composed a tune, and with much gravity recommended it to the officers, as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music. The joke took, to the no small amusement of the British corps. Brother Jonathan exclaimed, it was *nation fine*, and in a few days nothing was heard but *Yankee Doodle*. Little did the author and his coadjutors then suppose that an air made for the purpose of levity and ridicule would be marked for such destinies. In twenty years from that time, our national march inspired the hearts of the heroes of Bunker's Hill; and, in less than thirty, Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*.

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## DANIEL BOONE.

THE Illinois Magazine publishes the following letter, from a venerable citizen of Kentucky, relative to the hardy and adventurous huntsman who is so justly and universally regarded as the patriarch of that State. The brief narrative which it gives of the life and adventures of the fearless and single-hearted father of the great West cannot fail to interest the general reader:—

I received your letter, a few days since, requesting me to state



what I knew of COLONEL DANIEL BOONE. When a boy, I knew him. He lived within a mile and a half of my father's, in Oulpeper county, Virginia, for two years, and I frequently set up targets for him to shoot at. From thence he moved to North Carolina, and I saw no more of him until I met him in Kentucky in 1781.

We were frequently together afterwards, and several times in the woods, surveying, in company, and a more agreeable, friendly companion I have never seen. In stature, I think he was about five feet ten inches high, and well proportioned. His appearance was fine, his manners easy, his mind strong and philosophic, his disposition mild and placid, and his character unimpeachable. A more friendly and hospitable man never lived.

I will now inform you of what he told me relative to his first discovery of Kentucky. He said that himself, his brother Squire, and a servant boy came to North Carolina, to take a fall hunt in Powell's Valley, having hunted there the year before. He was hunting along the side of the Cumberland mountain, and discovered a gap or low place in the mountain, which he ascended to the top, and thence he imagined he could see the Ohio river. He thought in his own mind, that it was the most beautiful country in the world. He returned to the camp, and informed his brother what he had seen, telling him that they must up and go across the mountain.

They did so, and travelled on to Scagg's creek, where the deer were so plenty that they soon loaded their seven horses with shaved skins, and he started his brother and the servant boy back with them to North Carolina. He told his brother to bring back to him as many horses as he could get, and he would have their loads ready against his return. He stayed and hunted there, and never saw the face of man for eight months to a day. He declared that he never enjoyed himself better in his life; he had three dogs that kept his camp while he was hunting, and, at night, he would often lie by his fire and sing every song he could think of, while the dogs would sit round him, and give as much attention as if they understood every word he was saying.

At the end of eight months, his brother and servant boy came to him with fourteen horses. His brother informed him that when he got into North Carolina with his peltry, the Indians had fallen upon the frontiers, and that he had to go, with others, against them. Boone had the packs nearly all ready, and, in a day or two, they loaded the horses and started for home. They travelled the first day, and until about ten o'clock the next day, when he saw four Indians, with as many horses, loaded with beaver fur.



They were crossing each other, and seeing plainly that they must meet, he cautioned his brother and the servant boy not to let the Indians have their guns out of their hands; for they would be sure to make an attempt to get them, under pretence of wanting to examine them.

The Indians endeavored to get their guns, but they would not let them get possession of them. The Indians then went round Boone's horses, and drove them off with their own. Boone said he looked hard after them a while, and then (not thinking it prudent to attack four men, on their guard, with but one man and a boy to back him) he put off for home. They went on that day, and until nine or ten o'clock of the next. He then observed to his brother and the boy that if they would stick to him, he would turn about and follow the Indians even to their towns but he would have his skins and horses back. They agreed to it, and immediately pursued hard after them, and came in sight of them the fourth day. "Now," said Boone, "we must trail them on until they stop to eat."

The Indians at length halted, hobbled their horses, cooked, and ate; Boone and his companions watching them all the while. He well knew that, having eaten, they would all lie down to sleep except one. They did so; and the one who was on guard sat on a log at the head of the others, and Boone and his boys had to creep on all-fours for a hundred yards to get near enough to shoot. Boone then told his brother that he would take for his own mark the one on the log; that he (the brother) must aim at the one on the right, and the boy at the one on the left; and that, when he gave the signal, they must fire, and keep loading and shooting, making as much noise and using as many different tones as they could.

They fired, and he *tilted his man over the log*; but the others bore him off. The Indians fled, and they followed for three quarters of a mile, shooting and yelling; then came back, gathered their own horses and those of the Indians, put on their packs and the packs of beaver fur, and drove them safe to his own house, in North Carolina. The above is just as he told it to me himself.



## THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

AFTER long years of strife, of repose, and of strife renewed, England and France solemnly agreed to be at peace. The treaties of Aix la Chapelle had been negotiated, by the ablest statesmen of Europe, in the splendid forms of monarchical diplomacy. They believed themselves the arbiters of mankind, the pacificators of the world, reconstructing the colonial system on a basis which should endure for ages, confirming the peace of Europe by the nice adjustment of material forces.

At the very time of the congress of Aix la Chapelle, the woods of Virginia sheltered the youthful George Washington, the son of a widow. Born by the side of the Potomac, beneath the roof of a Westmoreland farmer, almost from infancy his lot had been the lot of an orphan. No academy had welcomed him to its shades, no college crowned him with its honors : to read, to write, to cipher — these had been his degrees in knowledge.

And now, at sixteen years of age, in quest of an honest maintenance, encountering intolerable toil; cheered onward by being able to write to a school-boy friend, "Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain every day, and sometimes six pistoles;" "himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, no plate but a large chip;" roaming over spurs of the Alleghenies, and along the banks of the Shenandoah; alive to nature, and sometimes "spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and richness of the land;" among skin-clad savages, with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants, "that would never speak English;" rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bearskin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place for the night upon a little hay, straw, or fodder, and often camping in the forests, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury; this stripling surveyor in the woods, with no companion but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his compass and chain, contrasted strangely with the imperial magnificence of the congress of Aix la Chapelle.

And yet God had selected, not Kaunitz, nor Newcastle, not a monarch of the house of Hapsburg, nor of Hanover, but the Virginia stripling, to give an impulse to human affairs, and, as far as events can depend on an individual, had placed the rights and the destinies of countless millions in the keeping of the widow's son.



## THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

YOU have heard of General Knox, then Colonel—and of his stentorian voice. I assure you that no justice can be done to him or it; my ears rang, for a fortnight after, at the same hour of the night, and do yet, when I remember how he galloped about, cursing, swearing, dismounting every five minutes, and lifting his own artillery, like a giant. He was a gallant fellow—full of blood—with all the blunt, strong New England hardihood. And Greene himself was there—the only man of all our troops capable, I believe, in case of any disaster, to take the place of Washington; there *he* sat full of deep religious composure—his broad forehead fronting the fires, that were kindled near the place of embarkation.

At last, though not until three o'clock in the morning, we were fairly landed upon the Jersey shore, and by five had taken up our line of march.

Our whole army passed softly and silently by, two or three officers, posted upon the road-side, continually waving their swords with a motion as if to enjoin the most deathlike stillness; and deathlike it was, for nothing could be heard but the blowing of horses, a jolting sound now and then in the wet snow where the artillery-wagons and gun-carriages cut through the ground—and a general rush, deep, heavy, as water.

A few moments after, a troop of Virginians, under Captain Washington, afterwards so distinguished at the South,) paraded in beautiful style through the heavy snow, and brought us intelligence which tended to accelerate our march. Before his arrival, we had hoped (as I afterwards found) to surprise the enemy at Trenton, while yet overpowered by the festivities of the preceding night—and make his morning sleep the sleep of death; but now that hope was abandoned, for Captain Washington had encountered his picket, exchanged a few shots, and left him prepared for what it is remarkable that he had heard a vague rumor of—our intended attack. Yet this very affair, which at first threatened to be so disastrous, the frolic of Captain Washington, was probably the chief reason why we succeeded in surprising the enemy at last; for, as that was not followed up, he retired to quarters, after waiting a reasonable time, as we afterwards found, thinking the whole a Virginia *row*.

Our troops were now thrown into two divisions. We were separated from our father—who was detailed under Sullivan and St. Clair to take the river road—while we, under Washington himself, Greene, Morris, and Stevens, pushed onward through what is called the Pennington road.



A few moments afterwards—just while I thought my heart had lost its motion entirely—for I felt, in looking about me, and seeing the dark array of substantial but noiseless creatures, horses and wagons—as if the whole army were an apparition—a cavalcade of dead men—marching from one place of burial to another, I heard a shot so near me that my horse leaped out of my rank. This was followed by a loud cry—two or three words—a volley—and then shot after shot, as if a line of sentinels, sleeping upon their posts, had suddenly started up, one after the other, fired off their pieces and run in.

Our advance were well furnished with bayonets—and they immediately charged upon the picket, and we dashed after them, trampling them to death with our horses, riding over them like a whirlwind, without speaking a word or firing a shot. This was scarcely done, when we heard the firing of the other division, at the opposite quarter—so admirably timed had been the arrangement—and we immediately galloped into the centre of the town, horse and foot, determined to ride the enemy down, or bayonet them, before they had time to form.

Washington was dreadfully exposed. The first picket, thinking this a second attack of the same little skirmishing party that had fired into them before, neglected to give the alarm, and the outposts, though they fought most gallantly, retreating step by step, behind the houses, disputing every inch, and presenting their bright bayonets, without a flash of powder, wherever we rode in upon them—so that we could not, with all our cutting and spurring, force our horses upon them—and then the moment we had faced about, blazing away upon us, and running to the next house—were driven in.

At last we had an opportunity for fair play; the Hessians were formed, and forming, with the whole glittering with bayonets. A tremendous struggle was going on at our right, under the very eye of Washington, with the enemy's artillery, which was taken, when, with a troop of horse, Archibald rode down, his cap off, his sword flashing like a firebrand, in the light and smoke of the musketry—"Charge! charge!" he cried—"charge! my brave fellows! and provoke them to fire." Another troop! another! and another! thundered down, from the right and left, but with no effect at all upon the invincible Germans—the front rank kneeled all around—while the rest were forming, and presented their bayonets, without firing a shot.

"By heavens!" said Archibald, shouting as if his heart would break, to Captain Washington—"I will try them again!" And, as he said so, he rode at full speed, so near that it appeared to



me that he could have struck the enemy with his sword—and fired his pistol into their faces. Our front rank followed the example—and the next moment, all the Hessians brought their pieces up to their cheeks, and poured a tremendous volley in upon us. I saw my father fall—Arthur reel in his stirrups—but Archibald, as if prepared for this very thing, shouted, “Wheel and charge!” “Wheel and charge!” repeated a hundred voices in our rear—“wheel and charge!”

We obeyed and the snow flew—and the swords flashed—and the next moment, a hundred of the enemy—the whole of his front rank—were trampled to death before us, and twenty human heads rolled upon the ground, among the feet of our horses. The infantry under Greene poured in volley after volley, at the same time; and Knox, having brought round his light field-pieces to bear, as if they had been blunderbusses, played in upon them an uninterrupted roll of thunder and smoke.

It was impossible to stand it—no human being could have endured the hurricane of fire-bullets longer. They threw down their arms—and then it was—*then*—when it was necessary to move about the quieter operations of strife, that we began to feel the intense coldness of the night—the keen air cutting into our new wounds, like rough broken glass.

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## DE KALB.

THIS good man was Major-General in the American army during the revolutionary war. He was a German by birth, a brave and meritorious officer. He had attained a high reputation in military service, and was a knight of the order of military merit, and a Brigadier-General in the armies of France. He accompanied the Marquis de la Fayette to this country, and, having proffered his services to Congress, he was appointed to the office of Major-General. He repaired to the main army, in which he served at the head of the Maryland division, very much respected.

Possessing a stout frame, with excellent health, no officer was more able to encounter the toils of war. Moderate in mental powers, as in literary acquirements, he excelled chiefly in practical knowledge of men and things, gained during a life of close and accurate investigation of the causes and effects of passing events.

At the battle of Camden, in South Carolina, the Baron de Kalb commanded the right wing of the American army. At the com-



mencement of the action the great body of militia who formed the left wing of the army, on being charged with fixed bayonets by the British infantry, threw down their arms, and with the utmost precipitation fled from the field. In this battle the Americans suffered a severe defeat and loss.

The continental troops, who formed the right wing of the army, inferior as they were in numbers to the British, stood their ground, and maintained the conflict with great resolution. Never did men acquit themselves better. The Americans lost the whole of their artillery, eight field-pieces, upwards of two hundred wagons, and the greater part of their baggage. The royal army fought with great bravery, but their victory was in a great measure owing to their superiority in cavalry, and the precipitate retreat of the American militia.

De Kalb, sustaining by his splendid example the courageous effort of our inferior force, in his last resolute attempt to seize victory, received eleven wounds, and was made prisoner. His lingering life was rescued from immediate death by the brave interposition of Lieutenant-colonel de Buysson, one of his aide-de-camps, who embraced the prostrate general and received into his own body the bayonets pointed at his friend. Chevalier de Buysson rushed through the clashing bayonets, and, stretching his arms over the body of the fallen hero, exclaimed, "Save the Baron de Kalb! save the Baron de Kalb!" The British officers interposed and prevented his immediate destruction; but he survived the action but a few hours. To a British officer, who kindly condoled with him in his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man."

The heroic veteran, though treated with every attention, survived but a few hours. Never were the last moments of a soldier better employed. He dictated a letter to General Smallwood, who succeeded to the command of his division, breathing in every word his sincere and ardent affection for his officers and soldiers, expressing his admiration of their late noble, though unsuccessful stand; reciting the eulogy which their bravery had extorted from the enemy; together with the lively delight such testimony of their valor had excited in his own mind, then hovering on the shadowy confines of life. Feeling the pressure of death, he stretched out his quivering hand to his friend and aide-de-camp Chevalier de Buysson; proud of his generous wounds, he breathed his last benedictions on his faithful brave division.

General Washington, many years after, on a visit to Camden, inquired for the grave of De Kalb. After looking on it a while,



with a countenance marked with thought, he breathed a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "So there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a foreign land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!"

On the 14th of October, 1780, Congress erected a monument to his memory, in the town of Annapolis, in the State of Maryland.

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## PEABODY'S LEAP.

### A LEGEND OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

MANY are the places, scattered over the face of our beautiful country, whose wild and picturesque scenery is worthy of the painter's pencil or the poet's pen. Some of them, which were once celebrated for their rich stores of "legendary lore," are now only sought to view their natural scenery, while the traditions which formerly gave them celebrity are buried in oblivion. Such is the scene of the following adventure,—a romantic glen, bounded on the north side by a high and rocky hill, which stretches itself some distance into the lake, terminating in a precipice, some thirty feet in height, and once known by the name of "Peabody's Leap."

At the time of this adventure, Timothy Peabody was the only white man that lived within fifty miles of this place, and his was the daring spirit that achieved it. In an attack on one of the frontier settlements, his family had all been massacred by the merciless savages, and he had sworn that their death should be revenged. The better to accomplish this dread purpose, he had removed to this solitary place, and constructed the rude shelter in which he dwelt, till the blasts of winter drove him to the homes of his fellow-men, again to renew the contest when spring had awakened nature into life and beauty.

He was a man who possessed much rude cunning, combined with a thorough knowledge of Indian habits, by which he had always been enabled to avoid the snares of his subtle enemies. Often when they had come with a party to take him, he escaped their lures, and after destroying his hut, on their return homeward, some of their boldest warriors were picked off by his unerring aim—or, on arriving at their town, they learned that one of their swiftest hunters had been ambushed by him, and fallen a victim to his deadly rifle. He had lived in this way for several years, and had so often baffled them, that they had at last become weary of the pursuit, and, for some time, had left him unmolested.



About this time, a party of Indians made a descent on one of the small settlements, and had taken three men prisoners, whom they were carrying home to sacrifice, for the same number of their men that had been shot by Peabody. It was towards the close of day when they passed his abode; most of the party in advance of the prisoners, who, with their hands tied, and escorted by five or six Indians, were almost wearied out by their long march, and just able to crawl along. He had observed this advance guard, and suspecting there were prisoners in the rear, had let them pass unmolested, intending to try some "Yankee trick" to effect the rescue of the captives.

He accordingly followed on in the trail of the party, keeping among the thick trees which on either side skirted the path. He had proceeded but a short distance, before he heard the sharp report of a rifle, apparently very near him, and which he knew must be one of the Indians, who had strolled from the main body, to procure some game for their evening meal. From his acquaintance with their habits and language, he only needed a disguise, to enable him to join with the party if necessary, and aided by the darkness, which was fast approaching, with but little danger of detection. The resolution was quickly formed, and as quickly put into operation, to kill this Indian and procure his dress.

He had got but a few paces before he discovered his intended victim, who had just finished loading his rifle. To stand forth and boldly confront him, would give the savage an equal chance, and if Tim proved the best shot, the party on hearing the report of two rifles at once, would be alarmed and commence a pursuit. The chance was, therefore, two to one against him, and he was obliged to contrive a way to make the Indian fire first. Planting himself, then, behind a large tree, he took off his fox-skin cap, and placing it on the end of his rifle, began to move it to and fro. The Indian quickly discovered it, and was not at a loss to recollect the owner by the cap.

Knowing how often the white warrior had eluded them, he determined to despatch him at once, and without giving him notice of his dangerous proximity, he instantly raised his rifle, and its contents went whizzing through the air. The ball just touched the bark of the tree, and pierced the cap, which rose suddenly, like the death-spring of the beaver, and then fell amid the bushes. The Indian, like a true sportsman, thinking himself sure of his victim, did not go to pick up his game till he had reloaded his piece, and dropping it to the ground, he was calmly proceeding in the operation, when Timothy as calmly stepped



from his hiding-place, exclaiming—"Now, you tarnal kritter, say yer prayers as fast as ever you can."

This was a short notice for the poor Indian. Before him, and scarcely ten paces distant, stood the tall form of Peabody, motionless as a statue—his rifle to his shoulder—his finger on the trigger, and his deadly aim firmly fixed upon him. He was about to run, but he had not time to turn round, ere the swift-winged messenger had taken his flight; his first moment was his last—the ball pierced his side—he sprang in the air, and fell lifeless on the ground.

No time was now to be lost. He immediately proceeded to strip the dead body, and to array himself in the accoutrements, consisting of a hunting-shirt, a pair of moccasins, or leggings, and the wampum-belt and knife. A little of the blood besmeared on his sunburnt countenance served for the red paint, and it would have taken a keen eye, in the gray twilight and thick gloom of the surrounding forest, to have detected the counterfeit Indian. Shouldering his rifle, he again started in the pursuit, and followed them till they arrived in the glen, where their canoes were secreted. Here they stopped, and began to make preparations for their expected supper, previous to their embarkation for the opposite shore. The canoes were launched, and their baggage deposited in them. A fire was blazing brightly, and the party were walking around, impatiently waiting the return of the hunter.

The body of Timothy was safely deposited behind a fallen tree, where he could see every motion, and hear every word spoken in the circle. Here he had been about half an hour. "Night had drawn her sable curtain around the scene;" or, in other words, it was dark. The moon shone fitfully through the clouds which almost covered the horizon, only serving occasionally to render the "darkness visible." The Indians now began to evince manifest signs of impatience for the return of their comrade. They feared that a party of whites had followed them, and taken him prisoner, and at last resolved to go in search of him. The plan, which was fortunately overheard by Timothy, was to put the captives into one of the canoes, under the care of five of their number, who were to secrete themselves in case of an attack, massacre the prisoners, and then go to the assistance of their brethren.

As soon as the main body had started, Peabody cautiously crept from his hiding-place to the water, and sliding in feet foremost, moved along on his back, his face just above the surface, to the canoe which contained the rifles of the guard. The priming was quickly removed from these, and their powder-horns emptied,



replaced, and the prisoners given notice of their intended rescue; at the same time warning them not to show themselves above the gunwale till they were in safety. He next, with his Indian knife, separated the thong which held the canoe to the shore, intending to swim off with it, till he had got far enough to avoid observation, then get in, and paddle for the nearest place where a landing could be effected.

All this was but the work of a moment, and he was slowly moving off from the shore, as yet unobserved by the guard, who little expected an attack from this side. But, unfortunately, his rifle had been left behind, and he was resolved not to part with "old plumper," as he called it, without at least one effort to recover it. He immediately gave the captives notice of his intention, and directed them to paddle slowly and silently out, and in going past the head-land, to approach as near as possible, and there await his coming.

The guard, by this time, had secreted themselves, and one of the number had chosen the same place which Timothy himself had previously occupied, near which he had left his old friend. He had almost got to the spot, when the Indian discovered the rifle, grasped it, and springing upon his feet, gave the alarm to his companions. Quick as thought, Tim was upon him, seized the rifle, and wrenched it from him with such violence as to throw him breathless on the ground. The rest of the Indians were alarmed, and, sounding the war-whoop, rushed upon him.

It was a standard maxim with Timothy, that "a good soldier never runs till he is obliged to," and he now found that he should be under the necessity of suiting his practice to his theory. There was no time for deliberation; he instantly knocked down the foremost with the butt of his rifle, and bounded away through the thicket like a startled deer. The three remaining Indians made for the canoe in which the rifles were deposited, already rendered harmless by the precaution of Timothy. This gave him a good advantage, which was not altogether unnecessary, as he was much encumbered with his wet clothes, and before he reached the goal, he could hear them snapping the dry twigs close behind him. The main body had likewise got the alarm, and were but a short distance from him when he reached the head-land. Those who were nearest, he did not fear, unless they came to close action, and he resolved to send one more of them to his long home, before he leaped from the precipice.

"It's a burning shame to wet so much powder," exclaimed he, "I'll have one more pop at the tarnal red-skins." Tim's position was quickly arranged to put his threat in execution. His rifle



was presented, his eye glanced along its barrel, and the first one that showed his head received its deadly contents. In an instant Tim was in the water, making for the canoe. The whole party had by this time come up, and commenced a brisk fire upon the fugitives. Tim stood erect in the canoe, shouting in the voice of a Stentor, "Ye'd better take care, y'll spile the skiff. Old plumper's safe, and you'll feel him yet, I tell ye!" They were quickly lost in darkness, and, taking a small circuit, effected a landing in safety. Many a man's life verified his last threat, and Peabody lived to a good old age, having often related to his friends and neighbors the adventure which gave to this place the name of "Peabody's Leap."

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## REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

In the early part of the revolutionary war, a sergeant and twelve armed men undertook a journey through the wilderness in the State of New Hampshire. Their route was remote from any settlements, and they were under the necessity of encamping over night in the woods. In the early part of our struggle for independence, the Indians were numerous, and did not stand idle spectators to a conflict carried on with so much zeal and ardor by the whites.

Some tribes were friendly to our cause, while many upon our border took part with the enemy, and were very troublesome in their savage kind of warfare, as our countrymen often learned from the woful experience of their midnight depredations. The leader of the above-mentioned party was well acquainted with different tribes; and from much intercourse with them previous to the war, was not ignorant of the idiom, physiognomy, and dress of each, and at the commencement of hostilities was informed for which party they had raised the hatchet.

Nothing material happened the first day of their excursion; but early in the afternoon of the second, they, from an eminence, discovered a body of armed Indians advancing towards them, whose number rather exceeded their own. As soon as the whites were perceived by their red brethren, the latter made signals, and the two parties approached each other in an amicable manner. The Indians appeared to be much gratified with meeting the sergeant and his men, whom they observed they considered as their protectors; said they belonged to a tribe which had raised the hatchet with zeal in the cause of liberty, and were determined to



do all in their power to injure the common enemy. They shook hands in friendship, and it was, "How d'ye do, *pro?* how d'ye do, *pro?*" that being their pronounciation of the word brother.

When they had conversed with each other for some time and exchanged mutual good wishes, they at length separated, and each party travelled in different directions. After proceeding to the distance of a mile or more, the sergeant halted his men, and addressed them in the following words: "My brave companions, we must use the utmost caution, or this night may be our last. Should we not make some extraordinary exertions to defend ourselves, to-morrow's sun may find us sleeping never to wake. You are surprised, comrades, at my words; and your anxiety will not be lessened when I inform you that we have just passed our most inveterate foe, who, under the mask of pretended friendship you have witnessed, would lull us into security, and by such means, in the unguarded moments of our midnight slumber, without resistance, seal our fate."

The men with astonishment listened to this short harangue; and their surprise was greater, as not one of them had entertained the suspicion but they had just encountered friends. They all immediately resolved to enter into some scheme for their mutual preservation and the destruction of their enemies. By the proposal of their leader, the following plan was adopted and executed.

The spot selected for their night's encampment was near a stream of water, which served to cover their rear. They felled a large tree, before which, on the approach of night, a brilliant fire was lighted. Each individual cut a log of wood about the size of his body, rolled it nicely in his blanket, placed his hat upon the extremity, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might be deceived, and mistake it for a man. After logs equal in number to the sergeant's party were thus fitted out, and so artfully arranged that they might easily be mistaken for so many soldiers, the men with loaded muskets placed themselves behind the fallen tree, by which time the shades of the evening began to close around. The fire was supplied with fuel, and kept burning brilliantly until late in the evening, when it was suffered to decline. The critical time was now approaching, when an attack might be expected from the Indians; but the sergeant's men rested in their places of concealment with great anxiety till near midnight, without perceiving any movement of the enemy.

At length a tall Indian was discovered, through the glimmering of the fire, (which was now getting low,) cautiously moving towards them, making no noise, and apparently using every means in his power to conceal himself from any one about the camp.



For a time, his actions showed him to be suspicious that a guard might be stationed to watch any unusual appearance, who would give the alarm in case of danger; but all appearing quiet, he ventured forward more boldly, rested upon his toes, and was distinctly seen to move his finger as he numbered each log of wood, or what he supposed to be a human being quietly enjoying repose.

To satisfy himself more fully as to the number, he counted them over a second time and cautiously retired. He was succeeded by another Indian, who went through the same movements and retired in the same manner. Soon after the whole party, sixteen in number, were discovered, cautiously approaching, and greedily eyeing their supposed victims. The feelings of the sergeant's men can better be imagined than described, when they saw the base and cruel purposes of their enemies, who were now so near that they could scarcely be restrained from firing upon them. The plan, however, of the sergeant was, to have his men remain silent in their places of concealment till the muskets of the savages were discharged, that their own fire might be more effectual and opposition less formidable.

The suspense was not of long duration. The Indians, in a body, cautiously approached, till within a short distance; they then halted, took deliberate aim, discharged their pieces upon inanimate *logs*, gave the dreadful war-whoop and instantly rushed forward with tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand to despatch the living and obtain the scalps of the dead. As soon as they had collected in close order, more effectually to execute these horrid intentions, the party of the sergeant, with unerring aim, discharged their pieces, not on logs of wood, but on perfidious savages, not one of whom escaped destruction by the snare into which their cowardly and bloodthirsty dispositions had led them.

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## THE LAST SHOT.

I HAVE been down to Redbank, on the Jersey side of the Delaware, below Philadelphia, to look at the remains of that little fortress, within whose rudely-constructed walls so terrible a blow was given to British courage. Only a few remains of that memorable fort are now to be seen. The breastworks are nearly levelled to the earth, and over some, the ploughshare of the industrious farmer has already passed. Nothing but a few misshapen mounds are visible to point out to the stranger the site where so much blood was spilt, where so many gallant spirits



breathed their last. The neighboring farmer, however, will point you to the battle-ground. His house stood within pistol-shot of the fort, and during the attack, the balls whistled around his roof in shrill and frequent showers. He will tell you all that can now be told of it. He saw the battle from his farm-house; he saw the foreign foe advance; he heard their shout as they entered the outer-wall, and in a moment after, he saw them hurrying back, bearing with them the body of their lamented and ill-fated Donop.

The fort at Redbank was thrown up hastily by a handful of Americans. They constructed two walls, or two forts, one within the other; the outer one of which was not completed when the enemy attacked it. At the head of a chosen body of men, Donop entered the outer wall, and thinking the fort taken by surprise, gave a shout of exultation, which was re-echoed by his men. They entered with shouldered arms. The feeble garrison, commanded by the gallant Greene, opened at once a brisk and murderous fire. I knew a Jerseyman who was in the fortress. He told me every particular.

The narrow limits in which the assailants were confined, and the unlooked-for repulse, threw them into irremediable confusion. They fired a few shots, and hastily retired, just as the Americans had fired their eighth round of ammunition—and they had but nine rounds to a man. As the enemy turned about, a volunteer in the fort, whose musket had snapped, pulled the trigger a second time—the last shot from the fort—and the gallant, the misguided, the accomplished Donop fell, among a breastwork of his own dying men!

The enemy retreated to Philadelphia in the greatest confusion. Terrible slaughter had been made in their ranks, and they trembled for the whizzing of the next platoon of balls. Four pieces of brass cannon, which they brought to the assault, were either buried in the earth on their way home, or thrown into the neighboring creek. Searches have been made for them, but they are lost for ever. Donop was carried to the nearest farm-house, his wounds dressed, and consolation given him. It was then that the gallant Hessian first saw his error. He was a mere hireling in the enemy's ranks. He had no enmity to Americans, for he was of another country, and we had never injured him.

Bitterly did he regret, in the agonies of that tremendous and humbling moment, that he had lent his aid to smother the bursting flame of freedom, and deeply did he weep over the ignominy of his end. He felt there was none to pity him. The British did not; for they paid his king for his services; his king did not, for his death insured to him a stipulated compensation; and



America could not, for he was a chosen enemy. Thus did the dying count depict his situation, and cried, "I, who might have flourished in the palaces of kings, am here, the victim of a mercenary bargain, left to die in a solitary hut, in the wilderness of America!"

A solitary mound, with a bit of rough stone at the head, in the margin of a wood, is all that now remains to point the stranger to the grave of Count Donop. His name has been rudely carved upon it; but the wanton sportsman makes the melancholy memento his favorite mark, and a few summers more will do away the slightest trace of where he now reposes. Such, alas! is military glory; such is the reward of dauntless bravery and misguided virtue!

The hickory on which the banner of our country floated on that memorable day is still rocked by the breeze that sweeps across our happy country. Long may it flourish in undying prime! I have cut a fragment from it, and it now stands before me in the fashion of an inkstand, from which the ink is drawn that wrote these transient reminiscences of that ever-memorable scene.

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## BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

### FROM AN ADDRESS ON LAYING ITS CORNER-STONE.

WE know that the record of illustrious actions is now safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surface could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges herself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial.

But our object is, by this edifice, to show our deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a similar regard to the



principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of the unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind.

We come as Americans to mark a spot which must be for ever dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eyes hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests.

We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hither, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit.



## TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

VENERABLE men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country. Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence.

All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave for ever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to



sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

“another morn,  
Risen on the mid-noon;”—

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But—ah!—Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name!—Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!...

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when in youthful days you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them!

And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad into this lovely land, which



your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

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## THE FATE OF ANDRE.

NEVER, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took, after his capture, was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it, was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous or interested purposes; asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor, that contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise: soliciting only, that, to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed, due to a person, who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable.

His request was granted in its full extent; for, in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the Board of officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which could even embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed every thing that might involve others, he frankly confessed all the facts relating to himself; and, upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report.

The members of it were not more impressed with the candor and firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behaviour toward him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial, he said he flattered himself he had never been illiberal; but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him, (and I saw him several times during his confinement,) he begged me to be the bearer of



a request to the general, for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton. "I foresee my fate," said he, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or that others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged, by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not, for the world, leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days."

He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them; and with difficulty collected himself enough afterward to add: "I wish to be permitted to assure him, I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders." His request was readily complied with; and he wrote a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, exonerating him from all blame in regard to the instructions which he had given.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, there was still a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference in his feelings; and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application, by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined, in both cases, to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

In going to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly, as he went along, to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion, "Must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added: "It will be but a momentary pang;" and, springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had anything to say, he answered, "Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world, that I die like a brave man." Among



the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed and universally regretted.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andre. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments; which left you to suppose more than appeared.

His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project, the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity: the clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues; and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it, through envy, and are more disposed, by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of Andre's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary, is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit Andre; while we could not but condemn him, if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame, that he once intended to prostitute a flag: about this, a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great; let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.



## ELOQUENCE OF PATRICK HENRY.

HOOKE was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have deputed himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted.

After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of the audience. At one time he excited their indignation against Hook—vengeance was visible in every countenance. Again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet.

"Where was the man, who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barn, his cellars, the doors of his house, and the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands—but whatever of the heart of the American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to be the judge." He carried the jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors. The audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches.

They saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot's face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty," as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river—"But, hark! What notes of discord are these, which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *Beef! beef!*"



The whole audience was convulsed. A particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house and threw himself upon the grass, in the most violent paroxysms of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief in the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe could only say that he could not help it. "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the la'!"

Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that, when he arose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef*—it was the cry of *tar and feathers*—from the application of which, it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

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## LEXINGTON.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,  
 Bright on the dewy buds glisten'd the sun,  
 When from his couch—while his children were sleeping—  
 Rose the bold rebel and shoulder'd his gun.  
     Waving her golden veil  
     Over the silent dale,  
 Blithe look'd the morning on cottage and spire;  
     Hush'd was his parting sigh,  
     While from his noble eye  
 Flash'd the last sparkle of Liberty's fire.  
 On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing  
     Calmly the first-born of glory have met:  
 Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing—  
     Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet.  
     Faint is the feeble breath,  
     Murmuring low in death—  
 "Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"  
     Nerveless the iron hand,  
     Raised for its native land,  
 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.



Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,  
 From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;  
 As thro' the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,  
 Circles the beat of the mustering drum.  
     Fast on the soldier's path  
     Darken the waves of wrath ;  
 Long have they gather'd, and loud shall they fall :  
     Red glares the musket's flash,  
     Sharp rings the rifle's crash,  
 Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,  
 Never to shadow his cold brow again ;  
 Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,  
 Reeking and panting he droops on the rein ;  
     Pale is the lip of scorn,  
     Voiceless the trumpet-horn  
 Torn is the silken-fring'd red cross on high ;  
     Many a belted breast  
     Low on the turf shall rest,  
 Ere the dark hunters the herd have pass'd by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,  
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,  
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,  
 Reel'd with the echoes that rode on the gale ;  
     Far as the tempest thrills  
     Over the darken'd hills,  
 Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,  
     Roused by the tyrant band,  
     Woke all the mighty land,  
 Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying !  
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest ;  
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying,  
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.  
     Borne on her northern pine,  
     Long o'er the foaming brine  
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun ;  
     Heaven keep her ever free  
     Wide as o'er land and sea  
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won !



## FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

DAY of glory! welcome day!  
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;  
See! how cheerfully they play  
    With thy morning breeze,  
On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd,  
On the heights where squadrons wheel'd,  
When a tyrant's thunder peal'd  
    O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy "stars  
In their courses" smite his cars,  
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars  
    From the heaving tide?  
On our standard, lo! they burn,  
And, when days like this return,  
Sparkle o'er the soldiers' urn  
    Who for freedom died.

God of peace!—whose spirit fills  
All the echoes of our hills,  
All the murmurs of our rills,  
    Now the storm is o'er;—  
O, let freemen be our sons;  
And let future WASHINGTONS  
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,  
    Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallow'd rest,  
By the warrior's gory breast,—  
Never let our graves be press'd  
    By a despot's throne;  
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,  
By their battles and their prayers,  
By their ashes,—let our heirs  
    Bow to Thee alone!



## AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL to the planting of Liberty's tree!  
Hail to the charter declaring us free!  
Millions of voices are chanting its praises,  
Millions of worshippers bend at its shrine,  
Wherever the sun of America blazes,  
Wherever the stars of our bright banner shine.

Sing to the heroes who breasted the flood  
That, swelling, rolled o'er them — a deluge of blood.  
Fearless they clung to the ark of the nation,  
And dashed on 'mid lightning, and thunder, and blast,  
Till Peace, like the dove, brought her branch of salvation.  
And Liberty's mount was their refuge at last.

Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,  
The home of the homeless all over the earth.  
Oh! let us ever with fondest devotion,  
The freedom our fathers bequeathed us, watch o'er,  
Till the Angel shall stand on the earth and the ocean,  
And shout 'mid earth's ruins, that 'Time is no more.

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## BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

THE day was clear; not a cloud rested on the summer heavens, and the heated earth seemed to pant under the fierce rays of the noonday sun. As General Putnam stood and gazed with a stern, yet anxious eye, a scene presented itself that might have moved the boldest heart. The British army had crossed the channel, and now stood in battle array on the shore. In the intervals of the roar of artillery, which played furiously from Moreton's Hill, were heard the thrilling strains of martial music, and the stirring blast of the bugle, while plumes danced and standards waved in the sunlight, and nearly five thousand bayonets gleamed and shook over the dark mass below. Just then a solitary horseman, of slender form, was seen moving swiftly over Bunker's Hill, and making straight for Putnam.

It was General Warren, the gallant and noble-hearted Warren, who had gazed on that silent redoubt, and his brave brethren there, till he could no longer restrain his feelings, and had come to share their fate. Putnam, with that generosity for which he was remarkable, immediately offered to put himself under his



orders. "No," said Warren, "I come as a volunteer, to show those rascals that the Yankees can fight. Where shall I be most needed?" The former pointed to the redoubt as the most covered spot. "*Tell me,*" said Warren, while his lips quivered with the excitement, "*where the onset will be heaviest.*" "Go, then, to the redoubt," said Putnam; "Prescott is there, and will do his duty; if we can hold that, the day is ours." Away galloped Warren, and as he dashed up to the intrenchments, a loud huzza rent the air, and rolled in joyful accents along the lines.

Nothing could exceed the grandeur and excitement of the scene at this moment. Strung over that hill and out of sight lay fifteen hundred sons of Liberty, coolly awaiting the onset of the veteran thousands of England, and sternly resolved to prove worthy of the high destinies intrusted to their care. The roofs of the houses of Boston, the shores, and every church steeple, were black with spectators, looking now on the forming columns upon the shore, and now at the silent intrenchments that spanned the heights. Many of them had sons, and brothers, and husbands, and lovers on the hill, and the hearts of all swelled high or sank low, with alternate hope and fear, as they thought of the strength and terror of the coming shock. O! how the earnest prayer went up to heaven, and with what intense love and longing each heart turned to that silent redoubt.

At length the English began to advance in two dense columns. Putnam then rode along the lines, kindling the enthusiasm of the men, already roused to the highest pitch, and ordered them to hold their fire until the enemy was within eight rods, and then *aim at their waistbands*. On came the steady battalions, ever and anon halting to let the artillery play on the intrenchments, and then advancing in the most perfect order and beautiful array. To the spectator, that artillery appeared like moving spots of flame and smoke ascending the slope, but not a sound broke the ominous and death-like silence that reigned round the heights. But for the flags that drooped in the hot summer air over the redoubt, you would have deemed it deserted. But flashing eyes were then bent in wrath on the enemy, as slowly and steadily they ascended the hill, and closed sternly in for the death struggle.

They were noble troops — and as, in perfect order, with their gay standards and polished bayonets floating and flashing in the sun, they advanced nearer and nearer, their appearance was imposing in the extreme. Stopping every few yards, they delivered their deep and regular volleys on the embankments, but not a shot replied. That silence was more awful than the thunder of cannon, for it told of carnage and death slumbering there. At



length, when the hostile columns were almost against the intrenchments, the signal was given, and the stern order "FIRE" rung with startling clearness on the air. A sheet of flame replied, running like a flash of light along that low, dark wall, and the front rank of the foe went down, as if suddenly engulfed in the earth.

But those behind, treading over their dead companions, pressed steadily forward, yet the same tempest of fire smote their bosoms, and they sank amid their fallen comrades. Still the steady battalions nobly struggled to bear up against the deadly sleet, but all in vain; rank after rank went down, like the sand-bank as it caves over the stream, and at length, furious with rage and despair, the whole army broke and fled for the shore. Then went up a long and loud huzza from that little redoubt, which was echoed the whole length of the lines, and answered by thousands of voices from the roofs and steeples and heights of Boston.

The discomfited troops never halted till they reached the shore, where their commanders attempted to rally them. While they were seen riding to and fro amid the broken ranks, Putnam put spurs to his horse and galloped off, in his shirt-sleeves, after reinforcements. But the Neck, over which they must pass, was now swept by such a galling fire, that they refused to stir. Carried away by his intense anxiety, he rode backward and forward several times, to show there was no danger, while the balls ploughed up the earth in furrows around him: but few, however, could be induced to follow, and he hastened back to the scene of action.

The spectacle the hill now presented was terrific beyond description. That redoubt was silent again, while the dead and dying lay in ghastly rows near its base. The imposing columns were again on the march, while Charlestown, which in the interval had been set on fire by the enemy, presented a new feature in the appalling scene. The roar and crackling of the flames were distinctly heard in the American lines, and the smoke in immense volumes rolled fast and furious heavenward, blotting out the sun, and shedding a strange and lurid light on the dead-covered field. The British commander fondly hoped that the smoke would involve the heights, confusing the deadly aim of the Americans, and covering the assault; but the blessed breeze changing, inclined it gently seaward, leaving the battle-field unobscured, and open as ever.

Again the drums beat their hurried charge, and the columns pressed gallantly forward. Advancing more rapidly than before, they halted only to pour in their heavy volleys, and then hurrying



on over their dead and wounded companions, who had fallen in the first assault, seemed about to sweep in a resistless flood over the intrenchments. On, on they came, shaking the heights with their heavy muffled tread, till they stood breast to breast with that silent redoubt, when suddenly it again gaped and shot forth flame like some huge monster. For a moment it seemed as if the atmosphere were an element of fire. It was a perfect hurricane of fire and lead, and the firm-set ranks disappeared like mist in its path.

The living still strove manfully to stem the fight, and the reeling ranks bore up for a while amid the carnage, led by as brave officers as ever cheered men on to death. But that fiery sleet kept driving full in their faces, smiting them down rank after rank, with such fearful rapidity, that the bravest gave way. The lines bent backward, then sprung to their places again, again rolled back—till at last, riddled through and through by that astonishing fire, the whole mass gave way like a loosened cliff, and broke furiously down the hill. Again the triumphant “huzzas” rocked the heights, and the slopes of that hill turned red with flowing blood.

A sudden silence followed this strange uproar, broken only by the smothered groans and cries of the wounded, lying almost within reach of the redoubt. On that fatal shore the English commanders rallied for the third and last time their disordered troops, while the Americans, burning with indignation and disappointment, drove home their last cartridges. The scene, the hour, the immense results at stake, all combined now to fill the bosom of every spectator with emotions of the deepest sadness, anxiety and fear. The smoke of battle hung in light wreaths round that dark redoubt, while, near by, Charlestown was one mass of billowy flame and smoke. The slope in front of the breastwork was spotted with the slain, and ever and anon came the booming of cannon as they still thundered on the American intrenchments. The sun, now stooping to the western horizon, bathed that hill-top in its gentle light, and the mild summer evening was hastening on. The hills looked green and beautiful in the distance—all Nature was at rest, and it seemed impossible that such carnage had existed there a moment before.

But another sight soon arrested every eye: the re-formed ranks of the enemy were again in motion. Throwing aside their knapsacks to lighten their burdens, and reserving their fire, the soldiers, with fixed bayonets, marched swiftly and steadily over the slope, and up to the very intrenchments. Only one volley smote them, for the Americans, alas! had fired their last car-



tridges, and, worse than all, were without bayonets! Clubbing their muskets, however, they still beat back the enemy, when the reluctant order to retreat was given. The gallant fellows behind the hay and fence below still maintained their ground, and thus saved the rest of the army. Putnam, riding amid the men, and waving his sword over his head, endeavored to make them rally again on Bunker's Hill.

Finding all his efforts vain, he burst forth in a torrent of indignation. His stout heart could not endure that the day, so nobly battled for, should be lost at last. He rode between them and the enemy, before which they fled, and there stood in the hottest of the fire. But neither words nor example could stay their flight. Without ammunition, or bayonets, or breastwork, it was a hopeless task. Warren, too, interposed his slender form between his own troops and those of the British. Moving slowly down the western declivity of the hill, he planted himself all alone, before the ranks, and, pointing to the mottoes on their standards, strove, by his stirring eloquence, to rouse them to another effort. Carried away by a lofty enthusiasm, he reminded them that Heaven watched over their cause, and would sustain their efforts. While he thus calmly stood, and bent his flashing eye on the advancing battalions, an English officer, who knew him, snatched a musket from a soldier, and shot him dead in his footsteps.

Night soon after shut in the scene. It had been a fearful day — nearly two thousand men lay fallen across each other on that height, fifteen hundred of whom were British soldiers. The battle-field remained in the hands of the English, but the victory was ours.

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## A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

IN the British station at Georgetown, South Carolina, was an English adjutant, by the name of Crookshanks — not a poetical name, certainly, but, as the reader will see, his name did not prevent him from being placed in a very romantic situation, and which only ought to have happened a few centuries ago, to have secured for all the parties concerned, a lasting fame in poetry, and made them the envied of all romance worshippers.

There lived in Georgetown, a fair daughter of a rebel publican, whose bright eye proved a strong attraction to the English officers, who crowded her father's inn, and rivalled each other in their efforts to win the smiles of the rebel maid. But to one alone did she incline, and it soon became noted how the happy adjutant



frequented the presence of his mistress, and with what delight he sought out her society. Love sprang up between them, and after a time they became solemnly affianced. But their future was unpromising; the war gave no promise of a rapid end, and their opposition in principles, which the prejudices of their education could not remove, threatened them continually with a painful separation. In the peaceful enjoyment, however, of the present, they drowned all dread of evil in the future.

One night the adjutant, and several of his comrades, slept under the rebel inn-keeper's roof. It chanced to be the very occasion when Georgetown was surprised by the whigs. At early morn, the young lady was suddenly awakened by the reports of muskets, the clashing of swords, and the shouts of combatants, among which she recognized her lover's voice. In the greatest alarm, she sprang from her bed, and rushed, half dressed, out upon the piazza, where, to her terror, she saw her lover surrounded by a body of her countrymen, whose swords already hung suspended above his head, and threatening him with instant destruction.

With a quick cry she sprang forward, rushed before the swords of his assailants, and threw herself upon his neck, exclaiming, "O save! save Major Crookshanks!" The sudden appearance of such a protector, coupled with admiration for her heroism, completely disarmed his opponents. He was taken prisoner, but released on his parole, and suffered to remain with his betrothed. The possession of so brave and true-hearted a woman, and the remembrance of this signal deliverance, no doubt, contributed in after years to the worthy adjutant's happiness.

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## HEROISM OF A YOUNG GIRL.

MR. ROBERT GIBBES, a gentleman earnestly devoted to the patriotic cause, was the owner of a plantation on the Stono, a few miles from Charleston, on which, on a certain occasion, a Hessian battalion encamped, compelling the family to surrender to their use the lower part of the mansion, and to confine themselves in the upper story. While here on one dark and stormy evening, two galleys appeared, ascending the river, which forthwith began a most destructive fire upon the Hessian encampment. The house appeared particularly exposed, although the vessels had been commanded to avoid firing upon it, and to confine their attack to the enemy's encampment. Of this Mr. Gibbes was not aware, and with the permission of the English commander, he set out,



although suffering acutely from an infirmity, and with his numerous family, hastened to the protection of a neighboring plantation.

The balls were falling thick and fast, sometimes scattering dirt and sand over the party, while their loud whizzing, mingled with the fury of the distant affray, rendered the scene one of danger and terror. But scarcely had they proceeded so far as to be out of danger from the balls, when to their unutterable agony they discovered, that in the confusion and hurry of departure, an infant had been left behind. To leave the child alone in his danger was impossible, and to return for him was an attempt of imminent peril. Mr. Gibbes was suffering under an infirmity that made his movements exceedingly slow and painful, and therefore it was impracticable for him to return. The frightened and chattering servants stood trembling around, looking from one to the other in bewildering despair. Of all the rest of the party, saving Mrs. Gibbes, who was severely indisposed, none were above the age of childhood.

While thus undecided, Miss Mary Ann Gibbes, but thirteen years of age, sprang forward and heroically offered to go for the lad, who was a son of Mrs. Fenwick, Mrs. Gibbes' sister-in-law. The night was dark and stormy, the distance considerable, and the whole place swept by the cannon of the assailants. But without fear she retraced the way, and reached the house without injury, where the scene was one of unmingled terror. Undismayed by the thundering of the cannon, the crashing of the balls, the shrieks, shouts and imprecations of the combatants, she sprang to the door with the intention of entering, when she was brutally refused by the sentinel. But tears, entreaties, and the natural eloquence prompted by her heroism, and the high purpose on which she was bent, overcame his opposition, and she was permitted to enter.

With rapid steps she ascended to the third story, and finding the child there in safety, she clasped it to her bosom, and hastened to overtake her retreating family, her course, as before, full of danger, and often the ploughing balls would scatter clouds of dust over her person. Uninjured, her perilous journey was performed, and when she reached her friends, she was welcomed by shouts of enthusiasm and admiration. This intrepid action, worthy of an adult, and all glorious in a child, borrows a fair share of romance by the reflection that the child thus saved, afterwards became Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick, so highly distinguished by his services in the last war with Great Britain.



## INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

THE circumstances of the murder of Miss Jane M'Crea have been variously given, but the following version is supposed to be correct: "Miss M'Crea belonged to a family of royalists, and had engaged her hand in marriage to a young refugee, named David Jones, a subordinate officer in the British service, who was advancing with Burgoyne. Anxious to possess himself of his bride, he despatched a small party of Indians to bring her to the British camp. Her family and friends were strongly opposed to her going with such an escort; but her affection overcame her prudence, and she determined upon the hazardous adventure. She set forward with her dusky attendants on horseback.

The family resided at the village of Fort Edward, whence they had not proceeded half a mile before her conductors stopped to drink at a spring. Meantime, the impatient lover, who deserved not her embrace for confiding her protection to such hands, instead of going himself, had despatched a second party of Indians upon the same errand. The Indians met at the spring; and, before the march was resumed, they were attacked by a party of the Provincials.

At the close of the skirmish, the body of Miss M'Crea was found among the slain, tomahawked, scalped, and tied to a pine-tree, yet standing by the side of the spring, as a monument of the bloody transaction. The ascertained cause of the murder was this: The promised reward for bringing her in safety to her betrothed was a barrel of rum. The chiefs of the two parties sent for her by Mr. Jones quarrelled respecting the anticipated compensation. Each claimed it; and, in a moment of passion, to end the controversy, one of them struck her down with his hatchet."

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AN act similar to that recorded of the gunner's wife at the battle of Monmouth, was performed by Mrs. Corbcu, at the attack on Fort Washington. Her husband belonged to the artillery, and in the early part of the conflict was shot down. Standing by his side and seeing him fall, without pausing to heed her private grief, or give way to the agony of her heart, she hastened to fill his place and perform his duties. Although severely wounded, she heroically maintained her post to the last. Her services were rewarded by the honorable notice of Congress.



AT the darkest period of the Revolution, New Jersey was, for a short time, full of British soldiers, and Lord Cornwallis was stationed at Bordentown. He visited Mrs. Borden one day, at her elegant mansion, and made an effort to intimidate her. He told her that if she would persuade her husband and son, who were then in the American army, to join his forces, none of her property should be destroyed; but if she refused to make such exertions, he would burn her house, and lay waste her whole estate. Unintimidated and patriotic, she made the following bold reply, which caused the execution of the threat: "The sight of my house in flames would be a treat to me, for I have seen enough to know that you never injure what you have power to keep and enjoy. The application of a torch to my dwelling I should regard as the signal for your departure." And such it was.

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## THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

BUT I must not dwell long on these general topics. We are Americans, and have a country all our own. We are all linked to its fates and its fortunes. It is already not without renown; for it has been the theatre of some of the most important of human transactions. In our history there are three epochs. The first extends from the origin and settlement of the colonies to the year 1774. The second extends from 1774, when these colonies first acted efficiently together, to 1789, when the present constitution of Government was established. The third embraces the period from 1789 to the present time.

The assembly of the first Continental Congress, which took place in Philadelphia on the fifth of September, 1774, may be regarded as the era at which the union of these States commenced; and, may that day ever be remembered! It saw assembled, from the several colonies, those great men whose names have come down to us, and will descend to all posterity. Their proceedings were remarkable for simplicity, dignity, and unequalled ability. At that day probably there could have been convened, on no part of this globe, an equal number of men possessing greater talents and ability, or animated by a higher and more patriotic motive.

They were men full of the spirit of the occasion, imbued deeply with the general sentiment of the country, of large comprehension, of long foresight, and of few words. They knew the history of the past; they were alive to all the difficulties and all the



duties of the present; and they acted, from the first, as if the future were all open before them. This Congress sat from the fifth day of September until the twenty-sixth of October, and it then dissolved.

Its whole proceedings are embraced in forty-nine pages; but these few pages contain the substance, and the original form and features of our American liberty. Its principal papers are: An Address to the People of Great Britain, written by John Jay; a Memorial to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies, written by William Livingston; an Address to the King, written by John Adams, and corrected by John Dickinson; and an Address to the Inhabitants of Quebec, written by John Dickinson.

The first Congress, for the ability which it manifested, the principles which it proclaimed, and the characters of those who composed it, makes an illustrious chapter in our American history. Its members should be regarded not only individually, but as a group. They should be viewed as living pictures, exhibiting Young America as it then was, when the seeds of its public destiny were beginning to start into life.

For myself I love to travel back, in imagination, and stand in the midst of that assembly, that union of greatness and patriotism, and there contemplate its profound deliberations and its masterly exhibitions of both the rights and the wrongs of the country; and let every young man who wishes to learn and imitate the spirit of our ancestors, and to live and breathe in that spirit; who desires that every pulsation of his heart, and every aspiration of his ambition, should be American, and nothing but American, master the contents of the immortal papers of that Congress, and fully imbue himself with their sentiments.

The great Lord Chatham spoke of this assembly in terms which have caused my heart to thrill, and my eyes to moisten, from my first reading of them to this present hour. "When your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom; you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own.

"For myself I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, for force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships that all attempts to impose servitude



upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract. Let us retract while we can, not when we must."

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## HAIL COLUMBIA.

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!  
 Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!  
     Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
     Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
 And when the storm of war was gone,  
 Enjoy'd the peace your valor won!  
     Let independence be our boast,  
     Ever mindful what it cost;  
     Ever grateful for the prize,  
     Let its altar reach the skies.  
         Firm—united—let us be,  
         Rallying round our liberty;  
         As a band of brothers join'd,  
         Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;  
 Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
     Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
     Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies  
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.  
     While offering peace sincere and just,  
     In Heaven we place a manly trust,  
     That truth and justice will prevail,  
     And every scheme of bondage fail.  
         Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!  
 Let WASHINGTON's great name  
     Ring through the world with loud applause,  
     Ring through the world with loud applause:  
 Let every clime to Freedom dear  
 Listen with a joyful ear.  
     With equal skill and godlike power,  
     He governs in the fearful hour  
     Of horrid war; or guides with ease,  
     The happier times of honest peace.  
         Firm—united, &c.



Behold the chief who now commands  
Once more to serve his country stands—  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
The rock on which the storm will beat:  
But, armed in virtue firm and true,  
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.  
When Hope was sinking in dismay,  
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolved on death or liberty.  
Firm—united, &c.

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### NARRATIVE OF THE BARONESS REIDESSEL.

EVERY American reader is familiar with this lady's name. She was the lady of one of Burgoyne's Major-Generals, a distinguished German officer; and, with two infant children, accompanied her husband in the disastrous campaign of Burgoyne. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman, and the devotion which prompted her to follow her lord to the camp and tented field, and the sufferings and privations she there was compelled to undergo, have always excited the admiration and sympathy of the world. The sufferings which beset the English army on their retreat, after the battle of Saratoga, exceed the power of words to describe. But no history gives so vivid and powerful a picture of the retreat, as the simple and unaffected narrative of Baroness Reidesel. General Wilkinson, who introduces her account into his memoirs, remarks, that she suffered more than the horrors of the grave, in their most frightful aspect; and he adds, that he had "more than once seen her charming blue eyes bedewed with tears at the recital of her sufferings."

"As we had to march still further, I ordered a large calash to be built, capable of holding my three children, myself, and two female servants; and in this manner we moved with the army in the midst of the soldiery, who were very merry, singing songs, and panting for action. We had to travel through almost impassable woods, and a most picturesque and beautiful country, which was abandoned by its inhabitants, who had repaired to the standard of General Gates: they added much to his strength, as they were all good marksmen, and fitted by habit for the species of warfare the contending parties were then engaged in; and the love of their country inspired them with more than ordinary courage. The army had shortly to encamp. I generally remained



about an hour's march in the rear, where I received daily visits from my husband. The army was frequently engaged in small affairs, but nothing of importance took place; and as the season was getting cold, Major Williams, of the artillery, proposed to have a house built for me, with a chimney, observing that it would not cost more than five or six guineas, and that the frequent change of quarters was very inconvenient to me: it was accordingly built, and was called the Block-house, from its square form, and the resemblance it bore to those buildings.

“But severer trials awaited us, and on the 7th of October our misfortunes began. I was at breakfast with my husband, and heard that something was intended. On the same day I expected Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, and Frazer, to dine with us. I saw a great movement among the troops; my husband told me it was merely a reconnoissance, which gave me no concern, as it often happened. I walked out of the house, and met several Indians in their war dresses, with guns in their hands. When I asked them where they were going, they cried out, ‘*War! war!*’ meaning that they were going to battle. This filled me with apprehension, and I had scarcely got home before I heard reports of cannon and musketry, which grew louder by degrees, till at last the noise became excessive.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests whom I expected, General Frazer was brought on a litter, mortally wounded. The table, which was already set, was instantly removed, and a bed placed in its stead for the wounded general. I sat trembling in a corner; the noise grew louder, and the alarm increased; the thought that my husband might perhaps be brought in, wounded in the same manner, was terrible to me, and distressed me exceedingly. General Frazer said to the surgeon, ‘Tell me if my wound is mortal; do not flatter me.’ The ball had passed through his body, and, unhappily for the general, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. I heard him often exclaim with a sigh, ‘O fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! Oh! my poor wife!’ He was asked if he had any request to make, to which he replied that, ‘If General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried, at six o'clock in the evening, on the top of a mountain, in a redoubt which had been built there.’

“I did not know which way to turn; all the other rooms were full of sick. Towards evening I saw my husband coming; then I forgot all my sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to me. He ate in great haste, with me and his aid-de-camp, behind



the house. We had been told that we had the advantage over the enemy, but the sorrowful faces I beheld told a different tale; and before my husband went away he took me aside, and said everything was going very badly, and that I must keep myself in readiness to leave the place, but not to mention it to any one. I made the pretence that I would move the next morning into my new house, and had everything packed up ready.

“Lady Ackland had a tent not far from our house; in this she slept, and the rest of the day she was in the camp. All of a sudden a man came in to tell her that her husband was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner. On hearing this she became very miserable. We comforted her by telling her that the wound was very slight, and advised her to go over to her husband, to do which she would certainly obtain permission, and then she could attend him herself. She was a charming woman, and very fond of him. I spent much of the night in comforting her, and then went again to my children, whom I had put to bed.

“I could not go to sleep, as I had General Frazer and all the other wounded gentlemen in my room, and I was sadly afraid my children would wake, and by their crying disturb the dying man in his last moments, who often addressed me and apologized ‘for the trouble he gave me.’ About three o’clock in the morning I was told that he could not hold out much longer; I had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis, and I then wrapped up my children in their clothes, and went with them into the room below. About eight o’clock in the morning he died.

“After he was laid out, and his corpse wrapped up in a sheet, we came again into the room, and had this sorrowful sight before us the whole day; and, to add to the melancholy scene, almost every moment some officer of my acquaintance was brought in wounded. The cannonade commenced again; a retreat was spoken of, but not the smallest motion was made towards it. About four o’clock in the afternoon, I saw the house, which had just been built for me, in flames, and the enemy was now not far off. We knew that General Burgoyne would not refuse the last request of General Frazer, though, by his acceding to it, an unnecessary delay was occasioned, by which the inconvenience of the army was increased. At six o’clock the corpse was brought out, and we saw all the generals attend it to the mountain. The chaplain, Mr. Brudenell, performed the funeral service, rendered unusually solemn and awful from its being accompanied by constant peals from the enemy’s artillery. Many cannon-balls flew close by me, but I had my eyes directed towards the mountain, where my husband was standing, amidst the fire of the enemy; and, of course, I



could not think of my own danger. General Gates afterwards said that, if he had known it had been a funeral, he would not have permitted it to be fired on.

As soon as the funeral service was finished, and the grave of General Frazer closed, an order was issued that the army should retreat. My calash was prepared, but I would not consent to go before the troops. Major Harnage, though suffering from his wounds, crept from his bed, as he did not wish to remain in the hospital, which was left with a flag of truce. When General Reidesel saw me in the midst of danger, he ordered my women and children to be brought into the calash, and intimated to me to depart without delay. I still prayed to remain, but my husband, knowing my weak side, said, 'Well, then, your children must go, that at least they may be safe from danger.' I then agreed to enter the calash with them, and we set off at eight o'clock.

"The retreat was ordered to be conducted with the greatest silence, many fires were lighted, and several tents left standing; we travelled continually during the night. At six o'clock in the morning we halted, which excited the surprise of all; General Burgoyne had the cannon ranged and counted; this delay seemed to displease everybody, for if we could only have made another good march, we should have been in safety. My husband, quite exhausted with fatigue, came into my calash, and slept for three hours. During that time Captain Wiloe brought me a bag full of bank notes, and Captain Grismar his elegant watch, a ring, and a purse full of money, which they requested me to take care of, and which I promised to do, to the utmost of my power. We again marched, but had scarcely proceeded an hour before we halted, as the enemy was in sight; it proved to be only a reconnoitering party of two hundred men, who might easily have been made prisoners, if General Burgoyne had given proper orders on the occasion.

About evening we arrived at Saratoga; my dress was wet through and through with rain, and in this state I had to remain the whole night, having no place to change it; I, however, got close to a large fire, and at last lay down on some straw. At this moment General Phillips came up to me, and I asked him why he had not continued our retreat, as my husband had promised to cover it, and bring the army through? 'Poor, dear woman,' said he, 'I wonder how, drenched as you are, you have the courage still to persevere, and venture further in this kind of weather; I wish,' continued he, 'you was our commanding general; General Burgoyne is tired, and means to halt here to-night, and give us our supper.'"



## NARRATIVE OF THE BARONESS REIDSESEL.

(CONTINUED.)

“ON the morning of the 7th, at 10 o'clock, General Burgoyne ordered the retreat to be continued, and caused the handsome houses and mills of General Schuyler to be burnt; we marched, however, but a short distance, and then halted. The greatest misery at this time prevailed in the army, and more than thirty officers came to me, for whom tea and coffee was prepared, and with whom I shared all my provisions, with which my calash was in general well supplied; for I had a cook who was an excellent caterer, and who often in the night crossed small rivers, and foraged on the inhabitants, bringing in with him, sheep, small pigs, and poultry, for which he very often forgot to pay, though he received good pay from me so long as I had any, and was ultimately handsomely rewarded. Our provisions now failed us, for want of proper conduct in the commissary's department, and I began to despair.

“About two o'clock in the afternoon we again heard a firing of cannon and small arms; instantly all was alarm, and everything in motion. My husband told me to go to a house not far off. I immediately seated myself in my calash, with my children, and drove off; but scarcely had I reached it before I discovered five or six armed men on the other side of the Hudson. Instinctively I threw my children down in the calash, and then concealed myself with them. At this moment the fellows fired, and wounded an already wounded English soldier, who was behind me. Poor fellow! I pitied him exceedingly, but at this moment had no means or power to relieve him.

“A terrible cannonade was commenced by the enemy, against the house in which I sought to obtain shelter for myself and children, under the mistaken idea that all the generals were in it. Alas! it contained none but wounded and women. We were at last obliged to resort to the cellar for refuge, and in one corner of this I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth with their heads in my lap; and in the same situation I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon-balls passed through the house, and we could distinctly hear them roll away. One poor soldier, who was lying on a table for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by a shot, which carried away his other; his comrades had left him, and when we went to his assistance, we found him in the corner of a room, into which he had crept, more dead than alive, scarcely breathing. My reflections on the dan-



ger to which my husband was exposed now agonized me exceedingly, and the thoughts of my children, and the necessity of struggling for their preservation, alone sustained me.

“The ladies of the army who were with me were, Mrs. Harnage, a Mrs. Kennels, the widow of a lieutenant who was killed, and the lady of the commissary. Major Harnage, his wife, and Mrs. Kennels, made a little room in a corner with curtains to it, and wished to do the same for me, but I preferred being near the door, in case of fire. Not far off my women slept, and opposite to us three English officers, who, though wounded, were determined not to be left behind; one of them was Captain Green, an aid-de-camp to Major-General Phillips, a very valuable officer, and most agreeable man. They each made me a most sacred promise not to leave me behind, and, in case of a sudden retreat, that they would each of them take one of my children on his horse; and for myself, one of my husband’s was in constant readiness.

“Our cook, whom I have before mentioned, procured us our meals, but we were in want of water, and I was often obliged to drink wine, and to give it to my children. It was the only thing my husband took; which made our faithful hunter, Rockel, express one day his apprehensions, that, ‘the general was weary of his life, or fearful of being taken, as he drank so much wine.’ The constant danger which my husband was in, kept me in a state of wretchedness; and I asked myself if it was possible I should be the only happy one, and have my husband spared to me unhurt, exposed as he was to so many perils. He never entered his tent, but lay down whole nights by the watch fires: this alone was enough to have killed him, the cold was so intense.

“The want of water distressed us much; at length we found a soldier’s wife, who had courage enough to fetch us some from the river, an office nobody else would undertake, as the Americans shot at every person who approached it; but, out of respect for her sex, they never molested *her*.

“I now occupied myself through the day in attending the wounded; I made them tea and coffee, and often shared my dinner with them, for which they offered me a thousand expressions of gratitude. One day a Canadian officer came to our cellar, who had scarcely the power of holding himself upright, and we concluded he was dying for want of nourishment; I was happy in offering him my dinner, which strengthened him, and procured me his friendship. I now undertook the care of Major Bloomfield, another aid-de-camp of General Phillips; he had received a musket-ball through both cheeks, which in its course had knocked out several of his teeth, and cut his tongue; he could



hold nothing in his mouth, the matter which ran from his wound almost choked him, and he was not able to take any nourishment except a little soup, or something liquid. We had some Rhenish wine, and in the hope that the acidity of it would cleanse his wound, I gave him a bottle of it. He took a little now and then, and with such effect that his cure soon followed; thus I added another to my stock of friends, and derived a satisfaction which, in the midst of sufferings, served to tranquillize me and diminish their acuteness.

“One day General Phillips accompanied my husband, at the risk of their lives, on a visit to us. The General, after having witnessed our situation, said to him, ‘I would not for ten thousand guineas come again to this place; my heart is almost broken.’

“In this horrid situation we remained six days; a cessation of hostilities was now spoken of, and eventually took place. A convention was afterwards agreed on; but one day a message was sent to my husband, who had visited me, and was reposing in my bed, to attend a council of war, where it was proposed to break the convention; but, to my great joy, the majority were for adhering to it. On the 16th, however, my husband had to repair to his post, and I to my cellar. This day fresh beef was served out to the officers, who till now had only had salt provisions, which was very bad for their wounds. The good woman who brought us water, made us an excellent soup of the meat, but I had lost my appetite, and took nothing but crusts of bread dipped in wine. The wounded officers, my unfortunate companions, cut off the best bit, and presented it to me on a plate. I declined eating anything; but they contended that it was necessary for me to take nourishment, and declared they would not touch a morsel till I afforded them the pleasure of seeing me partake. I could no longer withstand their pressing invitations, accompanied as they were by assurances of the happiness they had in offering me the first good thing they had in their power, and I partook of a repast rendered palatable by the kindness and good will of my fellow-sufferers, forgetting for the moment the misery of our apartment, and the absence of almost every comfort.

“On the 17th of October the convention was completed. General Burgoyne and the other generals waited on the American General Gates; the troops laid down their arms, and gave themselves up prisoners of war! And now the good woman who had supplied us with water at the hazard of her life received the



reward of her services; each of us threw a handful of money into her apron and she got altogether about twenty guineas. At such a moment as this how susceptible is the heart of feelings of gratitude!

“My husband sent a message to me, to come over to him with my children. I seated myself once more in my dear calash, and then rode through the American camp. As I passed on, I observed, and this was a great consolation to me, that no one eyed me with looks of resentment, but that they all greeted us, and even showed compassion in their countenances at the sight of a woman with small children. I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was quite a new situation to me. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, took my children from the calash, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears. ‘You tremble,’ said he, addressing himself to me, ‘be not afraid.’ ‘No;’ I answered, ‘you seem so kind and tender to my children, it inspires me with courage.’ He now led me to the tent of General Gates, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were on a friendly footing with the former. Burgoyne said to me, ‘Never mind; your sorrows have now an end.’ I answered him, ‘that I should be reprehensible to have any cares, as he had none; and I was pleased to see him on such friendly footing with General Gates.’ All the generals remained to dine with General Gates.

“The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me, ‘You will be very much embarrassed to eat with all these gentlemen; come with your children to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal dinner, and give it with a free will.’ I said ‘You are certainly a husband and a father, you have shown me so much kindness.’ I now found that he was General Schuyler. He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beefsteaks, potatoes, and good bread and butter! Never could I have wished to eat a better dinner; I was content; I saw all around me were so likewise; and, what was better than all, my husband was out of danger.”



## A DARING YOUTH.

THE annexed incident, which occurred in Freehold, N. J. evinces an act of bravery in a mere youth, that renders it worthy of record.

“On a fine morning in May, 1780, as the family of Mr. David Firman, Sheriff of the county, were at breakfast, a soldier almost out of breath suddenly burst into the room, and stated, that as he and another soldier were conducting to the court-house two men, taken up on suspicion at Colt’s Neck, they had knocked down his comrade, seized his musket, and escaped. The sheriff, on hearing this relation, immediately mounted his horse, and galloped to the court-house to alarm the guard. His son Tunis, a lad of about seventeen, and small of his age, seized a musket, loaded only with small shot to kill blackbirds in the cornfields, and putting on a cartridge-box, despatched his brother Samuel up-stairs for the bayonet, and then, without waiting for it, hurried off alone in the pursuit.

“After running in a westerly direction about a mile, he discovered the men sitting on a fence, who, on perceiving him, ran into a swamp. As the morning was warm, he hastily pulled off his coat and shoes, and darted in after them, keeping close upon them for over a mile, when they got out of the swamp, and each climbed into separate trees. As he came up, they discharged at him the musket taken from the guard. The ball whistled over his head. He felt for his bayonet, and, at that moment, perceived that, in his haste, it was left behind. He then pointed his gun at the man with the musket, but deemed it imprudent to fire, reflecting, even if he killed him, his comrade could easily master such a stripling as himself. He compelled the man to throw down the musket, by threatening him with death if he did not instantly comply. Then, loading the fuzee from his cartridge-box, he forced his prisoners down from the trees, and, armed with his two loaded muskets, he drove them toward the court-house, careful, however, to keep them far apart, to prevent conversation. Passing by a spring, they requested permission to drink.

“‘No!’ replied the unterrified boy, understanding their design. ‘You can do as well without it as myself; you shall have some by-and-by.’

“Soon after, his father, at the head of a party of soldiers in the pursuit, galloped past in the road within a short distance. Tunis hallooed, but the clattering of their horses’ hoofs drowned



his voice. At length he reached the village, and lodged his prisoners in the county prison.

“It was subsequently discovered that these men were brothers, from near Philadelphia; that they had robbed and murdered a Mr. Boyd, a collector of taxes in Chester County; and, when taken, were on their way to join the British. As they had been apprehended on suspicion merely of being refugees, no definite charge could be brought against them. A few days after, Sheriff Firman saw an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, describing them, with the facts above mentioned, and a reward of \$20,000 (*Continental* money) offered for their apprehension. He, accompanied by his son, took them on there, where they were tried and executed. On entering Philadelphia, young Tunis was carried through the streets in triumph upon the shoulders of the military. In the latter part of the war, this young man became very active, and was the particular favorite of Gen. David Forman.”

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## A LEAP FOR LIFE.

AFTER the surrender of Charleston, the county adjoining was overrun by British troops, while there was no one to head a resistance against them. Moultrie and others were prisoners of war; while Sumpter, Gov. Rutledge, and Horry flew to the north in order to stimulate the energies of the people in that quarter, and gain recruits.

“Marion, meanwhile, incapable of present flight, was compelled to take refuge in the swamp and forest. He was too conspicuous a person, had made too great a figure in previous campaigns, and his military talents were too well known and too highly esteemed, not to render him an object of some anxiety as well to friends as foes. Still suffering from the hurts received in Charleston, with bloody and malignant enemies all around him, his safety depended on his secrecy and obscurity alone. Fortunately he had ‘won golden opinions from all sorts of people.’ He had friends among all classes, who did not permit themselves to sleep while he was in danger. Their activity supplied the loss of his own. They watched while he slept. They assisted his feebleness. In the moment of alarm he was sped from house to house, from tree to thicket, from the thicket to the swamp.

“A thousand events arise to the imagination as likely to have occurred to our partisan, in his hour of feebleness and danger, from the rapid cavalry of Tarleton, or the close and keen pursuit



of the revengeful Tories. To what slight circumstances has he been indebted for his frequent escapes! What humble agents have been commissioned by Providence to save a life that was destined to be so precious to his country's liberties!

"After the restoration of his health, Marion formed his celebrated brigade. Then commenced that species of partisan warfare which the English in vain endeavored to crush, and which kept alive the spirit of patriotism in the South. His name became the terror of the British and Tories. His mode of warfare having been frequently described, our present sketch is merely to present a personal anecdote and an adventure.

"Marion, who was of diminutive stature, and his person uncommonly light, placed little dependence on his personal prowess. It is related of him that, on one occasion, when he went to draw his sword, he could not because of the rust. Certainly a rich incident in the life of one whose career was so active; but it proves to us that his successes were obtained by the strong power of intellect, and that he ruled his rough, undisciplined men, many of whom were giants in strength, and confirmed in obstinacy, by the mere exercise of moral force. He always rode a high-spirited horse, one of the most powerful chargers the South could produce. When pursuing nothing could escape, and when retreating nothing could overtake him.

"Being once nearly surrounded by a party of British dragoons, he was compelled, for safety, to pass into a corn-field by leaping the fence. This field, marked with a considerable descent of surface, had been in fact a marsh. Marion entered it at the upper side. The dragoons in chase leaped the fence also, and were but a short distance behind him. So completely was he now in their power, that his only mode of escape was to pass over the fence at the lower side.

"But here lay a difficulty, which, to all but himself, appeared insurmountable. To drain the ground of its superfluous waters, a trench had been cut around this part of the field, four feet wide, and of the same depth. Of the mud and clay, removed in cutting it, a bank had been formed on its inner side, and on top of this was erected a fence. The elevation of the whole amounted to more than seven feet, a ditch four feet in width running parallel with it on the outside, and a foot or more of space intervening between the fence and the ditch.

"The dragoons, acquainted with the nature and extent of this obstacle, and considering it impossible for their enemy to pass it, pressed towards him with shouts of exultation and insult, and



summoned him to surrender, or perish by the sword. Regardless of their clamor, Marion spurred his horse to the charge.

“The noble animal, as if conscious that his master's life was in danger, and that on his exertion depended its safety, approached the barrier in his finest style, and with a bound that was almost supernatural, completely cleared the fence and ditch, and recovered himself without injury, on the other side. Marion immediately faced his pursuers, discharged his pistols at them, but without effect, and then bidding them ‘good morning,’ he dashed into an adjoining thicket, leaving the dragoons astonished at what they had seen, and almost doubting if their foe was mortal.”

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## SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When MARION's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good green wood,  
Our tent the cypress tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil:  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up,



And woodland flowers are gather'd  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly,  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that MARION leads —  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlit plain;  
'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp —  
A moment — and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs,  
Their hearts are all with MARION,  
For MARION are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more,  
Till we have driven the Briton  
Forever from our shore.

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## A ROMANTIC STORY.

AT the battle of Eutaw Springs, in the midst of the conflict, as the two armies were hurled on each other with a fearful force, two officers of the same rank became engaged in a desperate personal conflict. Their swords flashed with inconceivable rapidity; now one advanced, and now the other, each bending the whole thought of his soul to the single adversary before him, and growing unmindful of the din around him.

They heeded not the crash of artillery, the rapid clang of arms, the loud shriek of pain, nor the wild cry of despair. But it soon became manifest that the loyalist officer, though somewhat inferior to the other in weight, was the better swordsman; this the Ame-



rican perceived, and, resolved at all hazards to conquer his foe, he beat down his guard, closed in, clasped him in his firm embrace, and made him prisoner.

When the captor and his prisoner met after the battle, it was observed that there was a strong personal resemblance between them. They were both youthful, high-minded, and chivalrous gentlemen; and a strong unanimity of feeling existing between them, with a respect already implanted by their respective bearing in the combat, a familiar acquaintance sprang up, which gradually grew into friendship, and ended in a sincere and ardent mutual attachment, as chivalrous in its nature as it was romantic in its origin. Some little time after the battle, the American officer returning home, on furlough, requested and obtained permission for his captive friend to accompany him.

They travelled like brother knights of old, each pledged to the other's defence, and bound to consider all alike as common friends or common enemies. Their route lay through a district, which was the sanguinary field of many bloody collisions, and cursed by prowling detachments of tories, who exercised a robber's privilege of warring on all whom it pleased their fancy to construe into foes, or who tempted their avarice, or excited their vengeance. One day the two heroes were suddenly overtaken by a shower, and throwing their cloaks over their shoulders, they retreated under the shelter of a group of trees.

Suddenly there appeared on the road a party of tories, who, with drawn swords, and shouting over their anticipated plunder, dashed toward the spot where stood the two friends. The high-souled American resolved not to fall into the hands of those, whom every instinct of his nature, and every impulse of his virtuous mind, stamped as men to detest and loathe, and as stinging aspens in the bosom of his country; and the heroic Briton, scorning the motives that actuated them, although to make himself known was but to obtain safety and freedom, also resolved to defend himself to the last, and fall or live, the friend of him by whom he had been so generously distinguished.

But their cunning and their valor achieved for them a glorious triumph. With waving swords, and with signals to the rear, as if urging companions behind them to follow, they spurred their horses, and both together dashed upon the approaching enemy. The fury of their onset, the determined vigor with which they whirled their weapons above their heads, and their shouts for their supposed companions to follow, alarmed their opponents, who offered but a feeble resistance, and then fled rapidly, leaving the field to their victorious enemy, whom they outnumbered by many fold.



With numerous adventures that more effectually linked their friendship, they arrived safely at the home of the American officer. Here the Englishman was welcomed, and at the home of his friend he found those who generously admitted into their confidence and friendship one who had become so attached to one of its promising members. In course of his sojourn here, some remarks were dropped which led to inquiries, and the father of the American, to the unmingled joy of all parties, discovered that the two officers were first cousins. Their striking personal resemblance thus became accounted for, and perhaps their involuntary and mental attraction may be attributed to the same cause.

The joy of the American family in discovering a kinsman so lofty in virtue, and possessed of all generous qualities, and one who brought to their circle high talents and brilliant parts, that daily won upon their hearts, was greatly augmented by the appearance of an attachment springing up between the new-found cousin and a sister of the American. This lady was amiable and highly accomplished, and charmed by the bearing of the generous stranger, she soon yielded to him more of affection and admiration than was due to a cousin.

He also was moved by her beauty and her many amiable traits, and thus they became betrothed, to the unbounded satisfaction of the brother. The Englishman had as effectually been conquered by the beauty of the sister as by the superior strength of the brother. He was a prisoner, soul and body, in the conqueror's family. The reader may be assured that what we write is not fiction, though it sounds marvellously like legends of knightly love and conquest in the olden time. The facts of the story are given by Dr. Caldwell, author of a life of General Greene, who knew the parties when a boy, and saw them often.

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## PULASKI'S BANNER.

Pulaski fell at the taking of Savannah, during the American Revolution. His standard of crimson silk was presented to him by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

When the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowed head,  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung



That proud banner, which, with prayer,  
Had been consecrated there,  
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,  
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner!—may it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave,  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the heart of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner!—and beneath  
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it—till our homes are free;  
Guard it—God will prosper thee.  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him!—by our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him!—he our love hath shared,  
Spare him!—as thou would'st be spared.

"Take thy banner!—and if e'er  
Thou should'st press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."  
And the warrior took that banner proud  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.



## CAPTURE OF CAPTAIN HARPER.

IN the month of April, in 1780, it was the intention of Captain Brant, the Indian chieftain, to make a descent upon the upper fort of Schoharie, but which was prevented by an unlooked-for circumstance. Colonel Vrooman had sent out a party of scouts to pass over to the head waters of the Charlotte river, where resided certain suspected persons, whose movements it was their duty to watch. "It being the proper season for the manufacture of maple sugar, the men were directed to make a quantity of that article, of which the garrison were greatly in want.

"On the 2d of April this party, under the command of Capt. Harper, commenced their labors, which they did cheerfully, and entirely unapprehensive of danger, as a fall of snow, some three feet deep, would prevent, they supposed, the moving of any considerable body of the enemy, while in fact they were not aware of any body of the armed foe short of Niagara. But on the 7th of April they were suddenly surrounded by a party of about forty Indians and Tories, the first knowledge of whose presence was the death of three of their party. The leader was instantly discovered in the person of the Mohawk chief, who rushed up to Capt. Harper, tomahawk in hand, and observed: 'Harper, I am sorry to find you here!'

"'Why are you sorry, Captain Brant?' replied the other.

"'Because,' replied the chief, 'I *must* kill you, although we were schoolmates in our youth'—at the same time raising his hatchet, and suiting the action to the word. Suddenly his arm fell, and with a piercing scrutiny, looking Harper full in the face, he inquired—'Are there any regular troops in the fort in Schoharie?' Harper caught the idea in an instant. To answer truly, and admit there were none, as was the fact, would but hasten Brant and his warriors forward to fall upon the settlements at once, and their destruction would have been swift and sure. He therefore informed him that a reinforcement of three hundred Continental troops had arrived to garrison the forts only two or three days before.

"This information appeared very much to disconcert the chieftain. He prevented the farther shedding of blood, and held a consultation with his subordinate chiefs. Night coming on, the prisoners were shut up in a pen of logs, and guarded by the Tories, while among the Indians controversy ran high whether the prisoners should be put to death or carried to Niagara. The captives were bound hand and foot, and were so near the council



that Harper, who understood something of the Indian tongue, could hear the dispute. The Indians were for putting them to death, but Brant exercised his authority to effectually prevent the massacre.

“On the following morning Harper was brought before the Indians for examination. The chief commenced by saying that he was suspicious, he had not told him the truth. Harper, however, although Brant was eyeing him like a basilisk, repeated his former statements without the improper movement of a muscle, or any betrayal that he was deceiving. Brant, satisfied of the truth of the story, resolved to retrace his steps to Niagara. But his warriors were disappointed in their hopes of spoils and victory, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were prevented from putting the captives to death.

“They constructed floats, and sailed down the Susquehanna to the confluence of the Chemung, at which place their land-traveling commenced. Soon after this, a severe trial and narrow escape befell the prisoners. During his march from Niagara on this expedition, Brant had detached eleven of his warriors to fall once more upon the Minisink settlement for prisoners. This detachment, as it subsequently appeared, had succeeded in taking captive five athletic men, whom they secured and brought with them as far as Tioga Point. The Indians slept very soundly, and the five prisoners had resolved, on the first opportunity, to make their escape.

“While encamped at this place during the night, one of the Minisink men succeeded in extricating his hands from the binding cords, and with the utmost caution unloosed his four companions. The Indians were locked in the arms of deep sleep around them. Silently, without causing a leaf to rustle, they each snatched a tomahawk from the girdles of their unconscious enemies, and in a moment nine of them were quivering in the agonies of death. The two others were awakened, and, springing upon their feet, attempted to escape. One of them was struck with a hatchet between the shoulders, but the other fled. The prisoners immediately made good their own retreat, and the only Indian who escaped unhurt returned to take care of his wounded companion. As Brant and his warriors approached this point of their journey, some of his Indians having raised a whoop, it was returned by a single voice, with the *death yell*!

“Startled at this unexpected signal, Brant’s warriors rushed forward to ascertain the cause. But they were not long in doubt. The lone warrior met them, and soon related to his brethren the melancholy fate of his companions. The effect upon the war-



riors, who gathered in a group to hear the recital, was inexpressibly fearful. Rage, and a desire of revenge, seemed to kindle every bosom, and light every eye as with burning coals. They gathered around the prisoners in a circle, and began to make unequivocal preparations for hacking them to pieces. Harper and his men of course gave themselves up for lost. While their knives were unsheathing, and their hatchets glittering, as they were flourished in the sunbeams, the only survivor of the murdered party rushed into the circle and interposed in their favor. With a wave of the hand, as of a warrior entitled to be heard—for he was himself a chief—silence was restored, and the prisoners were surprised by the utterance of an earnest appeal in their behalf. He eloquently and impressively declaimed in their favor, upon the ground that it was not they who murdered their brothers; and to take the lives of the innocent, would not be right in the eyes of the Great Spirit. His appeal was effective. The passions of the incensed warriors were hushed, their eyes no longer shot forth the burning glances of revenge, and their gesticulations ceased to menace immediate and bloody vengeance.

“After the most acute sufferings, from hunger and exhaustion, the party at last arrived at Niagara. The last night of their journey they encamped a short distance from the fort. In the morning the prisoners were informed that they were to run the gauntlet, and were brought out where two parallel lines of Indians were drawn out between which the prisoners were to pass, exposed to the whips and blows of the savages. The course to be run was towards the fort. Harper was the first one selected, and, at the signal, sprang from the mark with extraordinary swiftness.

“An Indian near the end of the line, fearing he might escape without injury, sprang before him, but a blow from Harper’s fist felled him; the Indians enraged, broke their ranks and rushed after him, as he fled with the utmost speed towards the fort. The garrison, when they saw Harper approaching, opened the gates, and he rushed in, only affording sufficient time for the garrison to close the gates, ere the Indians rushed upon it, clamoring for the possession of their victim. The other prisoners, taking advantage of the breaking up of the Indian ranks, took different routes, and all succeeded in reaching the fort without passing through the terrible ordeal which was intended for them.”



## A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

COL. ALLEN McLANE, who died at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1829, at the patriarchal age of 83, was distinguished for his personal courage, and for his activity as a partisan officer. He was long attached to Major Lee's famous legion of horse. While the British occupied Philadelphia McLane was constantly scouring the upper end of Bucks and Montgomery counties, to cut off the scouting parties of the enemy, and intercept their supplies of provisions. Having agreed, for some purpose, to rendezvous near Shoemakertown, Col. McLane ordered his little band of troopers to follow at some distance, and commanded two of them to precede the main body, but also to keep in his rear; and if they discovered an enemy, to ride up to his side and inform him of it, without speaking aloud.

While leisurely approaching the place of rendezvous in this order, in the early grey of the morning, the two men directly in the rear, forgetting their orders, suddenly called out, "Colonel, the British!" faced about, and, putting spurs to their horses, were soon out of sight. The colonel, looking around, discovered that he was in the centre of a powerful ambuscade, into which the enemy had silently allowed him to pass, without his observing them. They lined both sides of the road, and had been stationed there to pick up any straggling party of the Americans that might chance to pass. Immediately on finding they were discovered, a file of soldiers rose from the side of the highway, and fired at the colonel, but without effect; and, as he put spurs to his horse, and mounted the roadside into the woods, the other part of the detachment also fired.

The colonel miraculously escaped; but a shot striking his horse upon the flank, he dashed through the woods, and in a few minutes reached a parallel road upon the opposite side of the forest. Being familiar with the country, he feared to turn to the left, as that course led to the city, and he might be intercepted by another ambuscade. Turning, therefore, to the right, his frightened horse carried him swiftly beyond the reach of those who had fired upon him. All at once, however, on emerging from a piece of woods, he observed several British troops stationed near the roadside, and directly in sight ahead, a farm-house around which he observed a whole troop of the enemy's cavalry drawn up.

He dashed by the troops near him without being molested, they believing he was on his way to the main body to surrender himself. The farm-house was situated at the intersection of two



roads, presenting but two avenues by which he could escape. Nothing daunted by the formidable array before him, he galloped up to the cross-roads, on reaching which he spurred his active horse, turned suddenly to the right, and was soon fairly out of reach of their pistols, though, as he turned, he heard them call loudly to surrender or die! A dozen were instantly in pursuit; but in a short time they all gave up the chase except two.

Col. McLane's horse, frightened by the first wound he had ever received, and being a chosen animal, kept ahead for several miles, while his two pursuers followed with unwearied eagerness. The pursuit at length waxed so hot that, as the colonel's horse stepped out of a small brook which crossed the road, his pursuers entered it at the opposite margin. In ascending a little hill, the horses of the three were greatly exhausted, so much so, that neither could be urged faster than a walk. Occasionally, as one of the troopers pursued on, a little in advance of his companion, the colonel slackened his pace, anxious to be attacked by one of the two; but no sooner was his willingness discovered, than the other fell back to his station. They at length approached so near that a conversation took place between them; the troopers calling out, "Surrender, you rebel, or we'll cut you in pieces." Suddenly one of them rode up to the right side of the colonel, and, without drawing his sword, laid hold of the colonel's collar. The latter, to use his own words, "*had pistols which he knew he could depend on.*" Drawing one from the holster, he placed it to the heart of his antagonist, fired, and tumbled him dead on the ground.

Instantly the other came up on his left, with his sword drawn, and also seized the colonel by the collar of his coat. A fierce and deadly struggle here ensued, in the course of which Col. McLane was desperately wounded in the back of his left hand, the sword of his antagonist cutting asunder the veins and tendons of that member. Seeing a favorable opportunity, he drew his other pistol, and with a steadiness of purpose, which appeared even in his recital of the incident, placed it directly between the eyes of his adversary, pulled the trigger, and scattered his brains on every side of the road! Fearing that others were in pursuit, he abandoned his horse in the highway, and apprehensive, from his extreme weakness, that he might die from loss of blood, he crawled into an adjacent mill-pond, entirely naked, and at length succeeded in stopping the profuse flow of blood occasioned by his wound.



## A HIGH-SPIRITED FAMILY.

JUST after the defeat of Col. Ferguson at King's Mountain, General Cornwallis in retreating towards Winnsboro' halted for the night at Wilson's plantation, near Steel creek. The British general, with his staff and the infamous Tarleton, occupied the house of Mrs. Wilson. Supper was ordered and prepared for the British officers. Cornwallis, in order to obtain a knowledge of his hostess, entered into conversation with her, and soon found that he was occupying the house of a noted whig leader, Robert Wilson, who at that time, with his son John, was a prisoner in the Camden jail, and who was the father and brother of more than a dozen active whig soldiers.

The British general, upon this, attempted to enlist the sympathies of his hostess with the royal cause. He observed that it was a matter of sincere regret with him to be compelled to wage a war, the worst calamities of which fell upon women. He was inclined to believe that there were many worthy men in the rebel army, who had been induced to take up arms by the delusive promises of unprincipled leaders. "Madam," he continued, "your husband and your son are my prisoners; the fortunes of war may soon place others of your sons—perhaps all your kinsmen—in my power. Your sons are young, aspiring and brave. In a good cause, fighting for a generous and powerful king, such as George III., they might hope for rank, honor, and wealth. If you could but induce your husband and sons to leave the rebels, and take up arms for their lawful sovereign, I would almost pledge myself that they shall have rank and consideration in the British army. If you, madam, will pledge yourself to induce them to do so, I will immediately order their discharge."

To this appeal Mrs. Wilson replied, that her husband and sons were indeed dear to her, and that she would do anything her conscience would uphold to advance their interests. For five years they had been engaged in the struggle for liberty, and had never faltered nor fled from the contest. "I have seven sons who are now, or have been, bearing arms," she continued,—“indeed, my seventh son, Zaccheus, who is only fifteen years old, I yesterday assisted to get ready to go and join his brothers in Sumpter's army. Now, sooner than see one of my family turn back from the glorious enterprise, I would take those boys, (pointing to three or four small sons), and with them would myself enlist under Sumpter's standard, and show my husband and sons how to fight, and, if necessary, to die for their country!" "Ah! General,"



broke in Tarleton, "I think you've got into a hornet's nest! Never mind, when we get to Camden, I'll take good care that old Robert Wilson never comes back again!"

On the next day's march a party of scouts captured Zaccheus, who was found on the flank of the British army, with his gun, endeavoring to diminish his Majesty's forces. He was immediately taken to the head of the column and catechised by Cornwallis, who took the boy along with him on the march, telling him that he must act as his guide to the Catawba, and show him the best ford. Arriving at the river, the head of the army entered at the point designated by the lad; but the soldiers had scarcely gone half across, before they found themselves in deep water, and drawn by a rapid current down the stream.

Believing that the boy, on whom he had relied to show him the best ford, had purposely brought him to a deep one, in order to embarrass his march, the general drew his sword, and flourishing it over him, swore he would cut off his head for his treachery. Zaccheus replied that he had the power to do so, as he had no arms, and was his prisoner; "but, sir," said he, "don't you think it would be a cowardly act for you to strike an unarmed boy with your sword? If I had but the half of your weapon, it would not be so cowardly; but then you know it would not be so safe!"

Struck by the lad's cool courage, the general became calmer—told him he was a fine fellow, and that he would not hurt a hair of his head. Having discovered that the ford was shallow enough by bearing up stream, the British army crossed over in safety, and proceeded towards Winnsboro'. On this march Cornwallis dismissed Zaccheus, telling him to go home and take care of his mother, and to tell her to keep her boys at home. After he reached Winnsboro', Cornwallis dispatched an order to Rawdon, to send Robert Wilson and his son John, with several others, to Charleston, carefully guarded.

Accordingly, in November, about the 20th, Wilson, his son, and ten others, set off under the escort of an officer and fifteen or twenty men. Below Camden, on the Charleston route, parties of British soldiers and trains of wagons were continually passing, so that the officer had no fear of the Americans, and never dreamed of the prisoners attempting an escape. Wilson formed plans, and arranged everything several times, but owing to the presence of large parties of the enemy, they could not be executed. At length, being near Fort Watson, they encamped before night, the prisoners being placed in the yard, and the guard in the portico and house. A sentinel was posted in the portico over the stock of arms, and all hands went to providing for their evening repast.



Having bribed a soldier to buy some whiskey, for it had been a rainy day, the prisoners pretended to drink freely, and one of them, seemingly more intoxicated than the rest, insisted upon treating the sentinel. Wilson followed him as if to prevent him from giving him the whiskey, it being a breach of military order. Watching a favorable opportunity, he seized the sentinel's musket, and the drunken man, suddenly becoming sober, seized the sentinel. At this signal the prisoners rushed to the guns in the portico, while the guard, taking the alarm, rushed out of the house. In the scramble for arms, the prisoners succeeded—drove the soldiers into the house at the point of the bayonet, and the whole guard surrendered at discretion. Unable to take off their prisoners, Wilson made them all hold up their right hands and swear never again to bear arms against the cause of "Liberty and the Continental Congress," and then told them that they might go to Charleston on parole; but if he ever caught one of them in arms again, he would "hang him up to a tree like a dog."

Scarcely were they rid of their prisoners before a party of British dragoons came in sight. As the only means of escape, they separated and took to the woods. Some of them reached Marion's camp at Snow Island, and Wilson, with two or three others, arrived in safety at Mecklenburg—a distance of over two hundred miles, through a country overrun by British troops.

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## ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN PLUNKETT.

CAPTAIN PLUNKETT, a high-spirited Irishman, whose attachment to the cause of liberty had led him to seek a commission in the Continental army, had, by the chances of war, been compelled to give up his sword, and to surrender himself a prisoner to the enemy. Previously to this untoward event, by the suavity of his manners and uniformly correct conduct he had rendered himself an acceptable guest in many families in Philadelphia, and particularly so to one of the Society of Friends, who, however averse to warfare, were not insensible of the claims of those to their regard, who, by the exercise of manly and generous feelings, delighted to soften its asperities. There was among them a female, mild and gentle as a dove, yet, in firmness of mind, a heroine, in personal charms, an angel.

She saw the sufferings of the captive soldier, and under the influence of pity, or perhaps a more powerful passion, resolved, at all hazards, to relieve him. It accidentally happened that the



uniform of Captain Plunkett's regiment bore a striking resemblance to that of a British corps, which was frequently set as a guard over the prison in which he was confined. A new suit of regimentals was, in consequence, procured and conveyed, without suspicion of sinister design, to the captain. On the judicious use of them rested the hopes of his fair friend to give him freedom. It frequently happened that officers of inferior grade, while their superiors affected to shun all intercourse with the rebels, would enter the apartments of the prisoners, and converse with them with kindness and familiarity, and then at their pleasure, retire. Two sentinels constantly walked the rounds without, and the practice of seeing their officers walking in and out of the interior prison became so familiar as scarcely to attract notice, and constantly caused them to give way without hesitation, as often as an officer showed a disposition to retire.

Captain Plunkett took advantage of this circumstance, and putting on his new coat at the moment that the relief of the guard was taking place, sallied forth, twitching a switch carelessly about, and, ordering the exterior door of the prison to be opened, walked without opposition into the street. Repairing without delay to the habitation of his fair friend, he was received with kindness, and for some days secreted and cherished with every manifestation of affectionate regard.

To elude the vigilance of the British Guards, if he attempted to pass into the country in his present dress, was deemed impossible. Woman's wit, however, is never at a loss for contrivances, while swayed by the influence of love or benevolence. Both in this instance may have aided invention. Plunkett had three strong claims in his favor; he was a handsome man—a soldier—and an Irishman. The general conduct of the Quakers exempted the sect in a great measure from suspicion; in so great a degree, indeed, that the barriers of the city were generally entrusted to the care of their members, as the best judges of the characters of those persons who might be allowed to pass them.

A female Friend, from a farm near the city, was in the family, on a visit to a relative. A pretext was formed to present her with a new suit of clothes, in order to possess that which she wore when she entered the city. Captain Plunkett was immediately disguised as a woman, and appeared at the barrier, accompanied by his anxious deliverer.

"Friend Roberts," said the enterprising enthusiast, "may this damsel and myself pass to visit a friend at a neighboring farm?" "Certainly," said Roberts, "go forward." The city was speedily left behind, and Captain Plunkett found himself safe under the protection of Colonel Allen M'Lane, his particular friend."



## ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION OF GEN. SCHUYLER.

THE scouting parties of the enemy, emboldened by the feeble state of the country, and encouraged by the high rewards offered them, were exceedingly active in the securing of influential Americans, and conveying them to Canada as prisoners. By stratagems, and sometimes by force, they fell upon those persons, marked as their victims, and by rapid marches would manage to escape beyond pursuit almost before their outrages would be known. Many of these attempts were successful, but others signally failed. The latter was the case with one of their most audacious attempts, in the securing of Gen. Schuyler; they, also, failed in their object with Gen. Gansevoort.

Gen. Schuyler's residence was in the suburbs of Albany. He had retired from the army, but still was of vast consequence and influence to the American cause. The importance that he assumed in the control of affairs, made it an especial object with Haldimand, the British commander in Canada, to secure his person. A desperate plot was, therefore, set on foot. John Waltermeyer, a notorious Tory partizan, was entrusted with the execution of the design, and with a company of whites and Indians, he proceeded to Albany, and prepared to entrap his anticipated victim. The General had been cautioned often of the danger to which he was subjected by such attempts; and the frequency with which influential citizens were entrapped and captured, was sufficient cause for him to exercise every vigilance and caution. He had, therefore, added to his usual household a guard of six men, who were by turns on duty day and night.

The evening of a sultry day in August was selected as the occasion to make the attempt. The general and his family were all gathered in the front hall of his house, and the doors were all thrown wide open, in order to admit all the cooling air possible, when a servant announced that a stranger at the back gate required the presence of the general, on a matter of business. A message so singular at once excited suspicion. Unfortunately, the evening was so very warm, that the servants had dispersed. The three sentinels just relieved from duty had retired, and the others, who should have been at their post, were stretched on the grass in the garden. The doors were hastily closed and fastened, while the family hurried to the upper rooms, the general to arm himself, and the others for security.

They presently discovered the house surrounded by a body of armed men, and almost immediately was heard the crash of heavy



blows against the doors below. The general threw up a window to arouse the guard, and with the hope that it might alarm the town, or bring assistance from some quarter. A violent struggle was now heard below. The three guards who were within the house, had been aroused, and were endeavoring to drive the assailants back. But by an unfortunate incident, they were without their weapons, and had only the weight of their persons to oppose in resistance. Mrs. Church, a daughter of the general, had perceived, some hours before, her little son playing with the muskets, and not supposing they would be wanted, while she feared the consequences of their being within reach of the child, had caused them to be removed, while she neglected to inform the guard of the circumstance. But the brave fellows, nothing daunted, opposed themselves unarmed to the besieging troop, and by dealing blows as soundly as they could with their fists, they managed for a few moments to keep them at bay, but their overwhelming force soon overcome the resistance, and they rushed into the house.

While this struggle was going on, the alarmed and terrified ladies above were in an agony of fear at the remembrance that, in their bustle of escaping, an infant had been left in the nursery, which was situated on the first floor. Mrs. Schuyler was about flying to its rescue, but the general prevented her, when Margaret, the third daughter, rushed forth, and hastily descending a private stairway, reached the room, and snatched the babe from the cradle, where it was lying in undisturbed repose. But as she was hurrying from the room with her valued burden, a tomahawk, hurled by an unseen hand, glanced by her side, and buried itself in the wall, carrying with it a remnant of her dress.

Undismayed by this circumstance, or by the violent commotion in the hall, she hastened to the same private way by which she had descended, when in rapid flight to the rooms above, to her terror, she was confronted by Waltermeyer, the leader of the gang, who exclaimed—"Wench, where is your master?" With admirable presence of mind, she replied—"Gone to arouse the town." Alarmed at this, he hurried by, permitting her to escape to the room where the family was gathered, who, in dreadful apprehension, were awaiting the issue of her daring and heroic exploit.

Waltermeyer hastily summoned his followers from the drawing-room, where they were engaged in plundering the plate, and who reluctantly desisted from their work to listen to the orders of their leader. At this moment the general threw up a window, and called out—"Come on my brave fellows, surround the house and



secure the villains who are plundering." The party terrified at this, and supposing that they were surrounded, made a precipitate retreat from the house, carrying with them the three men who had so heroically defended the house, one of whom was wounded. Waltermeyer himself had received a bullet from one of the general's pistols, but was only slightly wounded. By this time the city was alarmed, and the citizens came hurrying to the spot, but not before the entire body of assailants had fled.

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### A NOVEL SITUATION.

IN the fall of 1781 a man was captured in the vicinity of Fort Plain, by seven Indians, and hurried off into the wilderness. At night the party halted at a deserted log tenement. The Indians built a fire, and after supper gathered around it, discussing the misfortunes of their expedition, which thus far had resulted in but a few scalps, and only one prisoner. They therefore resolved to kill and scalp their captive in the morning, and return toward the Mohawk with the hope of better success. Upon this conclusion they stretched themselves upon the floor for sleep, with their prisoner between two of them, who was bound by cords, which were also fastened to the bodies of his keepers. The whole of the discussion carried on by the savages was understood by the captive, who, in the greatest alarm at his approaching fate, began to tax his ingenuity for some way to escape. The Indians were soon in a sound slumber, but their white companion kept wide awake, vainly striving to devise a plan for his escape, and beginning to despair and to yield himself to his doom, when, as he accidentally moved his hand upon the floor, it rested upon a fragment of broken window-glass.

No sooner did the prisoner seize the glass, than a ray of hope entered his bosom, and with his frail assistant he instantly set about regaining his liberty. He commenced severing the rope across his breast, and soon it was stranded. The moment was one of intense excitement; he knew that it was the usual custom for one or more of an Indian party to keep watch and prevent the escape of their prisoners. Was he then watched? Should he go on, with the possibility of hastening his own doom, or wait and see if some remarkable interposition of Providence might save him?

A monitor within whispered, "Faith without works is dead," and after a little pause in his efforts, he resumed them, and soon



had parted another strand; and as no movement was made, he tremblingly cut another; it was the last, and as it yielded he sat up. He was then enabled to take a midnight view of the group around him, in the feeble light reflected from the moon through a small window of a single sash. The enemy appeared to sleep, and he soon separated the cords across his limbs. He then advanced to the fire and raked open the coals, which reflected their partial rays upon the painted visages of those misguided heathen, whom British gold had bribed to deeds of darkness; and being fully satisfied that all were sound asleep, he approached the door.

The Indians had a large watch-dog outside the house. He cautiously opened the door, sprang out and ran, and, as he had anticipated, the dog was yelling at his heels. He had about twenty rods to run across a cleared field before he could reach the woods, and as he neared them he looked back, and in the clear light of the moon saw the Indians all in pursuit. As he neared the forest they all drew up their rifles and fired upon him, at which instant a strong vine caught his foot and he fell to the ground. The volley of balls passed over him, and bounding to his feet, he gained the beechen shade. Not far from where he entered he had noticed the preceding evening a large hollow log, and on coming to it he sought safety within it. The dog at first ran several rods past the log, which served to mislead the party, but soon returned near it, and ceased barking, without a visit to the entrance of the captive's retreat.

The Indians sat down over him, and talked about their prisoner's escape. They finally came to the conclusion that he had either ascended a tree near, or that the *devil* had aided him in his escape, which to them appeared the most reasonable conclusion. As morning was approaching, they determined on taking an early breakfast and returning to the river settlement, leaving one of their number to keep a vigilant watch in that neighborhood for their captive, until afternoon of the following day, when he was to join his fellows at a designated place. This plan settled, an Indian proceeded to an adjoining field, where a small flock of sheep had not escaped their notice, and shot one of them. While enough of the mutton was dressing to satisfy their immediate wants, others of the party struck up a fire, which they chanced, most unfortunately for his comfort, to build against the log *directly opposite their lost prisoner*. The heat became almost intolerable to the tenant of the fallen basswood, before the meat was cooked; besides, the smoke and steam which found their way through the small worm-holes and cracks, had nearly suffocated



him, ere he could sufficiently stop their ingress, which was done by thrusting a quantity of leaves and part of his own clothing into the crannies. A cough, which he knew would insure his death, he found it most difficult to avoid; to back out of his hiding-place would also seal his fate, while to remain in it much longer, he felt conscious, would render his situation, to say the least, not enviable.

After suffering most acutely in body and mind for a time, the prisoner (who was again such by accident) found his miseries alleviated when the Indians began to eat, as they then let the fire burn down, and did not again replenish it. After they had dispatched their breakfast of mutton, the prisoner heard the leader caution the one left to watch in that vicinity, to be wary, and soon heard the retiring footsteps of the rest of the party. Often during the morning the watchman was seated or standing over him. Not having heard the Indian for some time, and believing the hour of his espionage past, he cautiously crept out of the log, and finding himself alone, being prepared by fasting and steaming for a good race, he drew a bee-line for Fort Plain, which he reached in safety, believing, as he afterwards stated, that all the Indians in the State could not have overtaken him in his flight.

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### LYDIA DARRAH.

THE following account of the signal service rendered to our cause by a heroine Quakeress, Lydia Darrah, first appeared in the *American Quarterly Review* :

When the British army held possession of Philadelphia, General Harris' head-quarters were in Second street, the fourth door below Spruce, in a house which was before occupied by General Cadwallader. Directly opposite resided William and Lydia Darrah, members of the Society of Friends. A superior officer of the British army, believed to be the Adjutant-General, fixed upon one of their chambers, a back room, for private conference; and two of them frequently met there, with fire and candles, in close consultation.

About the second of December, the Adjutant-General told Lydia that they would be in the room at seven o'clock, and remain late; and that they wished the family to retire early to bed; adding, that when they were going away, they would call her to let them out and extinguish their fire and candles. She accordingly sent all the family to bed; but, as the officer had



been so particular, her curiosity was excited. She took off her shoes, and put her ear to the key-hole of the conclave. She overheard an order read for all the British troops to march out late in the evening of the fourth and attack General Washington's army, then encamped at White Marsh. On hearing this she returned to her chamber and laid herself down.

Soon after the officers knocked at her door, but she rose only at the third summons, having feigned to be asleep. Her mind was so much agitated that, from this moment, she could neither eat nor sleep; supposing it to be in her power to save the lives of thousands of her countrymen; but not knowing how she was to convey the necessary information to General Washington, nor daring to confide it even to her husband. The time left was, however, short; she quickly determined to make her way as soon as possible to the American outposts.

She informed her family that, as they were in want of flour, she would go to Frankfort for some; her husband insisted that she should take with her the servant-maid; but, to his surprise, she positively refused. She got access to General Howe, and solicited — what he readily granted, a pass through the British troops on the lines. Leaving her bag at the mill, she hastened towards the American lines, and encountered on her way an American, Lieutenant Colonel Craig, of the light horse, who, with some of his men, was on the look-out for information. He knew her, and inquired whither she was going. She answered, in quest of her son, an officer in the American army; and prayed the Colonel to alight and walk with her. He did so, ordering his troops to keep in sight.

To him she disclosed her momentous secret, after having obtained from him the most solemn promise never to betray her individually, since her life might be at stake with the British. He conducted her to a house near at hand, directed a female in it to give her something to eat, and he speeded for head-quarters, where he made General Washington acquainted with what he had heard. Washington made, of course, all preparation for baffling the meditated surprise. Lydia returned home with her flour; sat up alone to watch the movement of the British troops; heard their footsteps; but when they returned in a few days after, did not dare to ask a question, though solicitous to learn the event.

The next evening the Adjutant-General came in and requested her to walk up to his room, as he wished to put some questions. She followed him in terror; and when he locked the door and



begged her with an air of mystery to be seated, she was sure that she was either suspected or had been betrayed. He inquired earnestly whether any of her family were up the last night he and the other officer met: she told him that they all retired at eight o'clock. He observed — “I know *you* were asleep, for I knocked at your chamber door three times before you heard me; I am entirely at a loss to imagine who gave Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls of the house could speak. When we arrived near White Marsh we found all their cannon mounted, and the troops prepared to receive us; and we have marched back like a parcel of fools.”

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## ADVENTURES OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

AT one time, when General Putnam had command of the army in New York, he was visiting his outposts at West Greenwich, when Gov. Tryon with a corps of fifteen hundred men was on a march against it. Putnam had with him only one hundred and fifty men, with two pieces of artillery; with them he took his station on the brow of a steep declivity near the meeting-house. The road turned to the north just before it reached the edge of the steep; after proceeding in this direction for a considerable distance it inclined to the south, rendering the descent gradually and tolerably safe.

As the British advanced they were received with a sharp fire from the artillery; but perceiving the dragoons about to charge, Putnam ordered his men to retire to a swamp, inaccessible to cavalry, while he himself dashed directly down the precipice, in a spot where one hundred steps had been cut out in the solid rock for the accommodation of foot passengers. His pursuers, who were close upon him, paused with astonishment as they reached the edge, and saw him accomplish his perilous descent, and not one of them daring to follow, they discharged their pistols after him, one bullet of which passed through his hat. This wonderful feat has done more for the name of Putnam than almost any other one act. The declivity from this circumstance has since borne the name of “Putnam’s Hill.”

Somewhere near the time the above exploit took place, the following adventure was performed by General Putnam: The stronghold of Horse Neck was in the possession of the British,



and Putnam with a few followers were lurking in its vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men became impatient and importuned the general with questions, as to when they were going to have a 'bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind:—

“Fellows! you’ve been idle too long, and so have I. I’m going to Bush’s at Horse Neck in an hour, with an ox-team and a load of corn. If I come back, I will let you know the particulars; if I should not, let them have it!”

Within an hour he was mounted in his ox-cart, dressed as one of the commonest Yankee farmers, and was soon at Bush’s tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers espy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton, (as they thought) they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize his corn and fodder.

“How much do you ask for your whole concern?” asked they. “In marcy sake, gentlemen,” replied the mock clod-hopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, “only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing; and if that wont dew, I’ll give you my word I’ll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension.”

“Well,” said they, “we’ll take you at your word, leave the team and provender with us, and we wont require any bail for your appearance.”

Putnam gave up the team, and sauntered about an hour or so gaining all the information that he wished; he then returned to his men and told them of the foe, and his plan of attack.

The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clod-hopper sarcastically remarked, “Gentlemen, I have only kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension.”



## ADVENTURE OF COL. COCHRAN.

COLONEL COCHRAN having been sent to Canada as a spy, his mission was suspected, and a large bounty offered for his head. While there he was taken sick, and, hearing that he was suspected, concealed himself for a few days in a brush-heap, unable to make his escape, or even walk. Having suffered much from his sickness and want of nourishment, and having discovered a log-cabin at a considerable distance from the spot where he was concealed, the only one in sight, he crept to it on his hands and knees, for the purpose of soliciting assistance. On his approach to the rear of the cabin, he heard three men in earnest conversation, and it happened that he was the subject of their discourse.

Having heard of the heavy bounty offered for the colonel, and having seen a man in the vicinity a few days before, answering the description of him, they were forming their plans, and expressing their determination to find his whereabouts, and take him for the sake of the bounty. One of the men was the owner of the cabin. His wife was also present, and the others were his brother and brother-in-law. Soon after this conversation the three men started in pursuit. He crept into the cabin, and frankly told the woman, who seemed favorably impressed towards him on account of his almost helpless condition, that he had heard the conversation; that *he* was the man of whom they were in search; and that he should throw himself entirely upon her mercy, trusting to her fidelity for protection. This she very kindly promised him, to the utmost of her ability.

Having received some restoratives, which seemed to give relief, and taken suitable nourishment, he lay down on a bed in the room, for the purpose of taking some repose. After the men had been absent about three hours they returned, when she concealed him in a closet by the side of the fire-place, taking good care, while the men were in the house, to keep near it, that if anything should be wanted from within she might be ready to get it herself. During the time the men were in the house they expressed much confidence in the belief that the colonel was concealed somewhere in the vicinity, and named many places in which they intended to look for him. Having taken some food, and otherwise prepared themselves, the men departed to renew their search.

Soon after they retired, the woman, not considering the colonel's present situation safe, proposed that he should conceal himself at some distance from the cabin, where she might secretly bring him food, and render such other assistance as he needed. She accord-



ingly directed him to take post on a certain hill, about half a mile distant, where he might be able to discover any person's approach, and to flee, if he was able, should it become necessary.

He manifested an inclination to resume his former position in the brush-heap, which was in the midst of a patch of ground that had been cut over for a fallow; but she told him her husband intended to burn it the next day, and in that case he would be certainly discovered, or perish in the conflagration. He then submitted entirely to her directions, and crept along to the hill in the best way he could. He remained some time in this place of concealment, undiscovered by any one except this faithful Rahab of the forest, who, like the good Samaritan, poured in the oil and wine, until his strength was in a measure restored, and he was enabled to return to his country and his home.

Some years after the close of the war, and while the Colonel lived at Ticonderoga, he accidentally met with this kind-hearted woman, and rewarded her handsomely for her fidelity.

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## ADVENTURE OF CHARLES MORGAN.

CHARLES MORGAN was a shrewd private of the Jersey brigade, a good soldier, and had attracted the notice of the Marquis de La Fayette. In the course of the movements on James river, the Marquis was anxious to procure exact information of the force under Cornwallis, and, if possible, to penetrate his lordship's designs; he considered Charles as a proper agent for the accomplishment of his purpose, and proposed to him to enter the British camp in the character of a deserter, but in reality as a spy. Charles undertook the perilous enterprise, merely stipulating that if he were detected the Marquis should cause it to be inserted in the Jersey newspapers that he was acting under the orders of his commanding officer.

The pretended deserter entered the British lines and was conducted into the presence of Cornwallis. On being questioned by that nobleman concerning his motives for desertion, he replied, "that he had been with the American army from the beginning of the war, and that while under General Washington he was satisfied; but now that they had put them under a Frenchman, he did not like it, and therefore had deserted." Charles was received without suspicion, was punctual in discharging his duty as a soldier, and carefully observed everything that passed.



One day, while on duty with his comrades, Cornwallis, who was in close conversation with some of his officers, called him and asked, "How long will it take the Marquis to cross James river?" "Three hours, my lord," was the answer. "Three hours!" exclaimed his lordship, "will it not take three days?" "No, my lord," said Charles, "the Marquis has so many boats, each boat will carry so many men; and if your lordship will take the trouble of calculating, you will find he can cross in three hours." Turning to his officer, the earl said, in the hearing of the American, "The scheme will not do."

Charles was now resolved to abandon his new friends; and for that purpose plied his comrades with grog, till they were all in high spirits with the liquor. He then began to complain of the wants in the British camp, extolled the plentiful provision enjoyed by the Americans, and concluded by proposing to them to desert: they agreed to accompany him, and left it to him to manage the sentinels. To the first he offered, in a very friendly manner, a draught of rum from his canteen; but, while the soldier was drinking, Charles seized his arms, and then proposed to him to desert with them, which he did through necessity. The second sentinel was served in the same way; and Charles hastened to the American camp at the head of seven British deserters. On presenting himself before his employer, the Marquis exclaimed, "Ah, Charles! have you got back?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "and have brought seven more with me." The Marquis offered him money, but he declined accepting it, and only desired to have his gun again: the Marquis then proposed to raise him to the rank of a corporal or sergeant; but Charles' reply was, "I will not have any promotion; I have abilities for a common soldier, and have a good character: should I be promoted, my abilities may not answer, and I may loose my character." He, however, generously requested for his fellow-soldiers, who were not so well supplied with stockings, shoes, and clothing as himself, the Marquis's interference to procure a supply of their wants.



## WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

JAMES MORGAN, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Bryant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the fifteenth day of August, 1782; the sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood; the tall cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon Morgan had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenances of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings by its cherub smiles, its playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard, another, and another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment all their fears were realized, by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose—seized her infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom; again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. "In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft, imploring tone of voice, as he forced the infant from his wife; hastily took up his gun, knife, and hatchet; ran up the ladder



that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then throwing off some clapboards from the roof of his cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and "closed in." The savage made a blow—missed aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant on his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy. Both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed, and deeper, and the savage soon sunk to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and gun and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved on with the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him down, reloaded his gun, and again pushed forward.

In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided between Bryant's Station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers immediately set out for his dwelling. As they approached the clearing, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the canebrake—beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few steps, and sunk exhausted to the earth.

Morning came; the bright luminary of Heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "ELIZA," on the ground: his left was thrown over his



favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin, and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made a search and found some bones almost burned to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, but were pursued by the enemy for a distance of thirty-six miles.

James Morgan was among the last that crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As soon as he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle-ball in his thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping-knife. At this moment Morgan cast his eyes upward and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained, undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle-ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak, its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat and the panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Mor-



gan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large and ferocious looking bear, covered with blood, now approached him. He threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head; was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awakened him to a sense of his danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate.

He now heard a rustling in the bushes — steps approached — a cold chill ran over him. Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed; death, the most horrible death, awaited him; his limbs would, in all probability, be torn from his body, and he be devoured alive. He felt a touch; the vital spark was almost extinguished; another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over; the cold sweat ran down in torrents; his hands were violently forced from his face; the moon passed from under a cloud; a faint ray beamed upon him; his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his *wife*, who, in a scarce audible voice, exclaimed, "*My husband! my husband!*" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians had entered the house they found some spirits and drank freely; an altercation soon took place, one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed her place of concealment. She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's Station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse, with saddle and bridle, rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action the prisoners were left unguarded, made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle-ground, she, with some other persons that had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends, and, if on the field and living, to save them, if possible, from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant, and their home.



## A FEARFUL ENCOUNTER.

IN the summer of 1782 a party of seven Wyandots made an incursion into a settlement some distance below Fort Pitt, in Virginia. Here, finding an old man alone in a cabin, they killed him, packed what plunder they could find, and commenced their retreat. Amongst their party was a celebrated Wyandot chief, who, in addition to his fame as a warrior and counsellor, was, as to his size and strength, a real giant.

The news of the visit of the Indians soon spread through the neighborhood, and a party of eight good riflemen was selected in a few hours for the purpose of pursuing the Indians. In this party were two brothers, of the names of Adam and Andrew Poe. They were both famous for courage, skill, and activity. This little party commenced the pursuit of the Indians with a determination, if possible, not to suffer them to escape, as they usually did on such occasions, by making a speedy flight to the Ohio river, crossing it, and then dividing into small parties, to meet at a distant point in a given time. The pursuit was continued the greater part of the night, after the Indians had done the mischief. In the morning the party found themselves on the trail of the Indians, which led to the river.

When arrived within a little distance of the river, Adam Poe, fearing an ambuscade, left the party, who followed directly on the trail, to creep along the brink of the river bank, under cover of the woods and bushes, to fall on the rear of the Indians, should he find them in ambuscade. He had not gone far before he saw the Indian rafts at the water's edge. Not seeing any Indians, he stepped softly down the bank, with his rifle cocked. When about half way down, he discovered the large Wyandot chief and a small Indian within a few steps of him. They were standing with their guns cocked, and looking in the direction of our party, who, by this time, had gone some distance lower down the bottom. Poe took aim at the large chief, but his rifle missed fire. The Indians, hearing the snap of the gun-lock, instantly turned round and discovered Poe, who, being too near them to retreat, dropped his gun, and sprang from the bank upon them, and seizing the large Indian by his clothes on his breast, and at the same time embracing the neck of the small one, threw them both down on the ground, himself being uppermost.

The small Indian soon extricated himself, ran to the raft, got his tomahawk, and attempted to despatch Poe, the large Indian holding him fast in his arms with all his might, the better to en-



able his fellow to effect his purpose. Poe, however, so well watched the motions of his assailant, that, when in the act of aiming his blow at his head, by a vigorous and well-directed kick with one of his feet, he staggered the savage, and knocked the tomahawk out of his hand. This failure on the part of the small Indian was reproved by an exclamation of contempt from the large one.

In a moment the Indian caught up his tomahawk again, approached more cautiously, brandishing his tomahawk, and making a number of feigned blows in derision and defiance. Poe, however, still on his guard, averted the real blow from his head, by throwing up his arm, and receiving it on his wrist, in which he was severely wounded; but not so as to entirely lose the power of his arm. In this perilous moment, Poe, by a violent effort, broke loose from the Indian, snatched up one of the Indian's guns, and shot the small Indian through the breast, as he ran up the third time to tomahawk him.

The large Indian was now on his feet, and grasping Poe by a shoulder and leg, threw him down on the bank. Poe instantly disengaged himself, and got on his feet. The Indian then seized him again, and a new struggle ensued, which, owing to the slippery state of the bank, ended in the fall of both combatants into the water. In this situation it was the object of each to drown the other. Their efforts to effect their purpose were continued for some time with alternate success, sometimes one being under the water, and sometimes the other. Poe at length seized the tuft of hair on the scalp of the Indian, with which he held his head under water until he supposed him drowned.

Relaxing his hold too soon, Poe instantly found his gigantic antagonist on his feet again, and ready for another combat. In this they were carried into the water beyond their depth. In this situation they were compelled to loose their hold on each other, and swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore to seize a gun, and end the contest with bullets. The Indian being the best swimmer, reached the land first. Poe, seeing this, immediately turned back into the water, to escape, if possible, being shot, by diving. Fortunately the Indian caught up the rifle with which Poe had killed the other warrior.

At this juncture Andrew Poe arrived upon the spot. Missing his brother from the party, and supposing from the report of the gun which he shot, that he was either killed, or engaged in a conflict with the Indians, he hastened in the direction whence the firing came. On seeing him, Adam called out to him to "kill the big Indian on shore." But Andrew's gun, like that of the Indian's, was empty. The contest was now between the white and the



Indian, who should load and fire first. Very fortunately for Poe, the Indian, in loading, drew the ramrod from the thimbles of the stock of the gun with so much violence that it slipped out of his hand, and fell a little distance from him. He quickly caught it up, and rammed down his bullet. This little delay gave Poe the advantage. He shot the Indian as he was raising his gun to take aim at him.

During the contest between Poe and the Indians, the rest of the party had overtaken the remaining five of them. A desperate conflict ensued, in which all of the Indians were killed, save one, who alone escaped to tell the melancholy tale of the fate of his fellows. There was great grief in the Wyandot nation. The big Indian, and four of his brothers, who were all killed in this conflict, were distinguished chiefs, and their fall caused universal mourning.

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## ATTEMPT TO TAKE ARNOLD.

GENERAL WASHINGTON, having learned whither Arnold had fled, deemed it possible still to take him, and bring him to the just reward of his treachery. To accomplish an object so desirable, and at the same time, in so doing, to save André, Washington devised a plan, which, although it ultimately failed, evinced the greatness of his powers, and his unwearied ardour for his country's good.

Having matured the plan, Washington sent for Major Lee to repair to head-quarters, (at Tappan, on the Hudson). "I have sent for you," said General Washington, "in the expectation that you have some one in your corps who is willing to undertake a delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward will confer great obligations on me personally, and, in behalf of the United States, I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost; he must proceed, if possible, to-night. I intend to seize Arnold and save André."

Major Lee named a sergeant-major of his corps, by the name of Champe, a native of Virginia; a man full of bone and muscle; with a countenance grave, thoughtful, and taciturn; of tried courage and inflexible perseverance.

Champe was sent for by Lee, and the plan proposed. This was for him to desert—to escape to New York—to appear friendly to the enemy—to watch Arnold, and, upon some fit opportunity, with the assistance of some one whom Champe could trust, to



seize him, and conduct him to an appointed place on the river, where boats should be in readiness to bear them away.

Champe listened to the plan attentively—but, with the spirit of a man of honor and integrity, replied, “that it was not danger nor difficulty that deterred him from immediately accepting the proposal, but the *ignominy of desertion, and the hypocrisy of enlisting with the enemy!*”

To these objections, Lee replied that, although he would appear to desert, yet, as he obeyed the call of his Commander-in-chief, his departure could not be considered as criminal, and that, if he suffered in reputation for a while, the matter should one day be explained to his credit.

As to the second objection, it was urged, that to bring such a man as Arnold to justice—loaded with guilt as he was—and to save André, so young, so accomplished, so beloved, to achieve so much good in the cause of his country, was more than sufficient to balance a wrong existing only in appearance.

The objections of Champe were at length surmounted, and he accepted the service. It was now eleven o'clock at night. With his instructions in his pocket, the sergeant returned to camp, and, taking his cloak, valise, and orderly-book, drew his horse from the picket, and mounted, putting himself upon fortune.

Scarcely had half an hour elapsed before Captain Carnes, the officer of the day, waited upon Lee, who was vainly attempting to rest, and informed him that one of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon, who, being challenged, put spurs to his horse, and had escaped.

Lee, hoping to conceal the flight of Champe, or at least to delay pursuit, complained of fatigue, and told the captain that the patrol had probably mistaken a countryman for a dragoon. Carnes, however, was not thus to be quieted; but withdrew to assemble his corps.

On examination, it was found that Champe was absent. The captain now returned and acquainted Lee with the discovery, adding that he had detached a party to pursue the deserter, and begged the major's written orders.

After making as much delay as was practicable without exciting suspicion, Lee delivered his orders—in which he directed the party to take Champe if possible. “Bring him alive,” said he, “that he may suffer in the presence of the army; but kill him, if he resists, or if he escapes after being taken.”

A shower of rain fell soon after Champe's departure, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to take the trail of his horse—his shoes, in common with those of the horses of the army, being



made in a peculiar form, and each having a private mark, which was to be seen in the path.

Middleton, the leader of the pursuing party, left the camp a few minutes past twelve, so that Champe had the start of him but little more than an hour—a period by far shorter than had been contemplated.

During the night, the dragoons were often delayed in the necessary halts to examine the road; but on the coming of morning, the impression of the horse's shoes was so apparent, that they pressed on with rapidity.

Some miles above Bergen, (a village three miles north of New York, on the opposite side of the Hudson,) on ascending a hill, Champe was descried, not half a mile distant. Fortunately, Champe descried his pursuers at the same moment, and, conjecturing their object, put spurs to his horse, with the hope of escape.

By taking a different road, Champe was for a time lost sight of; but, on approaching the river, he was again descried. Aware of his danger, he now lashed his valise, containing his clothes and orderly-book, to his shoulders, and prepared himself to plunge into the river, if necessary.

Swift was his flight and swift was the pursuit. Middleton and his party were within a few hundred yards, when Champe threw himself from his horse, and plunging into the river, called aloud upon some British galleys, at no great distance, for help.

A boat was instantly despatched to the sergeant's assistance, and a fire commenced upon the pursuers. Champe was taken on board, and soon after carried to New York, with a letter from the captain of the galley, stating the past scene, all of which he had witnessed.

Adjoining the house in which Arnold resided, and where it was designed to seize and gag him, Champe had taken off several of the palings, and replaced them, so that with ease, and without noise, he could readily open his way to the adjoining alley. Into this alley he intended to convey his prisoner, aided by his companion, one of two associates who had been introduced by the friend to whom Champe had been originally made known by letter from the Commander-in-chief, and with whose aid and counsel he had so far conducted the enterprise. His other associate was with the boat, prepared at one of the wharves on the Hudson river, to receive the party.

Champe and his friend intended to have placed themselves each under Arnold's shoulder, and to have thus borne him through



the most unfrequented alleys and streets to the boat, representing Arnold, in case of being questioned, as a drunken soldier, whom they were conveying to the guard-house.

When arrived at the boat the difficulties would be surmounted, there being no danger or obstacle in passing to the Jersey shore. These particulars, as soon as made known to Lee, were communicated to the Commander-in-chief, who was highly gratified with the much-desired information. He desired Major Lee to meet Champe, and take care that Arnold should not be hurt.

The day arrived, and Lee with a party of accoutred horses—one for Arnold, one for the sergeant, and the third for his associate, who was to assist in securing Arnold—left the camp, never doubting of the success of the enterprise, from the tenor of the last received communication. The party reached Hoboken about midnight, where they lay concealed in the adjoining wood—Lee, with three dragoons, stationing himself near the shore of the river. Hour after hour passed, but no boat approached.

At length the day broke, and the major retired to his party, and with his led horses returned to the camp, where he proceeded to head-quarters, to inform the general of the much-lamented disappointment, as mortifying as inexplicable. Washington, having perused Champe's plan and communication, had indulged the presumption that at last the object of his keen and constant pursuit was sure of execution, and did not dissemble the joy such a conviction produced. He was chagrined at the issue, and apprehended that his faithful sergeant must have been detected in the last scene of his tedious and difficult enterprise.

In a few days, Lee received an anonymous letter from Champe's patron and friend, informing him that on the day preceding the night fixed for the execution of their plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the town, to superintend the embarkation of troops, preparing, as was rumored, for an expedition to be directed by himself; and that the American legion, consisting chiefly of American deserters, had been removed from their barracks to one of the transports, it being apprehended that, if left on shore until the expedition was ready, many of them might desert.

Thus it happened that John Champe, instead of crossing the Hudson that night, was safely deposited on board one of the fleets of transports, from whence he never departed until the troops under Arnold landed in Virginia. Nor was he able to escape from the British army until after the junction of Cornwallis at Petersburg, when he deserted; and proceeding high up into Virginia, he passed into North Carolina, near the Saury



towns, and keeping in the friendly districts of that State, safely joined the army soon after it had passed the Congaree, in pursuit of Lord Rawdon.

His appearance excited extreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased, when they saw the cordial reception he met with from the late Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. His whole story was soon known to the corps, which reproduced the love and respect of both officers and soldiers, (heretofore invariably entertained for the sergeant), heightened by universal admiration of his late daring and arduous attempt.

Champe was introduced to General Greene, who very cheerfully complied with the promise made by the Commander-in-chief, so far as in his power; and, having provided the sergeant with a good horse and money for his journey, sent him to General Washington, who munificently anticipated every desire of the sergeant, and presented him with a discharge from further service, lest he might, in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the hands of the enemy, when, if recognised, he was sure to die on the gibbet.

We shall only add, respecting the after-life of this interesting adventurer, that when General Washington was called by President Adams, in 1798, to the command of the army prepared to defend the country against French hostility, he sent to Lieutenant-Colonel Lee to inquire for Champe; being determined to bring him into the field at the head of a company of infantry. Lee sent to Loudon County, Virginia, where Champe settled after his discharge from the army, when he learned that the gallant soldier had removed to Kentucky, where he soon after died.

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## CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

THE following extract, giving a description of the crossing of the Delaware, by Washington and his troops, is taken from an address delivered in New York, on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth-day, by Eli Moore, Esq.:

In no one instance, perhaps, was Washington's influence with the army so strikingly exemplified as in his attack on the enemy at Trenton. Over and over have I listened with intense anxiety, in the days of my boyhood, while my now departed sire, who fought and bled on that proud field, recited with thrilling interest all that related to the enterprise. It was on a December



night, (would he say,) when our little heart-broken army halted on the banks of the Delaware. That night was dark, cheerless, tempestuous, and bore a strong resemblance to our country's fortunes!

It seemed as if heaven and earth conspired for our destruction. The clouds lowered—darkness and the storm came apace. The snow and hail descended, beating with unmitigated violence upon the supperless, half-clad, shivering soldier; and in the roaring of the flood and the wailings of the storm was heard, by fancy's ear, the knell of our hopes and the dirge of liberty! The impetuous river was filled with floating ice: an attempt to cross it at that time, and under such circumstances, seemed a desperate enterprise—yet it was undertaken, and thanks be to God and Washington, was successfully accomplished.

From where we landed on the Jersey shore, to Trenton, was about nine miles, and on the whole line of march there was scarcely a word uttered, save by the officers when giving some order. We were well-nigh exhausted (said he)—many of us frost-bitten—and the majority of us so badly shod, the blood gushed from our frozen and lacerated feet at every tread—yet we upbraided not, complained not—but marched steadily and firmly, though mournfully, onward, resolved to persevere to the uttermost—not for our country—our country, alas! we had given up for lost. *Not for ourselves*—life for us no longer wore a charm; but because *such was the will of our beloved chief*—'twas for Washington alone we were willing to make the sacrifice.

When we arrived within sight of the enemy's encampments, we were ordered to form a line, when Washington reviewed us. Pale and emaciated—dispirited and exhausted—we presented a most unwarlike and melancholy aspect. The paternal eye of our chief was quick to discover the extent of our sufferings, and acknowledge them with his tears; but suddenly checking his emotions, he reminded us that our country and all that we held dear were staked upon the coming battle. As he spoke we began to gather ourselves up and rally our energies; every man grasped his arms more firmly; and the clenched hand, and the compressed lip, and the steadfast look, and the knit brow, told the soul's resolve. Washington observed us well; then did he exhort us, with all the fervor of his soul, "on yonder field to conquer, or die the death of the brave."

At that instant the glorious sun, as if in prophetic token of our success, burst forth in all its splendor, bathing in liquid light the blue hills of Jersey. The faces which but a few moments before were blanched with despair, glowed with martial fire and



animation. Our chief with exultation hailed the scene; then casting his doubts to the winds, and calling on the God of battle and his faithful soldiers, led on the charge. The conflict was fierce and bloody. For more than twenty minutes not a gun was fired; the sabre and the bayonet did the work of destruction; it was a hurricane of fire, and steel, and death. There did we stand, (would he say), *there* did we stand, "foot to foot, and hilt to hilt," with the serried foe! and where we stood we died or conquered. Such was that terrific scene.

The result of that action, gentlemen, is known to you all—as are also its bearings upon the fortunes of America. Had defeat attended our arms at this trying crisis, our cause was lost—for ever lost—and freedom had found a grave on the plains of Trenton! But the wisdom and prudence of Washington secured us the victory—and consequently our liberty.

How great our obligation then, and how much it behooves us at this time to show our gratitude by erecting to his memory a monument, that shall tell to after-ages, not only that Washington was great, but that *we were grateful!* Let it no longer be delayed! To pause is to invite defeat—to persevere, to insure success.

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## CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRESCOTT.

IN the latter part of 1776, Major-General Lee, during Washington's retreat through the Jerseys, unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy, and was conveyed with triumph into New York. This circumstance, at the darkest era of our revolutionary contest, greatly depressed the spirits of the Americans, particularly as there was no prisoner in their hands for whom he could be exchanged.

Under these circumstances many enterprises were projected to capture some English officer of equal rank, by which means an exchange could be effected, but it was reserved for Major Barton of the Rhode Island line, to successfully plan and accomplish this purpose.

Shortly after the capture of Lee, the British took possession of the islands of Rhode Island, Canonicut, and Prudence, in Narragansett Bay. Major Barton was, at this time, attached to a regiment, under command of Colonel Stanton, that was stationed at Tiverton, on the eastern shore of the bay. From this place, he anxiously watched an opportunity to effect the object he had at



heart. In June, 1777, he learned from a prisoner, that General Richard Prescott had established his head-quarters on the west side of Rhode Island, and the prisoner gave a minute description of the house. This account was, a few days after, confirmed by a deserter from the British ranks. Conceiving the opportunity now afforded favorable, he began to make preparations for the execution of his design. But there were serious obstacles in the way. The enterprise proposed was hazardous to the extreme, and its failure liable to bring upon it condemnation as rash and foolhardy; but then again, if successful, an enviable and honorable renown would be the reward of those concerned.

He communicated his designs to Col. Stanton, his superior officer, who gave it his commendation, and permitted him to select from his regiment such men and officers as he desired to assist him in the attack. From an apprehension that his design might become known to the enemy, he did not make a selection of the necessary number of men until the last moment, and then with a desire that he might be accompanied only by volunteers, he ordered his whole company upon parade, and in a brief speech stated that he wished to obtain forty volunteers for an expedition of great hazard, and all that wished to accompany him, should signify it by stepping from the ranks. Without one exception, the whole regiment advanced. He now found it necessary to make the selection himself, and he did so, choosing those whose courage and fidelity were tested. Several officers had personally volunteered, but not one of the party, save Barton himself, knew of the object in view, but all trusted to the honor and courage of their leader.

Some delay was experienced in procuring boats, but on the 4th of July, 1777, they embarked from Tiverton for Bristol. In crossing Mount Hope Bay, they suffered from a severe storm, but they arrived at Bristol at midnight. On the morning of the 5th, the Major, with his officers, went over to Hog Island for the purpose of reconnoitering the position of the enemy. Here he revealed the object of the expedition, and his plan for its accomplishment.

It was not until the evening of the 5th, that the party again embarked. Crossing Narragansett Bay, they landed on Warwick Neck, but were here detained by a severe storm, which retarded their plans considerably. On the 9th, however, it became clear, and they prepared once more to sail, with the intention of proceeding directly to Rhode Island. Some hours after the set of sun, all was still, and the darkness affording them a protection from observation, the little squadron shot out from the land, and



proceeded noiselessly and cautiously on its course. This was a very hazardous part of the enterprise, as there was great danger of being discovered by some of the ships of war that lay near the shore. Cautiously gliding along between the islands of Prudence and Patience, by which means they were secured from observation from the enemy's shipping that lay off by Hope Island, they advanced rapidly to their destination. While passing the north end of Prudence Island, they could distinctly hear the sentinels from the ships, cry out, "All's well." The night was one of excessive darkness, and this fortunate circumstance, no doubt, contributed largely to the success of the plan.

The landing was effected without difficulty. In order to secure a rapid retreat, one man was commanded to remain in each boat, and instructed to be ready for departing at a moment's notice. When all were on shore, the requisite instructions were given, and the party advanced rapidly in the direction of General Prescott's head-quarters. The difficulties of Major Barton's situation will be readily appreciated. Even should he surprise General Prescott, a very few moments would suffice for an alarm to be carried to the enemy, and if so, the whole British army would be upon them before they could get to their boats. Or even should they reach their boats, if an alarm were conveyed to the enemy's shipping, their retreat would, with certainty, be cut off. It was, therefore, necessary to proceed with the utmost caution and care; and to act with equal daring, prudence, and celerity.

The distance to the residence of the English general was about a mile. The party was divided into five divisions; one to approach the door on the south side, another on the east, and a third on the west side, there being three doors to the house, while the fourth division was to guard the road, and the fifth to be ready to act on emergencies. They were obliged, in order to reach the house, to pass the guard-house of the enemy, on their left, and on the right a house occupied by a company of cavalry. On arriving at Prescott's head-quarters, they were challenged by a sentinel who was stationed at the gate of the front yard. The darkness of the night prevented him from determining the nature of the party approaching, but, as they continued to advance in silence, he again challenged them, demanding, "Who goes there?" "Friends," said Burton. "Advance and give the countersign," was the rejoinder. "Pho!" replied Barton, as he continued to advance close to the person of the sentinel, "we have no countersign — have you seen any rascals to night?"

Almost simultaneous with this remark, Barton suddenly seized the musket of the sentinel, and charged him to make no noise on



the penalty of instant death. So much had been accomplished in perfect silence. The divisions rapidly advanced to their respective positions, while Barton questioned the bewildered and terrified sentinel, as to whether the General was in the house, who replied that he was. The signal was now given, and in an instant the south door was burst open, and the division there stationed rushed into the building followed by the Major.

The first person Barton met was Mr. Perwig, who denied that General Prescott was in the house, and his son also obstinately denied the presence of the English officer. Not being able to find him in their rapid search through the apartments, Barton now had recourse to stratagem. In a loud voice he declared his intention of capturing the General dead or alive, and ordered his soldiers immediately to set fire to the house. At this juncture, a voice which Barton suspected to belong to the General, inquired the cause of the disturbance. Barton rushed to the apartments from which came the voice he heard, and finding there an elderly gentleman just rising from his bed, he accosted him as General Prescott. To this the gentleman assented, and declared he bore the name and title. "Then you are my prisoner," replied Barton. "I acknowledge that I am," was the rejoinder. He was only allowed time to partially dress himself, when he was hurried off by his captors.

Meanwhile a singular circumstance had occurred. At the very moment when Barton first gained admission into the house, one of the British soldiers managed to escape, and flew to the quarters of the main guard to give the alarm. This man, in the alarm of the moment, rushed forth with no other clothing than his shirt; and having hastily explained the matter to the sentinel on duty, he passed on to the quarters of the cavalry, which was much more remote from the head-quarters of the General. But when the sentinel came to explain the matter to the officer of the guard, it seemed so incredible that he was laughed at, and was told that he had seen a ghost. He admitted that the messenger was clothed in white, and after being heartily laughed at for his credulity, was ordered back to his station, and the guard went back to their quarters. This was a most fortunate circumstance, for had the alarm of the soldier been believed, nothing could have preserved the gallant Major and his band from destruction.

The whole party, with the English general in their midst, marched rapidly toward the shore. When they arrived at the boat, their prisoner, who had been hurried away half dressed, was permitted to complete his toilet. They re-embarked with all possible haste, and had not got far from the island, when the



discharge of cannon and three sky-rockets gave the signal for alarm. But, for some cause, the signal was not understood by those on the ships, and, by this fortunate circumstance, the gallant band was preserved, for it would have been easy for their enemy to have cut off their retreat. Although full of anxiety and apprehension, they bent every nerve to reach their port of destination, and happily succeeded without meeting with any obstacle.

When they had landed, General Prescott said to the Major, "Sir, you have made an amazing bold push to-night." "We have been fortunate," was the modest reply. The British commander was conveyed as a prisoner to Providence, while this gallant enterprise soon becoming noised abroad, it was received everywhere with unqualified admiration, and the gallant Major and his party became the heroes of the campaign. It was not long after the performance of this brilliant exploit that the prisoner was exchanged for General Lee, to the great joy and satisfaction of the American army.

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## LAFAYETTE'S FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA.

WHEN only between sixteen and seventeen, Lafayette was married to the daughter of the Duke D'Ayen, son of the Duke de Noailles, and grandson to the great and good Chancellor d'Augesseau; and thus his condition in life seemed to be assured to him among the most splendid and powerful in the empire. His fortune which had been accumulating during a long minority, was vast; his rank was with the first in Europe; his connections brought him the support of the chief persons in France; and his individual character—the warm, open, and sincere manners, which have distinguished him ever since, and given him such singular control over the minds of men, made him powerful in the confidence of society wherever he went. It seemed, indeed, as if life had nothing further to offer him, than he could surely obtain by walking in the path that was so bright before him.

It was at this period, however, that his thoughts and feelings were first turned towards these thirteen colonies, then in the darkest and most doubtful passage of their struggle for independence. He made himself acquainted with our agents at Paris, and learned from them the state of our affairs. Nothing could be less tempting to him, whether he sought military reputation,



or military instruction ; for our army, at that moment retreating through New Jersey, and leaving its traces of blood from the naked and torn feet of the soldiery, as it hastened onward, was in a state too humble to offer either. Our credit, too, in Europe was entirely gone, so that the commissioners, (as they were called, without having any commission,) to whom Lafayette still persisted in offering his services, were obliged, at last, to acknowledge that they could not even give him decent means for his conveyance. "Then," said he, "I shall purchase and fit out a vessel for myself."

He did so. The vessel was prepared at Bordeaux, and sent round to one of the nearest ports in Spain, that it might be beyond the reach of the French government. In order more effectually to conceal his purpose, he made, just before his embarkation, a visit of a few weeks in England (the only time he was ever there,) and was much sought in English society. On his return to France, he did not stop at all in the capital, even to see his own family, but hastened, with all speed and secrecy, to make good his escape from the country. It was not until he was thus on his way to embark that his romantic undertaking began to be known.

The effect produced in the capital and at court by its publication was greater than we should now, perhaps, imagine. Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, required the French minister to despatch an order for his arrest, not only to Bordeaux, but to the French commanders on the West India station ; a requisition with which the ministry readily complied, for they were at that time anxious to preserve a good understanding with England, and were seriously angry with a young man who had thus put in jeopardy the relations of the two countries. In fact, at Passage, on the very borders of France and Spain, a *lettre de cachet* overtook him, and he was arrested and carried back to Bordeaux.

There, of course, his enterprise was near being finally stopped ; but, watching his opportunity, and assisted by one or two friends, he disguised himself as a courier, with his face blacked and false hair, and rode on, ordering post-horses for a carriage, which he had caused to follow him at a suitable distance for this very purpose, and thus fairly passed the frontiers of the two kingdoms only three or four hours before his pursuers reached them. He soon arrived at the port where his vessel was waiting for him.

His family, however, still followed him with solicitations to return, which he never received ; and the society of the court and capital, according to Madame du Deffand's account of it, was in no common state of excitement on the occasion. Something



of the same sort happened in London. "We talk chiefly," says Gibbon, in a letter, dated April 12, 1777, "of the Marquis de Lafayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, with a hundred and thirty thousand livres a year; the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingston's yacht, [a mistake], and is gone to join the Americans. The court appear to be angry with him."

Immediately on arriving the second time at Passage, the wind being fair, he embarked. The usual course for French vessels attempting to trade with the colonies at that period was, to sail for the West Indies, and then, coming up along our coast, enter where they could. But this course would have exposed Lafayette to the naval commanders of his own nation, and he had almost as much reason to dread them as to dread British cruisers. When, therefore, they were outside of the Canary Islands, Lafayette required his captain to lay their course directly for the United States. The captain refused, alleging that, if they should be taken by a British force, and carried into Halifax, the French government would never reclaim them, and they could hope for nothing but a slow death in a dungeon or a prison-ship. This was true, but Lafayette knew it before he made the requisition. He therefore insisted, until the captain refused in the most positive manner.

Lafayette then told him that the ship was his own private property, that he had made his own arrangements concerning it, and that if he, the captain, would not sail directly for the United States, he should be put in irons, and his command given to the next officer. The captain of course submitted, and Lafayette gave him a bond for forty thousand francs, in case of any accident. They, therefore, now made sail directly for the southern portion of the United States, and arrived unmolested at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 25th of April, 1777.

The sensation produced by his appearance in this country was, of course, much greater than that produced in Europe by his departure. It still stands forth as one of the most prominent and important circumstances in our revolutionary contest; and, as has often been said by one who bore no small part in its trials and success, none but those who were then alive can believe what an impulse it gave to the hopes of a population almost disheartened by a long series of disasters.

And well it might; for it taught us, that, in the first rank of the first nobility in Europe, men could still be found, who not only took an interest in our struggle, but were willing to share our sufferings; that our obscure and almost desperate contest for



freedom, in a remote quarter of the world, could yet find supporters among those who were the most natural and powerful allies of a splendid despotism; that we were the objects of a regard and interest throughout the world, which would add to our own resources sufficient strength to carry us safely through to final success.

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## ADVENTURES OF JACOB SAMMONS.

JACOB SAMMONS, and his four sons, were celebrated in the border warfare of the Mohawk Valley, as staunch and intrepid supporters of the American cause. The whole family, with the exception of one son, who was absent from home at the time, were taken prisoners by Sir John Johnson, in his night descent on Johnstown, near which town the Sammons family resided. The particulars of the arrest, and of the subsequent marvellous and perilous adventures of Jacob and Frederick Sammons, we draw from Stone's Life of Joseph Brant. A more deeply absorbing and wonderful history of escapes by flood and field—the history of adventure can scarcely produce.

On the night of the attack, Thomas, the youngest, had risen at an unwonted hour, in order to feed his horses, and go over to a neighboring farm to work with his brother. On coming down stairs, however, and stepping out of doors half-dressed, to take an observation of the weather—it being yet dark, though day was just breaking—the thought occurred to him, that should any straggling Indians be prowling about, he would stand but a poor chance if fallen upon alone. While standing thus in doubt, whether to proceed or to wait for more light, he was startled by a noise of heavy steps behind, and, as he turned, by the glitter of steel passing before his eyes. At the same instant, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, with the words—"You are my prisoner!"

In such perfect stillness had the enemy approached, that not the sound of a footstep was heard, until the moment when the younger Sammons was thus arrested, and the house immediately surrounded. One of the officers, with several soldiers, instantly entered the house, and ordered the family to get up, and surrender themselves as prisoners. Jacob and Frederick, who were in bed, in the second story, sprang upon their feet immediately, and seized their arms. The officer called to them and offered quarter if they would surrender. Jacob inquired whether there were Indians with them; adding, that if there were, he and his



brother would not be taken alive. On being assured to the contrary, the brothers descended the stairs and surrendered.

The march was resumed, and the captives conveyed to St. John's, and from thence transferred to the fortress of Chamblee. The prisoners at this fortress numbered about forty. On the day after their arrival, Jacob Sammons having taken an accurate survey of the garrison, and the facilities of escape, conceived the project of inducing his fellow prisoners to rise upon the guards and obtain their freedom. The garrison was weak in number, and the sentinels less vigilant than is usual among good soldiers. The prison doors were opened once a day, when the prisoners were visited by the proper officer, with four or five soldiers. Sammons had observed where the arms of the guards were stacked in the yard, and his plan was, that some of the prisoners should arrest and disarm the visiting guard, on the opening of their door, while the residue were to rush forth, seize the arms, and fight their way out.

The proposition was acceded to by his brother Frederick, and one other man, named Van Sluyek, but was considered too daring by the great body of the prisoners to be undertaken. It was therefore abandoned, and the brothers sought afterwards only for a chance for escaping by themselves. Within three days, the desired opportunity occurred, viz., on the 13th of June, 1780. The prisoners were supplied with an allowance of spruce beer, for which two of their number were detached daily, to bring the cask from the beer-house, under a guard of five men, with fixed bayonets.

Having reason to suppose that the arms of the guards, though charged, were not primed, the brothers so contrived matters, as to be taken together to the brewery on the day mentioned, with an understanding, that, at a given point, they were to dart from the guard, and run for their lives—believing that the confusion of the moment, and the consequent delay of priming their muskets by the guards, would enable them to escape beyond the ordinary range of musket shot.

The project was boldly executed. At the concerted moment, the brothers sprang from their conductors, and stretched across the plain with great fleetness. The alarm was given, and the whole garrison was soon after them in hot pursuit. Unfortunately for Jacob, he fell into a ditch, and sprained his ankle. Perceiving the accident, Frederick returned to his assistance; but the other generously admonished him to secure his own flight if possible, and leave him to the chance of war.

Recovering from his fall, and regardless of the accident,



Jacob sprang forward again, with as much expedition as possible, but finding the lameness impeded his progress, he plunged into a thick clump of shrubs and trees, and was fortunate enough to hide himself between two logs, before the pursuers came up. Twenty or thirty shots had previously been fired upon them, but without effect. In consequence of the smoke of their fire, probably, the guards had not observed Jacob when he threw himself into the thicket, and supposing that, like his brother, he had passed around it, they followed on, until they were fairly distanced by Frederick, of whom they lost sight and trace.

They returned in about half an hour, halting by the bushes, in which the other fugitive was sheltered, and so near, that he could distinctly hear their conversation. The officer in command was Capt. Steele. On calling his men together, some were swearing, and others laughing at the race, and the speed of the 'long-legged Dutchmen,' as they called the flying prisoners. The pursuit being abandoned, the guards returned to the fort.

Following the bank of the Sorel, Jacob passed Fort St. John's soon after day-break, on the morning of the 14th. His purpose was to swim the river at that place, and pursue his course homeward, through the wilderness on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; but, just as he was preparing to enter the water, he descried a boat approaching from below, filled with officers and soldiers of the enemy. Concealing himself again in the woods, he resumed his journey after their departure, but had not proceeded more than two or three miles, before he came upon a party of several hundred men, engaged in getting out timber for the public works at the fort.

To avoid these, he was obliged to describe a wide circuit, in the course of which, at about 12 o'clock, he came to a small clearing. Within the enclosure was a house, and in the field were a man and a boy engaged in hoeing potatoes. They were at that moment called to dinner, and supposing them to be French, who, he had heard, were rather friendly to the American cause than otherwise—incited also by hunger and fatigue—he made bold to present himself, trusting that he might be invited to partake of their hospitality. But, instead of a friend, he found an enemy.

On making known his character, he was roughly received. "It is by such villains that you are," replied the forester, "that I was obliged to fly from Lake Champlain." "The rebels," he added, "had robbed him of all he possessed, and he would now deliver his self-invited guest to the guard, which," he said, "was not more than a quarter of a mile distant." Sammons promptly



answered him that "that was more than he could do!" The refugee then said "he would go for the guard himself;" to which Sammons replied, "that he might act as he pleased, but that all the men in Canada should not make him again a prisoner."

The man thereupon returned with his son to the potato-field, and resumed his work, while his more compassionate wife gave him a bowl of bread and milk, which he ate sitting on the threshold of the door, to guard against surprise. While in the house, he saw a musket, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch hanging against the wall, of which he determined, if possible, to possess himself, that he might be able to procure food during the long and solitary march before him. On retiring, therefore, he travelled only far enough into the woods for concealment—returning to the woodman's house in the evening, for the purpose of obtaining the musket and ammunition. But he was again beset by imminent peril.

Very soon after he entered the house, the sound of approaching voices was heard, and he took to the rude chamber for security, where he lay flat upon the irregular floor, and looking through the interstices, saw eleven soldiers enter, who, it soon appeared, came for milk. His situation was now exceedingly critical. The churlish proprietor might inform against him, or a single movement betray him. But neither circumstance occurred. The unwelcome visitors departed in due time, and the family retired to bed, excepting the wife, who, as Jacob descended from the chamber, refreshed him with another bowl of milk. She endeavored to persuade him to secrete himself in the woods for two days, when she would be enabled to furnish him with some provisions, for a supply of which her husband was going to the fort the next day, and she would likewise endeavor to provide him with a pair of shoes.

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## ADVENTURES OF JACOB SAMMONS.

(CONCLUDED.)

DISINCLINED to linger so long in the country of the enemy, and in the neighborhood of a British fort, he took his departure forthwith. But such had been the kindness of the good woman, that he had it not in his heart to seize upon her husband's arms, and he left this wild scene of rustic hospitality without supplies, and without the means of procuring them. Arriving once more at the water's edge, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, he came upon a hut, within which, on cautiously approaching it for



reconnoissance, he discovered a party of soldiers all soundly asleep.

Their canoe was moored to the shore, into which he sprang, and paddled himself up the lake, under the most encouraging prospect of a speedy and comparatively easy voyage to its head, whence his return home would be unattended with either difficulty or danger. But his pleasing anticipations were extinguished on the night following, as he approached the Isle au Noix, where he descried a fortification, and the glitter of bayonets bristling in the air, as the moonbeams played upon the burnished arms of the sentinels, who were pacing their tedious rounds. The lake being very narrow at this point, and perceiving that both sides were fortified, he thought the attempt to shoot his canoe between them, rather too hazardous an experiment.

His only course, therefore, was to run ashore and resume his travels on foot. Nor on landing was his case in any respect enviable. Without shoes, without food, and without the means of obtaining either, a long journey before him, through a deep and trackless wilderness, it may well be imagined that his mind was not cheered by the most agreeable anticipations. But without pausing to indulge unnecessarily his "thick coming fancies," he commenced his solitary journey, directing his course along the eastern lake shore toward Albany.

During the first four days of his progress he subsisted entirely upon the bark of the birch, chewing the twigs as he went. On the fourth day, while resting by a brook, he heard a rippling of the water caused by the fish as they were stemming its current. He succeeded in catching a few of these, but having no means of striking a fire, after devouring one of them raw, the others were thrown away.

His feet by this time were cruelly cut, bruised, and torn by thorns, briars, and stones, and while he could scarcely proceed by reason of their soreness, hunger and fatigue united to retard his cheerless march. On the fifth day his miseries were augmented by the hungry swarms of mosquitoes, which settled upon him in clouds, while traversing a swamp. On the same day he fell upon the nest of a black duck—the duck sitting quietly upon her eggs until he came up and caught her. The bird was no sooner deprived of her life and her feathers, than he devoured the whole, including its head and feet. The eggs were nine in number, which Sammons took with him; but on opening one, he found a little half-made duckling, already alive. Against such food his stomach revolted, and he was obliged to throw the eggs away.

On the tenth day he came to a small lake. His feet were now



in such a horrible state that he could scarcely crawl along. Finding a mitigation of pain by bathing them in water, he plunged his feet into the lake, and lay down upon its margin. For a time it seemed as though he could never rise upon his feet again. Worn down by hunger and fatigue, bruised in body and wounded in spirit, in a lone wilderness, with no eye to pity and no human act to protect, he felt as though he must remain in that spot until it should please God, in his goodness, to quench the dim spark of life that remained. Still he was comforted in some measure by the thought that he was in the hands of a Being without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

Refreshed at length, though to a trifling degree, he resumed his weary way, when on raising his right leg on the trunk of a fallen tree he was bitten in the calf by a rattlesnake. Quick as a flash, with his pocket-knife, he made an incision in his leg, removing the wounded flesh to a greater depth than the fangs of the serpent had penetrated. His next business was to kill the venomous reptile, and dress it for eating; thus appropriating the enemy that had sought to take his life to its prolongation.

His first meal was made from the heart and fat of the serpent. Feeling somewhat strengthened by the repast, and finding, moreover, that he could not travel farther in his present condition, he determined to remain where he was for a few days, and by repose and feeding on the body of the snake, recruit his strength. Discovering, also, a dry fungus upon the trunk of a maple tree, he succeeded in striking a fire, by which his comforts were essentially increased. Still he was obliged to creep upon his hands and knees to gather food, and gather fuel, and, on the third day, he was in such a state of exhaustion as to be utterly unable to proceed.

Supposing that death was inevitable and very near, he crawled to the foot of a tree, upon the bark of which he commenced inscribing his name, in the expectation that he should leave his bones there, and in the hopes that, in some way, by the aid of the inscription, his family might ultimately be apprised of his fate. While engaged in this sad work a cloud of painful thoughts crowded upon his mind; the tears involuntary stole down his cheeks, and before he had completed the melancholy task, he fell asleep.

On the fourth day of his residence at this place he began to gain strength, and as a part of the serpent yet remained, he determined upon another effort to resume his journey. But he could not do so without devising some substitute for shoes. For this purpose he cut up his hat and waistcoat, binding them upon



his feet, and thus he hobbled along. On the following night, while lying in the woods, he became strongly impressed with a belief that he was not far distant from a human habitation. He had seen no indications of proximity to the abode of man; but nevertheless, he was so confident of the fact that he wept with joy.

Buoyed up and strengthened by this impression, he resumed his journey on the following morning; and in the afternoon, it being the 28th of June, he reached a house in the town of Pittsford, in the New Hampshire Grants—now forming the State of Vermont. He remained there for several days, both to recruit his health and, if possible, to gain intelligence of his brother. But no tidings came; and as he knew Frederick to be a capital woodsman, he, of course, concluded that sickness, death, or recapture, must have interrupted his journey. Procuring a conveyance, Jacob travelled to Albany, and thence to Schenectady, where he had the happiness of finding his wife and family.

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### LIEUTENANT SLOCUMB.

WHEN Lord Cornwallis set out from Wilmington, with the avowed purpose of conquering Virginia, he encamped, on the march from Halifax on the Neuse, in what is now called Wayne county, North Carolina. His head-quarters were at Springbank; while Colonel Tarleton, with his renowned legion, encamped on the plantation of Lieutenant Slocumb. This consisted of level and extensive fields, which at that season presented a most inviting view of fresh verdure from the mansion house. Lord Cornwallis himself gave it the name of "Pleasant Green," which it ever afterwards retained.

The owner of this fine estate held a subaltern's commission in the State Line under Colonel Washington, and was in command of a troop of light horse, raised in his own neighborhood, whose general duty it was to act as rangers, scouring the country for many miles around, watching the movements of the enemy, and punishing the loyalists when detected in their vocation of pillage and murder. These excursions had been frequent, for two or three years, and were often of several weeks duration.

At the present time Slocumb had returned to the vicinity, and had been sent with twelve or fifteen recruits to act as scouts in the neighborhood of the British general. The morning of the day on which Tarleton took possession of his plantation, he was near Springbank, and reconnoitered the encampment of Cornwallis,



which he supposed to be his whole force. He then, with his party, pursued his way slowly back in the direction of his own house, little dreaming that his beautiful and peaceful home, where, some time before, he had left his wife and child, was then in possession of the terrible Tarleton.

During these frequent excursions of the rangers, and the necessary absence of her husband, the superintendence of the plantation had always devolved upon Mrs. Slocumb. She depended for protection upon her slaves, whose fidelity she had proved, and from her own fearless and intrepid spirit. The scene of the occupation of her house, and Tarleton's residence with her, are drawn from her own relation.

It was about ten o'clock, on a beautiful spring morning, that a splendidly-dressed officer, accompanied by two aids, and followed at a short distance by a guard of some twenty troopers, dashed up to the piazza in front of the ancient-looking mansion. Mrs. Slocumb was sitting there, with her child and a near relative young lady, who afterwards became the wife of Major Williams. A few house servants were also on the piazza.

The officer raised his cap, and bowing to his horse's neck, addressed the lady with the question — "Have I the pleasure of seeing the mistress of this house and plantation?" "It belongs to my husband." "Is he at home?" "He is not." "Is he a rebel?" "No sir. He is in the army of his country, and fighting against our invaders; therefore not a rebel." It is not a little singular, that although the people of that period gloried in their rebellion, they always took offence at being called rebels. "I fear, madam," said the officer, "that we differ in opinion. A friend to his country, will be a friend of the king, our master." "Slaves only acknowledge a master in this country," replied the lady.

A deep flush crossed the florid cheeks of Tarleton, for he was the speaker; and turning to one of his aids, he ordered him to pitch the tents, and form the encampment in the orchard and field on the right. To the other aid, his orders were to detach a quarter-guard, and station piquets on each road. Then bowing very low, he added, "Madam, the service of his Majesty requires the temporary occupation of your property; and if it will not be too great an inconvenience, I will take up my quarters in your house."

The tone admitted no controversy. Mrs. Slocumb answered. "My family consists of only myself, my sister, my child, and a few negroes. We are your prisoners."

While the men were busied, different officers came up at in-



tervals, making their reports and receiving orders. Among others, a tory captain, whom Mrs. Slocumb immediately recognised—for before joining the royal army, he had lived fifteen or twenty miles below—received orders in her hearing to take his troop and scour the country for two or three miles round. In an hour every thing was quiet, and the plantation presented the romantic spectacle of a regular encampment, of some ten or eleven hundred of the choicest cavalry of the British monarch.

Mrs. Slocumb now addressed herself to the duty of preparing for her uninvited guests. A dinner was prepared, consisting of turkey, ham, beef, fowls, with vegetables, fruits, and some excellent peach brandy, prepared under Lieutenant Slocumb's own supervision. This latter beverage received the unqualified praise of the party; and its merits were fully discussed. A Scotch officer praising it by the name of whiskey, protested that he had never drank as good out of Scotland. An officer speaking with a slight brogue, insisted it was not whiskey, and that no Scotch drink ever equalled it. "To my mind," said he, "it tastes as yonder orchard smells."

"Allow me, madam," said Tarleton, "to inquire where the spirits we are drinking is procured?" "From the orchard where your tents stand," answered Mrs. Slocumb. "Colonel," said the Irish captain, "when we conquer this country, is it not to be divided out amongst us?" "The officers of this army," replied the Colonel, "will undoubtedly receive large possessions of the conquered American provinces."

Mrs. Slocumb here interposed. "Allow me to observe, and prophecy," said she, "the only land in the United States, which will ever remain in possession of a British officer, will measure but six feet by two." "Excuse me, madam," remarked Tarleton, "for your sake, I regret to say—this beautiful plantation will be the ducal seat of some of us." "Don't trouble yourself about me," retorted the spirited lady; "my husband is not a man who will allow a duke, or even a king, to have a quiet seat upon his ground."

At this point, the conversation was interrupted by rapid volleys of fire-arms, appearing to proceed from the wood, a short distance to the eastward. One of the aids pronounced it some straggling scout running from the picket-guard; but the experience of Colonel Tarleton, could not be easily deceived. "There are rifles and muskets," said he, "as well as pistols; and too many to pass unnoticed. Order boots and saddles, and you—captain, take your troop in the direction of the firing."

The officer rushed out to execute his orders, while the Colonel



walked into the piazza, whither he was immediately followed by the anxious ladies. Mrs. Slocumb's agitation and alarm may be imagined; for she guessed but too well the cause of the interruption. On the first arrival of the officers, she had been importuned even with harsh threats—not, however, by Tarleton—to tell where her husband, when absent on duty, was likely to be found; but after her repeated and peremptory refusals had escaped further molestation on the subject. She feared now that he had returned unexpectedly, and might fall into the enemy's hands, before he was aware of their presence.

Her sole hope was in a precaution she had adopted soon after the coming of her unwelcome guests. Having heard Tarleton give the order to the tory captain as before-mentioned, to patrol the country, she immediately sent for an old negro, and gave him directions to take a bag of corn to the mill, about four miles distant, on the road she knew her husband must travel, if he returned that day. "Big George" was instructed to warn his master of the danger of approaching his home. With the indolence and curiosity natural to his race, however, the old fellow remained loitering about the premises, and was at this time lurking under the hedge-row, admiring the red coats, dashing plumes, and shining helmets of the British troops.

The colonel and the ladies continued on the look-out from the piazza. "May I be allowed, madam," at length said Tarleton, "without offence, to inquire if any part of Washington's army is in this neighborhood?"

"I presume it is known to you," said Mrs. Slocumb, "that the Marquis and Greene are in this State. And you would not, of course," she added, after a slight pause, "be surprised at a call from Lee, or your old friend Colonel Washington, who, although a perfect gentleman, it is said, shook your hand, (pointing to the scar left by Washington's sabre), very rudely when last you met."

This spirited answer inspired Tarleton with apprehensions that the skirmish in the woods was only the prelude to a concerted attack on his camp. His only reply was a loud order to form the troops on the right; and springing on his charger, he dashed down the avenue a few hundred feet to a breach in the hedge-row, leaped the fence, and in a moment was at the head of his regiment, which was already in line.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Slocumb, with John Howell, a private in his band, Henry Williams, and the brother of Mrs. Slocumb, Charles Cook, a boy of about thirteen years of age, were leading a hot pursuit of the tory captain who had been sent to reconnoitre



the country, and some of his routed troop. These were first discerned in the open grounds east and northeast of the plantation, closely pursued by a body of American mounted militia; while a running fight was kept up with different weapons, in which four or five broadswords gleamed conspicuous. The foremost of the pursuing party appeared too busy with the tories to see anything else; and they entered the avenue at the same moment with the party pursued. With what horror and consternation did Mrs. Slocumb recognise her husband, her brother, and two of her neighbors, in chase of the tory captain and four of his band, already half way down the avenue, and unconscious that they were rushing into the enemy's midst.

About the middle of the avenue one of the tories fell; and the course of the brave and imprudent young officers was suddenly arrested by "Big George," who sprang directly in front of their horses, crying, "Hold on Massa! de debbil here! Look yon!" A glance to the left showed the young men their danger; they were within pistol-shot of a thousand men drawn up in order of battle. Wheeling their horses they discovered a troop already leaping the fence into the avenue in their rear. Quick as thought they again whirled their horses and dashed down the avenue, directly towards the house, where stood the quarter-guard to receive them.

On reaching the garden fence—a rude structure formed of a kind of lath, and called a wattled fence—they leaped that and the next, amid a shower of balls from the guard, cleared the canal at one tremendous leap, and, scouring across the open field to the northwest, were in the shelter of the wood before their pursuers could clear the fence of the enclosure. The whole ground of this adventure may be seen as a traveller passes over the Wilmington railroad, a mile and a half south of Dudley depôt.

A platoon had commenced the pursuit; but the trumpets sounded the recall before the flying Americans had crossed the canal. The presence of mind and lofty language of the heroic wife, had convinced the British colonel that the daring men who so fearlessly dashed into his camp were supported by a formidable force close at hand. Had the truth been known, and the fugitives pursued, nothing could have prevented the destruction, not only of the four who fled, but of the rest of the company on the east side of the plantation.

Tarleton had rode back to the front of the house, where he remained eagerly looking after the fugitives till they disappeared in the wood. He called for the tory captain, who presently came



forward, questioned him about the attack, asked the names of the American officers, and dismissed him to have his wounds dressed, and see after his men. The last part of the order was needless; for nearly one-half of his men had fallen.

The British officers now returned to their peach brandy and coffee, and closed the day with a merry night. Slocumb and his companions passed rapidly around the plantation and returned to the ground where the encounter had taken place, collecting on the way the stragglers of their troop. Slocumb raised a company of two hundred men, and with them thoroughly harassed the rear of the royal army on its march until it crossed the Roanoke, when he hastened to join Lafayette at Warrenton.

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### LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND accompanied her husband to Canada in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign she traversed a vast space of country in different extremities of the seasons, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, in order to attend her husband in a poor hut at Chamblée, upon his sick-bed. In the opening of the campaign of 1777, she was restrained from offering herself to a share of the hazard expected before Ticonderoga by the positive injunction of her husband. The day after the conquest of that place he was badly wounded, and she crossed Lake Champlain to join him.

As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign. Major Ackland, her husband, commanded the British grenadiers, who formed the most advanced post of the army, which required them to be so much on the alert, that, frequently, no person slept out of their clothes. In one of these situations a tent, in which the Major and Lady Harriet slept, suddenly took fire. An orderly-sergeant of grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of; it proved to be the Major. Fortunately, his lady at the same moment escaped under the canvass of the back part of the tent.

This accident neither altered the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet, who was in a hut during the whole of the action which followed, and close to the field of battle. In a subsequent engagement Major Ackland was desperately wounded and taken prisoner. Lady Harriet sustained the shock with



great fortitude, and determined to pass the enemy's camp and request General Gates' permission to attend her husband.

Having obtained permission of General Burgoyne, Lady Harriet, accompanied by the chaplain of the regiment, one female servant, and the Major's valet-de-chambre, rowed down the river to meet the enemy. The night was far advanced before the boat reached the enemy's outposts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain was the flag of truce offered, and the state of this extraordinary passenger strongly represented.

The guard apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious in obedience to his orders, threatened to fire into the boat if they offered to stir before daylight. Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections on that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But in the morning, as soon as her case was made known to General Gates, he received her with all the humanity and respect due to her rank and exemplary conjugal virtue, and immediately restored her to her husband.

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## BRAVERY OF GENERAL LOGAN.

GENERAL BENJAMIN LOGAN, a Virginian by birth, resided during the war in a small settlement called Logan's Fort, in Kentucky. Here, on one occasion, he distinguished himself by an act of courage and generosity unexcelled in the history of romantic and chivalrous daring.

In the month of May, 1777, as the women of his family were engaged in milking the cows at the gate of the little fort, and some of the garrison attending them, a party of Indians appeared and fired upon them. One man was shot dead, and two more wounded, one of them mortally. The whole party, including one of the wounded men, instantly ran into the fort and closed the gate. The enemy quickly showed themselves upon the edge of a canebrake, within close rifle-shot of the gate, and seemed numerous and determined. Having a moment's leisure to look around, Logan beheld a spectacle which awakened his most lively interest and compassion.

A man named Harrison had been severely wounded, and still lay near the spot where he had fallen, within view both of the garrison and the Indians. The poor fellow was, at intervals, en-



deavoring to crawl in the direction of the fort, and had succeeded in reaching a cluster of bushes, which, however, were too thin to shelter his person from the enemy. His wife and family were in the fort, and in deep distress at his situation. The Indians undoubtedly forbore to fire upon him, from the supposition that some of the garrison would attempt to save him, in which case they held themselves in readiness to fire upon them from the canebrake. The case was a trying one. It seemed impossible to save him without sacrificing the lives of several of the garrison; and their numbers were already far too few for an effectual defence, having originally amounted only to fifteen men, of whom three had already been put *hors de combat*.

Yet the spectacle was so moving, and the lamentations of the wounded man's family so distressing, that it was difficult to resist making an effort to rescue him. Logan tried to persuade some of his men to accompany him in a sally, but so evident and appalling was the danger, that all at first refused; one herculean fellow observing that he was a "weakly man," and another declaring that he was sorry for Harrison, but that "the skin was closer than the shirt." At length, John Martin collected his courage, and declared his willingness to accompany Logan, saying, that "he could only die once, and that he was as ready now as he ever could be." The two men opened the gate and started upon their expedition, Logan leading the way.

They had not advanced five steps, when Harrison, perceiving them, made a vigorous effort to rise, upon which Martin, supposing him able to help himself, immediately sprang back within the gate.

Harrison's strength almost instantly failed, and he fell at full length upon the grass. Logan paused a moment after the desertion of Martin, then suddenly sprang forward to the spot where Harrison lay, rushing through a tremendous shower of rifle-balls, which was poured upon him from every quarter around the fort capable of covering an Indian. Seizing the wounded man in his arms, he ran with him to the fort through another heavy fire, and entered it unhurt, although the gate and picketing near him were riddled with balls, and his hat and clothes pierced in several places.



## SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

THOMAS FERRIS, young and active, with a vigorous and powerful frame, became one of the deadliest and most dangerous enemies to the invaders of America. He was generally employed in collecting information of the movements of the British forces, and this duty brought him into frequent connection with Luther Kennicut, one of those persons employed by the commander-in-chief to frequent the camp of the enemy in the capacity of spies, and who have been immortalized in the character of Harvey Birch. This class of men, in doing signal service to their country, were placed in situations most trying to their patriotism. They were usually suspected to be refugees, and as such were frequently exposed to the honest indignation of their whig neighbors; and indignities thus heaped upon them by those whom they served could only have been allayed by the consciousness of the great benefits their services were conferring upon the patriotic cause. They usually went about as pedlers, and would pass through the enemy's lines, and even penetrate into the very presence of the British leaders, by means of their pursuit, with unsuspected impunity.

This Kennicut was one of the most active men thus employed. Whenever any movement was in contemplation by the British army, he would adroitly manage to become possessed of all the particulars, and then pass through the line under the pretence of selling his articles, and, meeting his accomplices in secret places at night in the depths of the wood, convey his intelligence to the American officers. Young Ferris was one of those employed in receiving the intelligence thus gained by Kennicut; and he declared after the war that many serious consequences were averted from the American army, by means of the faithful services of the despised, but patriotic pedler.

In one of the many interviews between Ferris and Kennicut, a bold plan was conceived by them for the surprise and capture of one of the principal British officers while in his own camp. The British army were encamped on Throg's Neck, and the quarters of the officers, whom they designed to capture, were in the house of Mr. Ferris. Two other enterprising patriots were engaged in the attempt. On the evening fixed upon, Ferris and his two companions, Kennicut appointing to meet them on the Neck, cautiously approached the sentinels. Their manner of passing the guard was ingenious and bold. It was done by crawling along the shore through the sedge, cautiously advancing



as the sentinel's back was turned toward them, and when he advanced they would lie close and still in the sedge. By this slow and critical means, they at last passed the sentinel, and got on to the Neck, and soon joined Kennicut at the place of meeting. A place of concealment was now found for them, and the plan for the capture arranged, which was to take place at midnight of the next evening.

Young Ferris, who was acquainted with the house, was to conduct the party to the apartment of the officer, whom they were to seize, gag, and muffle, and escape with him from the Neck as expeditiously and silently as possible. It was a daring plan, but its success would crown them with lasting honor. After the completion of all the arrangements, Kennicut left them. Some little time after his departure, Ferris becoming very thirsty, incautiously ventured to the well, near to the house, for the purpose of procuring water, when he was observed and recognised by one of the negro slaves belonging to the house. In a few minutes after this incident, Kennicut came to them hurriedly, and informed them that their presence on the Neck was known; that the guard was doubled all round the Neck, and that a thorough search was ordered to be made for them, at the first approach of daylight.

They were now in a critical situation. To escape from the Neck in the same manner they reached it was impossible, as at this point a vigilant watch would doubtless be stationed. Ferris proposed to escape by swimming, but his two companions could not swim, and they begged most earnestly not to be abandoned. But the resources of men inured to danger, and familiar with stratagem, were not exhausted. Towards the lower end of the Neck there was an old stone wall, which had been built double, and which was surrounded by a thick and tangled mass of plumb bushes.

The plan was to remove one side of the wall, and rebuild it in such a manner as to afford hollow places for their concealment. Ferris and Kennicut first built in their two companions, and lastly, Ferris took his place and Kennicut alone completed the entombment. These singular and ingenious cages having been finished, Kennicut surveyed them closely, and with scrutiny on all sides. The form of the wall was but little altered from its original shape, while the screen-work of bushes effectually curtained it from observation. Assured of the completeness of the concealment, Kennicut, with a few words of caution, left Ferris and his companions in their voluntary imprisonment



with a promise to return to them whenever he might do so with prudence.

The situation of our heroes must indeed have been trying. It was not long before daylight appeared, and then they could hear the search that was going on all around them. Presently the tramp of soldiers was heard, which grew nearer and nearer, and their hearts sank despairingly within them, as they could detect their approach directly to the spot where they were concealed. Two files of soldiers, one on each side of the wall, came along close by the side of the wall, and so near to them, that with a switch two feet long, the prisoners could have touched them. Suddenly, and to the great terror of the adventurers, the word of halt was given, and our heroes believed their discovery certain.

The grass, which had been trampled down by them in the process of erecting their prisons, arrested the attention of the soldiers, and a brief conference as to its cause, was held within hearing of the captives. One remarked, that "there the rebels must have lain last night;" but another was of opinion, that it was where the deserters, who had escaped the day previous, had lain during the night. Satisfied with this solution of the cause, the party resumed their march, much to the relief and delight of our incarcerated friends. They remained in their concealment the entire day, and much of the ensuing night, without food, and in a state of unceasing anxiety. Towards morning, Kennicut came and released them. They now abandoned their intention of securing the officer, and set about escaping from the Neck in the same manner they had come upon it.

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## EXPLOITS OF SERGEANT JASPER.

EVERY reader of American history is acquainted with the name of Sergeant Jasper. He served in "Marion's Brigade," and by his heroism and talents he won a reputation rarely acquired by one in so obscure a position. At the celebrated battle of Fort Moultrie, in the hottest fire of the battle, the flag of the fort was shot away, and fell without the fort. Jasper instantly leapt over the ramparts on to the beach, where he was fully exposed to a most terrific fire, and seizing the flag, bound it to a sponge-staff, and stuck it on the rampart in the sand. This act was performed with the most undisturbed coolness, and received the acclamations



of the soldiers. After the battle General Rutledge presented him with a sword as a token of esteem for his chivalrous bravery.

Jasper possessed remarkable talents for a scout. He could wear all disguises with admirable ease and dexterity. He was a perfect Proteus in ability to alter his appearance; perpetually entering the camp of the enemy without detection, and invariably returning to his own with soldiers he had seduced, or prisoners he had captured. Such was the confidence in his fidelity and skill that a roving commission was granted him, with liberty to pick his associates from the brigade. Of these he seldom chose more than six. He would often go off and return with a prisoner before his absence was known. He was known to catch a party that was looking for him. On one occasion he went into the British lines at Savannah, as a deserter, and was gladly received. After a stay of eight days, in which time he learned of the strength, situation, and intentions of the enemy, he returned to his companions.

While in the exercise of his roving privileges, he, on one occasion, visited the post of the enemy at Ebenezer. At this post he had a brother, who held the same rank in the British service that he held in the American. This instance was quite too common in the history of the period and country, to occasion much surprise, or cause any suspicion of the integrity of either party. William Jasper loved his brother and wished to see him: it is very certain, at the same time, that he did not deny himself the privilege of seeing all around him. The tory was alarmed at William's appearance in the British camp, but the other quieted his fears by representing himself as no longer an American soldier. He checked the joy which this declaration excited in his brother's mind, by assuring him that though he found little encouragement in fighting for his country, "he had not the heart to fight against her."

Our scout lingered for two or three days in the British camp, and then, by a *detour*, regained that of the Americans—reporting to his commander all that he had seen. He was encouraged to repeat his visit a few weeks after, but this time he took with him a comrade, one Sergeant Newton, a fellow quite as brave in spirit and strong in body as himself. Here he was again well received by his brother, who entertained the guests kindly for several days. Meanwhile a small party of Americans were brought into Ebenezer as captives, over whom hung the danger of "short shrift and sudden cord." They were on their way to Savannah for trial.

They had taken arms with the British, as hundreds more had done, when the country was deemed reconquered; but, on the approach of the American army, had rejoined their countrymen,



and were now once more at the mercy of the power with which they had broken faith. "It will go hard with them," said the tory Jasper to his whig brother; but the secret comment of the other was, "It shall go hard with me first." There was a woman, the wife of one of the prisoners, who, with her child, kept them company. William Jasper and his friend were touched by the spectacle of their distress, and they conferred together as soon as they were alone as to the possibility of rescuing them. Their plan was soon adopted. It was a simple one, such as naturally suggests itself to a hardy and magnanimous character.

The prisoners had scarcely left the post for Savannah, under a guard of eight men, a sergeant and corporal, when they took leave of their host, and set forth also, though in a different direction from the guard. Changing their course when secure from observation, they stretched across the country and followed the footsteps of the unhappy captives. But it was only in the pursuit that they became truly conscious of the difficulty, nay, seeming impossibility, of effecting their object. The guard was armed, and ten in number; they but two, and weaponless. Hopeless, they nevertheless followed on. Two miles from Savannah there is a famous spring, the waters of which are well known to travelers. The conjecture that the guard might stop there with the prisoners for refreshment, suggested itself to our companions; here opportunities might occur for the rescue which had nowhere before presented themselves.

Taking an obscure path with which they were familiar, which led them to the spot before the enemy could arrive, they placed themselves in ambush in the immediate neighborhood of the spring. They had not long to wait. The conjecture proved correct. The guard was halted on the road opposite the spring. The corporal with four men conducted the captives to the water, while the sergeant, with the remainder of his force, having made them ground their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners threw themselves upon the earth—the woman and her child near its father. Little did any of them dream that deliverance was at hand. The child fell asleep in the mother's lap. Two of the armed men kept guard, but we may suppose with little caution. What had they to apprehend, within sight of a walled town in the possession of their friends? Two others approached the spring, in order to bring water to the prisoners. Resting their muskets against a tree they proceeded to fill their canteens. At this moment Jasper gave the signal to his comrade. In an instant the muskets were in their hands. In another, they had shot down the two soldiers upon duty, then clubbing their



weapons they rushed out upon the astonished enemy, and felling their first opponents each at a blow, they succeeded in obtaining possession of the loaded muskets. This decided the conflict, which was over in a few minutes. The surviving guard yielded themselves to mercy before the presented weapons. Such an achievement could only be successful from its audacity and the operation of circumstances. The very proximity of Savannah increased the chances of success. But for this the guard would have taken better precautions. None were taken. The prompt valor, the bold decision, the cool calculations of the instant, were the essential elements which secured success. The work of our heroes was not done imperfectly. The prisoners were quickly released, the arms of the captured British put into their hands, and hurrying away from the spot which they have crowned with a local celebrity not soon to be forgotten, they crossed the Savannah in safety with their friends and foes.

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### AN ACT OF MERCY REWARDED.

At the time when the cause of the patriots looked so dark in the South, and when the few whigs who refused to receive the offered protection of the British commander, were beginning to gather in partizan bands, with the determination to resist the foe unto the last, Colonel Bratton assumed an important influence in furthering the plan of the whigs, and gathering them together to resist the enemy. The active energy he manifested in the cause made him particularly obnoxious to the British, who at last resolved to crush him. Captain Huck, with a command of four hundred men, was dispatched with instructions to hunt him down.

Col. Bratton resided near Brattonsville, South Carolina, and his grounds became the scene of a victory known in the history of the war as Huck's defeat. To this spot Captain Huck proceeded, and entered the house of the enemy on the day which preceded the victory, roughly demanding of Mrs. Bratton where her husband was. She calmly replied that he was in Sumpter's army. This reply enraged the British officer, but he controlled his anger, while he endeavored to persuade her to confess her knowledge of his retreat; and promising that if she would induce him to join the royalists, he should receive a commission in the army.

The officer eloquently pictured the hopelessness of the rebel cause, and stated truly that the whigs themselves generally despaired of success. But to these specious arguments and tempting



promises the heroic lady yielded nothing, and declared that she would rather see her husband perish at once in the cause he had assumed to defend, than to wear lofty honors in the armies of her country's enemy. This reply broke down the officer's command of his temper, and one of the soldiers, actuated by that spirit of deadly hatred and unrelenting cruelty that so pervaded the breasts of our country's invaders, seized a reaping-hook near at hand, and bringing it in contact with her throat, would in an instant have ruthlessly murdered her, had not the officer second in command sprang forward and rescued her from his hands.

The troops, after partaking of a supper in Mrs. Bratton's residence, proceeded to another house at a short distance, and encamped for the night. Colonel Bratton having received information of their whereabouts meanwhile, was rapidly approaching their position, with the hope of surprising and defeating them. His own command numbered only fifty, while that of the enemy was four hundred. But they kept negligent watch, and the little band of patriots falling suddenly upon them in their sleep, a short and bloody conflict ensued, which resulted in the total defeat and rout of the enemy. Captain Huck was killed in the contest, and the command devolved upon the second officer, whose valor and exertions to retrieve the disaster, were in vain. The conflict had changed ground, so as to be directly around Mrs. Bratton's house, and when it ceased Mrs. Bratton appeared upon the ground, administering relief to the wounded and dying.

Among the prisoners was the officer by whose interposition the life of Mrs. Bratton had been saved. Actuated by a spirit of retaliation for the many enormities that had been inflicted by the British on their whig prisoners, the conquerors expressed a determination to condemn this officer to death. The more humane remonstrated, but the majority were blinded to justice by a thirst for vengeance. When the officer learned the doom to which he was condemned, he disdained to plead for his life, but requested to be conducted to the presence of Mrs. Bratton. He seemed to be one of finer spirit than most of the officers of the British army in the southern country.

When brought before Mrs. Bratton, she instantly recognised him as the officer who had saved her life. Prompted by gratitude as well as mercy, she pleaded with his captors for his life. At first they turned a deaf ear to her intercession; but when with simple and touching eloquence she related the noble part he had taken in her deliverance, the stern purpose of the conquerors relaxed, and he was spared. He resided with her in mutual friendship until he was exchanged. This romantic incident is well attested.



## KENTON THE SPY.

A SECRET expedition had been planned by Colonel Bowman of Kentucky against an Indian town on the Little Miami. Simon Kenton and two young men, named Clark and Montgomery, were employed to proceed in advance, and reconnoitre. Kenton was a native of Fauquier County, Virginia, where he was born the fifteenth of May, 1755. His companions were roving backwoodsmen, denizens of the wood, and hunters like himself.

These adventurers set out in obedience to their orders, and reached the neighborhood of the Indian village without being discovered. They examined it attentively, and walked around the cabins during the night with perfect impunity. Had they returned after reconnoitering the place they would have accomplished the object of their mission, and avoided a heavy calamity. They fell martyrs, however, to their passion for horse-flesh.

Unfortunately, during their nightly promenade, they stumbled upon a pound, in which were a number of Indian horses. The temptation was not to be resisted. They severally seized a horse and mounted. But there still remained a number of fine animals; and the adventurers cast longing, lingering looks behind. It was melancholy—the idea of forsaking such a goodly prize. Flesh and blood could not resist the temptation. Getting scalped was nothing to the loss of such beautiful specimens of horse-flesh. They turned back, and took several more. The horses, however, seemed indisposed to change masters, and so much noise was made in the attempt to secure them, that at last the thieves were discovered.

The cry ran through the village at once, that the Long-Knives were stealing their horses right before the doors of their wigwams. A great hubbub ensued; and Indians, old and young, squaws, children, and warriors, all sallied out with loud screams to save their property from the greedy spoilers. Kenton and his friends saw that they had overshot their mark, and that they must ride for their lives. Even to this extremity, however, they could not reconcile their minds to the surrender of a single horse which they had haltered; and while two of them rode in front and led a great number of horses, the other brought up the rear, and plying his whip from right to left, did not permit a single animal to lag behind.

In this manner they dashed through the woods at a furious rate with the hue and cry after them, until their course was suddenly stopped by an impenetrable swamp. Here, from necessity,



they paused a few minutes, and listened attentively. Hearing no sounds of pursuit, they resumed their course, and skirting the swamp for some distance in the vain hope of crossing it, they bent their course in a straight direction to the Ohio. They rode during the whole night without resting a moment. Halting a brief space at daylight, they continued their journey throughout the day, and the whole of the following night; and, by this uncommon celerity of movement, they succeeded in reaching the northern bank of the Ohio on the morning of the second day.

Crossing the river would now ensure their safety, but this was likely to prove a difficult undertaking, and the close pursuit, which they had reason to expect, rendered it expedient to lose as little time as possible. The wind was high, and the river rough and boisterous. It was determined that Kenton should cross with the horses, while Clark and Montgomery should construct a raft, in order to transport their guns, baggage, and ammunition, to the opposite shore. The necessary preparations were soon made, and Kenton, after forcing his horses into the river, plunged in himself, and swam by their side.

In a few minutes the high waves completely overwhelmed him and forced him considerably below the horses, who stemmed the current much more successfully than he.

The horses being left to themselves, turned about and made for the Ohio shore, where Kenton was compelled to follow them. Again he forced them into the water, and again they returned to the same spot, until Kenton became so exhausted by repeated efforts, as to be unable to swim. What was to be done?

That the Indians would pursue them was certain. That the horses would not and could not be made to cross the river in its present state was equally certain. Should they abandon their horses and cross on the raft, or remain with their horses, and brave the consequence? The latter alternative was adopted unanimously. Death or captivity might be tolerated, but the loss of such a beautiful lot of horses, after working so hard for them, was not to be thought of for a moment.

Should they move up or down the river, or remain where they were? The latter plan was adopted and a more indiscreet one could hardly have been imagined. They supposed that the wind would fall at sunset, and the river become sufficiently calm to admit of their passage; and, as it was thought probable, that the Indians might be upon them before night, it was determined to conceal their horses in a neighboring ravine, while they should take their stations in the adjoining wood.

The day passed away in tranquility; but at night the wind



blew harder than ever, and the water became so rough, that they would hardly have been able to cross in their raft. As if totally infatuated, they remained where they were until morning; thus wasting twenty-four hours of most precious time in idleness. In the morning, the wind abated, and the river became calm; but, it was now too late. Their horses had become obstinate and intractable, and positively and repeatedly refused to take to the water.

Their masters at length determined to do what ought to have been done at first. They severally resolved to mount a horse, and make the best of their way down the river to Louisville. But their unconquerable reluctance to lose their horses overcame even this resolution. Instead of leaving the ground instantly, they went back upon their own trail, in the vain effort to regain possession of the rest of the horses, which had broken from them in their last effort to drive them into the water. They literally fell victims to their love for horse-flesh.

They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards when Kenton, who had dismounted, heard a loud halloo. He quickly beheld three Indians and one white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle, took a steady aim at the breast of the foremost Indian, and drew the trigger. His gun had become wet on the raft, and flashed.

The enemy were instantly alarmed, and dashed at him. Kenton took to his heels, and was pursued by four horsemen at full speed. He instantly directed his steps to the thickest of the wood, and had succeeded, as he thought, in baffling his pursuers, when, just as he was entering the wood, an Indian on horseback galloped up to him with such rapidity as to render flight useless. The horseman rode up, holding out his hand, and calling out "Brother! brother!" in a tone of great affection. Kenton observes that if his gun would have made fire, he would have "brothered" him to his heart's content, but, being totally unarmed, he called out that he would surrender if they would give him quarter and good treatment.

Promises were cheap with the Indian, who, advancing with extended hands and a withering grin upon his countenance, which was intended for a smile of courtesy, seized Kenton's hand, and grasped it with violence. Kenton, not liking the manner of his captor, raised his gun to knock him down, when an Indian, who had followed him closely through the brushwood, sprung upon his back, and pinioned his arms to his side. The one, who had been grinning so amiably, then raised him by the hair and shook him until his teeth rattled, while the rest of the party coming up, fell



upon Kenton with their tongues and ramrods, until he thought they would scold or beat him to death. They were the owners of the horses which he had carried off, and now took ample revenge for the loss of their property. At every stroke of their ramrods over his head, they would exclaim in a tone of strong indignation, "Steal Indian hoss! hey!"

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## TUSSELE WITH A WILDCAT.

IN 1781, Lexington was only a cluster of cabins, one of which, near the spot where the court-house now stands, was used as a school-house. One morning in May, McKinley, the teacher, was sitting alone at his desk, busily engaged in writing, when, hearing a slight noise at the door, he turned and beheld an enormous wildcat, with her forefeet upon the step, her tail curled over her back, her bristles erect, and her eyes glaring rapidly about the room, as if in search of a mouse.

McKinley's position at first completely concealed him, but a slight and involuntary motion of his chair attracted puss' attention, and their eyes met. McKinley having heard much of the powers of "the human face divine," in quelling the audacity of wild animals, attempted to disconcert the intruder by a frown. But puss was not to be bullied. Her eyes flashed fire, her tail waved angrily, and she began to gnash her teeth "cantankerously." She was evidently bent on mischief. Seeing his danger, McKinley hastily rose, and attempted to snatch a cylindrical rule from a table which stood within reach, but the cat was too quick for him.

Darting furiously upon him, she fastened upon his side with her teeth, and began to rend and tear with her claws. McKinley's clothes were soon in tatters, and his flesh dreadfully mangled by the enraged animal, whose strength and ferocity filled him with astonishment. He in vain attempted to disengage her from his side. Her long sharp teeth were fastened between his ribs, and his efforts served but to enrage her the more. Seeing his blood flow very copiously from the numerous wounds in his side, he became seriously alarmed, and not knowing what else to do, he threw himself upon the edge of the table and pressed her against the sharp corner with the whole weight of his body.

The cat now began to utter the most wild and discordant cries, and McKinley, at the same time, lifting up his voice in concert, the two together sent forth notes so doleful as to alarm the whole town. Women, who are generally the first to hear and spread



news, were now the first to come to McKinley's assistance. But so strange and unearthly was the harmony within the school-house, that they hesitated long before venturing to enter. At length the boldest of them rushed in, and seeing poor McKinley bending over the corner of the table, she at first supposed that he was laboring under a severe fit of the colic; but quickly perceiving the cat, which was now in the agonies of death, she screamed out, "Why, good heavens, Mr. McKinley, what is the matter?"

"I have caught a cat, madam!" replied he, gravely turning round, while the sweat streamed from his face under the mingled operations of fright, fatigue, and pain.

Most of the neighbors had now arrived. They attempted to disengage the dead cat; but so firmly were her tusks locked between his ribs, that this was a work of no small difficulty. McKinley suffered severely for a time from the effects of his wounds, but at length fully recovered, and lived to a good old age. He was heard to say, that of all the pupils that ever came to his school, the wildcat was the most intractable; that he would at any time rather fight two Indians than one wildcat.

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## A FAMILY ATTACKED.

ON the night of the eleventh of April, 1787, the house of a widow in Bourbon County, Kentucky, became the scene of a deplorable adventure. The name of the widow was Scraggs. She occupied what was called a double cabin, in a lonely part of the county. One room was tenanted by the old lady herself together with two grown sons, and a widowed daughter with an infant. The other room was occupied by two unmarried daughters from sixteen to twenty years of age, together with a little girl.

The hour was eleven o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was still busily engaged at the loom, but the other members of the family, with the exception of one of the sons, had retired to rest. Some symptoms of an alarming nature had engaged the attention of the young man for an hour before anything of a decided character took place.

The cry of owls was heard in the adjoining wood, answering each other in rather an unusual manner. The horses, which were enclosed as usual in a pound near the house, were more than commonly excited, and by repeated snorting and galloping, announced the presence of some object of terror. The young man



was often upon the point of awakening his brother, but was as often restrained by the fear of incurring ridicule, and the reproach of timidity, at that time an unpardonable blemish in the character of a Kentuckian. At length hasty steps were heard in the yard, and quickly afterward several loud knocks at the door, accompanied by the usual exclamation, "Who keeps house?" in very good English.

The young man, supposing from the language that some benighted travellers were at the door, hastily arose, and was advancing to withdraw the bar that secured it, when his mother, who had long lived upon the frontier, and had probably detected the Indian tone in the demand for admission, instantly sprang out of bed, and ordered her son not to admit them, declaring that they were Indians.

She instantly awakened her other son, and the two young men seizing their guns, which were always charged, prepared to repel the enemy. The Indians, finding it impossible to enter under their assumed characters, began to thunder at the door with great violence; but a single shot from a loop-hole, compelled them to shift the attack to some less exposed point; and, unfortunately, they discovered the door of the other cabin, which contained the three daughters. The rifles of the brothers could not be brought to bear on this point, and, by means of several rails taken from the yard fence, the door was forced from the hinges, and the three girls were at the mercy of the savages. One was instantly secured, but the eldest defended herself desperately with a knife, which she had been using at the loom, and stabbed one of the Indians to the heart, before she was tomahawked.

In the meantime, the little girl, who had been overlooked by the enemy in their eagerness to secure the others, ran out into the yard, and might have effected her escape, had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled; but instead of looking to her own safety, the terrified little creature ran round the house, wringing her hands and crying that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unable to hear her cries, without risking everything for her rescue, rushed to the door, and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them, and calmly declared that the child must be abandoned to its fate; that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest, without being of the slightest benefit to the little girl.

Just then the child uttered a loud scream, followed by a few faint moans, and all was silent. Presently the crackling of flames was heard, accompanied by a triumphant yell from the Indians, announcing that they had set fire to that division of the house,



which had been occupied by the daughters, and of which they held undisputed possession.

The fire was quickly communicated to the rest of the building, and it became necessary to abandon it or perish in the flames. The rapid approach of the fire cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the old lady, supported by her eldest son, attempted to cross the fence at one point, while her daughter, carrying her child in her arms, attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different direction. The blazing roof shed a light over the yard but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the approach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast, and fell dead. Her son, providentially, remained unhurt, and, by extraordinary agility, effected his escape.

The other party succeeded also in reaching the fence unhurt, but in the act of crossing were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who, throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sister gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew their whole attention upon himself, and gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the tomahawks of his enemies, and was found at daylight scalped and mangled in a shocking manner. Of the whole family, consisting of eight persons, only three escaped. Four were killed upon the spot, and one, the second daughter, carried off as a prisoner.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and, by daylight, about thirty men were assembled under the command of Colonel Edwards. A light snow had fallen during the latter part of the night, and the Indian trail could be pursued at a gallop. It led directly into the mountainous country bordering upon Licking, and afforded evidences of great hurry and precipitation on the part of the fugitives. Unfortunately, a hound had been permitted to follow the whites, and as the trail became fresh, and the scent warm, she followed it with eagerness, baying loudly and giving the alarm to the Indians. The consequences of this imprudence were soon manifest. The enemy finding the pursuit keen, and perceiving that the strength of their prisoner began to fail, instantly sunk their tomahawks in her head, and left her, still warm and bleeding, upon the snow.

As the whites came up, she retained strength enough to wave her hand in token of recognition, and appeared desirous of giving them some information, with regard to the enemy, but her strength



was too far gone. Her brother sprang from his horse and knelt by her side, endeavoring to stop the effusion of blood, but in vain. She gave him her hand, muttered some inarticulate words, and expired within two minutes of the arrival of the party.

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## ADVENTURES OF GENERAL CLINTON.

MAJOR GENERAL JAMES CLINTON commanded at Fort Clinton on the occasion of its assault by Sir Henry Clinton. Here he was joined by his brother George Clinton. The attack of Sir Henry was resisted with a devoted heroism, but fighting against superior numbers, and attacked by English ships of war in the stream, they were gradually overcome. But the battle was desperately contested, and when at last all hope was gone, Clinton, disdaining to surrender, gathered a body of men around him, and with his brother at his side, attempted to force his way through the enemy's ranks.

Fleeing to the river shore he came upon a small boat, in which he urged his brother George to embark, and make his escape. The latter firmly refused to go, unless he accompanied him. But this was impossible; and to end the dispute, James pushed his brother into the boat, and shoved it from the shore, before he had any time to offer resistance, then springing on a horse near by, galloped away. It was dark; and as he came to a bridge, which he must cross, he saw it occupied with English soldiers. They challenged him; but ordering them to clear the way, he drove the spurs in his horse, and dashed through the bayonets, one of which pierced his leg.

Knowing that his safety lay in reaching the mountains, he flung himself from his horse, and snatching the bridle from his head, plunged into the woods. His remarkable presence of mind did not forsake him in this critical moment. He knew that unless he could catch another horse, he must perish amid the mountains with his wound, before he could reach any settlement; and remembering that there were many half-wild horses roving about the shores, he suddenly bethought himself that he might possibly take one of these next morning and escape. So, preserving the bridle he had taken, he limped away; and sliding down a precipice a hundred feet high into a ravine, was out of the reach of his pursuers.

Creeping along the steep and rocky sides, with the blood oozing rapidly from his wound, he slipped and fell into the stream. The



cold plunge helped him, for it stayed the effusion of blood; and drenched and faint, he made his way to the mountains, where he remained all night, racked with pain, covered with blood, and burned with fever. When daylight dawned he began to look about him, and finally came upon a horse, which he caught. Placing the bridle, which he still retained, upon him, he mounted bare-back and rode sixteen miles — every step driving a dagger into the wounded leg; before he came to a house. He presented a frightful spectacle to the astonished inmates — his regimentals were covered with blood, his cheeks flushed with fever, and his voice hollow and husky.

After his recovery Clinton joined Sullivan's expedition against the Indians, in which he won new laurels. On his return he was stationed at Albany, where he remained until near the close of the war.

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## ADVENTURES OF LIEUTENANT DALE.

LIEUTENANT RICHARD DALE, afterwards Commodore, served in our youthful navy during the Revolutionary contest. Four several times he was taken prisoner. On one occasion, being captured by a frigate, the prisoners were placed on board the prize, under a small crew, but during the night becoming separated from the English vessel, the captors rose upon their conquerors, retook the brig, and carried her into Baltimore. He put out to sea in the same vessel, but encountering an English man-of-war, he was again captured, and this time carried into Plymouth. The prisoners were examined and thrown into Mill prison on a charge of treason.

Here they were doomed to a rigorous and painful confinement. "So severe," says Cooper, "were the privations of the Americans on this occasion, that, in pure hunger, they caught a stray dog one day, skinned, cooked and ate him, to satisfy their cravings for food." But their situation eventually attracted the attention of the humane, and their sufferings were relieved. But time passing on, and despairing of ever being freed by exchange, they resolved to attempt an escape. We quote from his life by Cooper.

"A suitable place was selected, and a hole under a wall was commenced. The work required secrecy and time. The earth was removed, little by little in the pockets of the captives, care being had to conceal the place, until a hole of sufficient size was made to permit the body of a man to pass through. It was a tedious process, for the only opportunity which occurred to empty



their pockets, was while the Americans were exercising in the halls of their prison for a short period each day. By patience and perseverance they accomplished their purpose, however, every hour dreading exposure and defeat.

“When all was ready, they passed through the hole and escaped. This was in February, 1778. The party wandered about the country in company, and by night, for more than a week, suffered all sorts of privations, until it was resolved to take the wiser course of separating. Dale, accompanied by one other, found his way to London, hotly pursued. At one time, the two lay under some straw in an out-house, while the premises were searched by those who were in quest of them. On reaching London, Dale and his companion immediately got on board a vessel about to sail for Dunkirk. A press-gang unluckily took this craft in its rounds, and suspecting the true object of the fugitives, they were arrested, and their characters being ascertained, they were sent back to Mill Prison in disgrace.

“This was the commencement of a captivity far more tedious than the former. In the first place, they were condemned to forty days imprisonment in the black hole, as a punishment for the late escape; and released from this durance, they were deprived of many of their former indulgences. Dale himself took his revenge in singing “rebel songs,” and paid a second visit to the black hole as the penalty. This state of things, with alternations of favor and punishment, continued quite a year, when Dale, singly succeeded in again effecting his great object of getting free.

“The mode in which this second escape was made is known, but the manner by which he procured the means, he refused to his dying day to disclose. At all events, he obtained a full suit of British uniform, attired in which, and seizing a favorable opportunity, he boldly walked past all the sentinels, and got off. That some one was connected with this escape, who might suffer by his revelations is almost certain; and it is a trait in his character worthy of notice, that he kept this secret, with scrupulous fidelity, for forty-seven years. It is not known that he ever divulged it even to any individual in his own family.

“Rendered wary by experience, Dale now proceeded with great address and caution. He probably had money as well as clothes. At all events, he went to London, found means to procure a passport, and left the country for France unsuspected and undetected. On reaching a friendly soil, he hastened to L’Orient, and joined the force then equipping under Paul Jones. This commander obtained a commission for Dale, and made him the first lieutenant of his own ship.”



When Dale effected this last escape, he was but twenty-three years of age, having been made four times a prisoner. and effecting his escape three different times, each under very different circumstances. So much variety of adventure at so early an age, gives a peculiar charm to his history.

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### MISS MONCRIEFFE.

DURING the early part of the war, a gentleman named Wood was residing about seven miles from Peekskill. He was a zealous whig, but the associations and tastes of his English wife, caused her prejudices to decide in favor of the loyalists. Among the inmates of the family, was Miss Moncrieffe, a visitor from New York, and daughter of Major Moncrieffe of the English army. This lady was young, of surpassing beauty, fascinating manners, and possessed of rare accomplishments, with intellectual gifts of a high order. Her beauty, the care and richness lavished upon her dress, combined with her pleasing attainments, dazzled all those who came within the range of her influence, and Mr. Wood's house soon became the resort of all those who could obtain the acquaintance of this beautiful and spirited girl. Among the visitors who thronged around the brilliant lady, were several officers of the American army. It was not in the power of these to resist the enslaving charms of their beautiful countrywoman, and they were delighted to find that her sentiments sympathized with the patriotic cause, and listened with unqualified pleasure to the words of patriotism from lips so fair, and to the approbation of one to whom it was not in their power to resist doing homage. She encouraged conversation upon the state of the country and its prospects, and so unrestrained became their connection, that confidential disclosures were made to her from time to time, and by insinuating questions, she would often learn of all the plans and movements in contemplation, to circumvent the enemy.

Miss Moncrieffe was an excellent equestrian. She rode out every day, sometimes accompanied, but oftener alone. She could ride any horse, however spirited, and usually went abroad in a magnificent costume, that from its exceeding beauty, and singular style, received much comment. One morning, as she was taking her accustomed ride, alone, on passing a farm-house, the barking of a dog, that suddenly sprang into the road, frightened the horse. The animal started aside; she was thrown to the ground, and so severely stunned, as to be entirely insensible. The people ran



out from the house, lifted her up, and carried her in and laid her on the bed.

While endeavoring to restore her, they unbuttoned the vest of her riding-habit, to allow her to breathe more freely, when a letter fell out, which was picked up and laid on the table. It was not long before she began to recover consciousness, and in a few moments was fully restored to her senses. Suddenly observing the open flaps of her vest, she started up in great agitation, exclaiming, "Who unbuttoned my waist-coat? Where is the letter? ah, I am lost—lost!" A woman at her side took up the letter, and was about to hand it to her, when a man standing by, whose suspicions were aroused by the strangeness of her manner, sprang forward and seized it. With the greatest alarm and anxiety, she begged him to restore it, but as he observed it was addressed to New York, and more and more suspicious from the over anxiety of her manner, he positively refused to deliver it up, until its contents should be known. Finding her efforts to obtain the letter in vain, and having received no injury from her fall, she was obliged to mount her horse and depart without it.

There was now but one course for her to pursue. An exposure of the contents of the letter would prove her ruin. She immediately began to prepare for returning to New York; but before she could get ready to depart, a party of soldiers rode up and entered the house, and the officer informed her that she must be considered as a prisoner, and be conducted to the destination pointed out by his orders.

It was ascertained, that the letter thus opportunely discovered, contained information relating to an intended movement of the American army. It was proved in the examination, that the young lady was in the habit, repeatedly, of sending her British friends the information reposed in her by the young American officers, who, supposing her to be actuated by a strong interest in the cause they espoused, had confided to her the secrets of the army. When she wrote a letter, she concealed it in the vest of her riding-habit, and riding by an appointed spot, contrived to drop it upon the ground unseen, when it was immediately picked up by an accomplice hid in the bushes, and then conveyed from hand to hand until it reached New York. All this came to light by the confession of the accomplice himself.

Miss Moncrieffe was retained as a prisoner. - Her countrymen, not disposed to deal harshly with one so young, beautiful and accomplished, her trial was postponed from time to time, until at last she was given up to her friends.



## THE TWINS.

IN the autumn of 1826 I had occasion to visit the town of N——, beautifully situated on the west bank of the Connecticut river. My business led me to the house of B——, a lawyer of three-score-and-ten, who was now resting from the labors, and enjoying the fruits of a life strenuously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing-room was richly furnished, and decorated with several valuable paintings.

There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention. It represented a mother with two children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of its mother. "That," said I, pointing to the picture, "is very beautiful. Pray, sir, what is the subject of it?"

"It is a mother and her twins," said he; "the picture in itself is esteemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it." I turned my eye upon B——; he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story. "Sit down," he said, "and I will tell it." We accordingly sat down, and he gave me the following narrative:

"During the war of the Revolution there resided in the western part of Massachusetts a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to the king.

"Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalists swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands that farmer Stedman, though a tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

"The period came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety with both the friends and foes of the Revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman.

"He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty; gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken, with other prisoners of war, by the victorious Stark.



“He made no attempt to conceal his name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The jail in which he was confined was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several persons in his room. ‘Come,’ said they, ‘you can now regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the prison through which you can escape.’

“To their astonishment, he utterly refused to leave his prison. In vain they expostulated with him; in vain they represented to him that his life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expressions of spleen.

“The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff that it would save some expense if he could be permitted to go alone, and on foot. ‘And suppose,’ said the sheriff, ‘that you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp?’

“‘I had thought,’ said the farmer, reddening with indignation, ‘that I was speaking to one who knew me.’ ‘I do know you, indeed,’ said the sheriff; ‘I spoke but in jest; you shall have your own way. Go! and on the third day I shall expect to see you at S——.’ The farmer departed, and at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

“I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted before the court in telling his whole story, and when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me that he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity.

“It was affecting to witness his love of holy, unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life. I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of his judges; never before or since have I felt such interest in a client,—I pleaded for him as I would have pleaded for my own life,—I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled rather by a sense of duty than by the compassionate promptings of humanity.

“Stedman was condemned. I told him there was a chance of pardon, if he asked for it. I drew up a petition and requested



him to sign it, but he refused. 'I have done,' said he, 'what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God, and my king; but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men for an action which I should repeat, were I placed again in similar circumstances.'

"'No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood of an honest man for a conscientious discharge of what he deemed his duty, let me be its victim. Go to my judges and tell them that I place not my fears nor my hopes in them.' It was in vain that I pressed the subject, and I went away in despair.

"In returning to my house I accidentally called on an acquaintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him. From one of these rambles he had just returned. I found him sitting at his easel, giving the last touches to the picture which has just attracted your attention.

"He asked my opinion of it. 'It is a fine picture,' said I; 'is it a fancy piece, or are they portraits?' 'They are portraits,' said he, 'and, save perhaps a little embellishment, they are, I think, striking portraits of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles I chanced to call at his house in H——. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand, and the twins are a pair of cherubs.'

"'Tell me,' said I, laying my hand on the picture, 'tell me, are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman?' My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me that, so far as he could be permitted to judge of his own productions, they were striking representations. I asked no further questions; I seized the picture, and hurried with it to the prison where my client was confined.

"I found him sitting, his face covered with his hands, and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a situation that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the little table by his side, and left the room.

"In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while tears stole down his cheeks: his eye glanced first upon the picture, and then to the petition. He said nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it and left the apartment. His name was fairly written at the bottom! The petition was granted, and Stedman was set at liberty."



## BOSTON TEA PARTY.

THE morning of Thursday, the 16th day of December, 1773, dawned upon Boston—a day by far the most momentous in its annals. Beware, little town; count the cost, and know well if you dare defy the wrath of Great Britain, and if you love exile, and poverty, and death, rather than submission. At ten o'clock the people of Boston, with at least two thousand men from the country, assembled in the Old South. A report was made that Rotch had been refused a clearance from the collector. "Then," said they to him, "protest immediately against the custom-house, and apply to the governor for his pass, so that your vessel may this very day proceed on her voyage to London."

The governor had stolen away to his country-house at Milton. Bidding Rotch make all haste, the meeting adjourned to three in the afternoon. At that hour Rotch had not returned. It was incidentally voted, as other towns had done, to abstain wholly from the use of tea; and every town was advised to appoint its committee of inspection, to prevent the detested tea from coming within any of them. Then, since the governor might refuse his pass, the momentous question recurred, whether it be the sense and determination of this body to abide by their former resolutions with respect to not suffering the tea to be landed. On this question Samuel Adams and Young\* addressed the meeting, which was become far the most numerous ever held in Boston, embracing seven thousand men. There was among them a patriot of fervent feeling—passionately devoted to the liberty of his country—still young, his eye bright, his cheek glowing with hectic fever. He knew that his strength was ebbing. The work of vindicating American freedom must be done soon, or he will be no party to the great achievement. He rises, but it is to restrain; and being truly brave and truly resolved, he speaks the language of moderation. "Shouts and hosannas will not terminate the trials of this day, nor popular resolves, harangues, and acclamations vanquish our foes. We must be grossly ignorant of the value of the prize for which we contend, of the power combined against us, of the inveterate malice and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, if we hope we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts. Let us consider the issue before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country

\* Dr. Thomas Young, a physician, and afterwards an army surgeon, was a zealous patriot, and a leading speaker and writer of the time.



ever saw." Thus spoke the younger Quincy. "Now that the hand is to the plough," said others, "there must be no looking back;" and the whole assembly of seven thousand voted unanimously that the tea should not be landed.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which they met was dimly lighted, when, at a quarter before six Rotch appeared, and satisfied the people by relating that the governor had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word—"This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." On the instant a shout was heard at the porch; the war-whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door, and, encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and others, repaired to Griffin's Wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea ships, and in about three hours three hundred and forty chests of tea, being the whole quantity that had been imported, were emptied into the bay, without the least injury to other property. "All things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea-chests was distinctly heard. A delay of a few hours would have placed the tea under the protection of the admiral at the castle. After the work was done the town became as still and calm as if it had been holy time. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

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### CAPTURE OF VINCENNES.

Two companies of men were raised from Cahokia, and Kaskaskia, commanded by Captains McCarty and Charleville, which, with the Americans, amounted to one hundred and seventy men.

The winter was unusually wet, and the streams all high, but on the 7th of February, 1779, this fragment of an army commenced its march from Kaskaskia to Post Vincent. Their route lay through the prairies and points of timber east of the Kaskaskia river, a north-easterly course through Washington and



Marion counties, into Clay county, where the trail, visible thirty years since, would strike the route of the present road from St. Louis to Vincennes.

This was one of the most dreary and fatiguing expeditions of the Revolutionary War. After incredible hardships, they reached the Little Wabash, the low bottoms of which, for several miles, were covered with water, as Col. Clark's report affirms, "generally three feet deep, never under two, and frequently over four feet." They arrived at the "two Wabashes," as Bowman, in his journal, calls the two branches, (now known as the "Little Wabash" and "Muddy" rivers,) on the 13th. Here they made a canoe, and on the 15th ferried over their baggage, which they placed on a scaffold on the opposite bank. Rains fell nearly every day, but the weather was not cold. Hitherto they had borne their extreme privations and difficulties with incredible patience, but now the spirits of many seemed exhausted. There was an Irish drummer in the party, who possessed an uncommon talent in singing comic Irish songs.

While the men were wading to the waist, and sometimes to the armpits, in mud and water, the fertile ingenuity of Colonel Clark, who never failed in resources, placed the Irishman on his drum, which readily floated, while he entertained the exhausted troops with his comic and musical powers.

On the 18th day of February, eleven days after their departure from Kaskaskia, they heard the morning gun of the fort, and at the evening of the same day, they were on the Great Wabash, below the mouth of the Embarrass. The party were now in the most exhausted, destitute, and starving condition, and no signs of their boat with supplies. The river was out of its banks, all the low grounds covered with water, and canoes could not be constructed to carry them over before the British garrison would discover, and capture and massacre the whole party. February 20th, they hailed, and brought to, a boat from Post Vincent, and from the crew, whom they detained, they learned that the French population were friendly to the Americans, and that no suspicion of the expedition had reached the British garrison.

Here we shall let Colonel Clark tell the story in his journal :—

"This last day's march, (February 21st,) through the water, was far superior to any thing the Frenchmen had any idea of; they were backward in speaking—said that the nearest land to us was a small league, called the sugar camp, on the bank



of the slough. A canoe was sent off, and returned without finding that we could pass. I went in her myself, and sounded the water; I found it deep as to my neck. I returned with a design to have the men transported on board the canoes to the sugar camp, which I knew would spend the whole day and ensuing night, as the vessels would pass slowly through the bushes.

“The loss of so much time, to men half starved, was a matter of consequence. I would have given now a great deal for a day’s provision, or for one of our horses. I returned but slowly to the troops, giving myself time to think. On our arrival, all ran to hear what was the report. Every eye was fixed on me. I unfortunately spoke in a serious manner to one of the officers: the whole were alarmed without knowing what I said. I viewed their confusion for about one minute; whispered to those near me to do as I did; immediately put some water in my hand, poured on powder, blackened my face, gave the war-whoop, marched into the water without saying a word.

“The party gazed, fell in one after another without saying a word, like a flock of sheep. I ordered those near me to give a favorite song of theirs: it soon passed through the line, and the whole went on cheerfully. I now intended to have them transported across the deepest part of the water; but when about waist-deep, one of the men informed me that he thought he felt a path. We examined, and found it so; and concluded that it kept on the highest ground, which it did; and, by taking pains to follow it, we got to the sugar camp, without the least difficulty, where there was about half an acre of dry ground, at least not under water, where we took up our lodgings.

“The Frenchmen that we had taken on the river, appeared to be uneasy at our situation. They begged that they might be permitted to go in the canoes to town in the night: they said they would bring from their own houses provisions, without the possibility of any person knowing it; that some of our men should go with them, as a surety of their good conduct; that it was impossible we could march from that place till the water fell, for the plain was too deep to march. Some of the officers believed that it might be done. I would not suffer it. I never could well account for this piece of obstinacy, and give satisfactory reasons to myself, or any body else, why I denied a proposition apparently so easy to execute, and of so much advantage; but something seemed to tell me that it should not be done; and it was not done.



“The most of the weather that we had on this march, was moist and warm for the season. This was the coldest night we had. The ice in the morning was from one-half to three-quarters of an inch thick, near the shores, and in still water. The morning was the finest we had on the march. A little after sunrise I lectured the whole. What I said to them I forget; but it may be easily imagined by a person that could possess my affections for them at that time. I concluded by informing them, that passing the plain that was then in full view, and reaching the opposite woods, would put an end to their fatigue; that in a few hours they would have a sight of their long-wished for object, and immediately stepped into the water without waiting for a reply. A huzza took place.

“As we generally marched through the water in a line, before the third entered I halted, and called to Major Bowman, ordered him to fall in the rear with twenty-five men, and to put to death any man who refused to march, as we wished to have no such person among us. The whole gave a cry of approbation, and on we went. This was the most trying of all the difficulties we had experienced. I generally kept fifteen or twenty of the strongest men next myself; and judged from my own feelings what must be that of others.

“Getting about the middle of the plain, the water about mid-deep, I found myself sensibly failing; and as there were no trees nor bushes for the men to support themselves by, I feared that many of the most weak would be drowned. I ordered the canoes to make the land, discharge their loading, and play backwards and forwards with all diligence, and pick up the men; and, to encourage the party, sent some of the strongest men forward, with orders, when they got to a certain distance, to pass the word back that the water was getting shallow; and when getting near the woods to cry out ‘Land!’

“This stratagem had its desired effect. The men, encouraged by it, exerted themselves almost beyond their abilities, the weak holding by the stronger. The water never got shallower, but continued deepening. Getting to the woods where the men expected to land, the water was up to my shoulders; but gaining the woods was of great consequence. All the low men and weakly hung to the trees, and floated on the old logs, until they were taken off by the canoes. The strong and tall got ashore and built fires. Many would reach the shore, and fall with their bodies half in the water, not being able to support themselves without it.



“This was a delightful dry spot of ground, of about ten acres. We soon found that fires answered no purpose; but that two strong men taking a weaker one by the arms was the only way to recover him; and, being a delightful day, it soon did. But, fortunately, as if designed by Providence, a canoe of Indian squaws and children were coming up to town, and took through part of this plain as a nigh way. It was discovered by our canoes as they were out after the men. They gave chase and took the Indian canoe, on board of which was near half a quarter of buffalo, some corn, tallow, kettles, &c. This was a grand prize, and was invaluable. Broth was immediately made and served out to the most weakly with great care; most of the whole got a little; but a great many gave their part to the weakly, jocosely saying something cheering to their companions. This little refreshment, and fine weather, by the afternoon, gave life to the whole.

“Crossing a narrow deep lake in the canoes, and marching some distance, we came to a copse of timber called the Warrior’s Island. We were now in full view of the fort and town, not a shrub between us, at about two miles distance. Every man now feasted his eyes, and forgot that he had suffered anything, saying, that all that had passed was owing to good policy, and nothing but what a man could bear; and that a soldier had no right to think, &c., passing from one extreme to another, which is common in such cases. It was now we had to display our abilities. The plain between us and the town was not a perfect level. The sunken grounds were covered with water full of ducks. We observed several men out on horseback shooting them, within half a mile of us; and sent out many of our active young Frenchmen to decoy and take one of these men prisoner, in such a manner as not to alarm the others; which they did. The information we got from this person was similar to that which we got from those we took on the river, except that of the British having that evening completed the wall of the fort, and that there were a good many Indians in town.

“Our situation was now truly critical; no possibility of retreating in case of defeat; and in full view of a town that had, at this time, upwards of six hundred men in it, troops, inhabitants, and Indians. The crew of the galley, though not fifty men, would now have been a reinforcement of immense magnitude to our little army (if I may so call it), but we would not think of them. We were now in the situation that I had labored to get ourselves in. The idea of being made prisoner



was foreign to almost every man, as they expected nothing but torture from the savages, if they fell into their hands. Our fate was now to be determined, probably in a few hours. We knew that nothing but the most daring conduct would ensure success.

“I knew that a number of inhabitants wished us well; that many were luke-warm to the interest of either; and I also learned that the Grand Chief, the Tobacco’s son, had, but a few days before, openly declared in council with the British, that he was a brother and a friend to the Big Knives.”

Colonel Clark sent a proclamation to the inhabitants, assuring them of protection; and a summons to Colonel Hamilton, commander of the British garrison, ordering him to capitulate. The latter, supposing that the post was invested by a large force from Kentucky, surrendered at discretion.

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## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
Who rear’st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trumping loud,  
And see the lightning-lances driven,  
When strides the warrior of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;  
Child of the sun! to thee ’t is given  
To guard the banner of the free,



To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows in the cloud of war,  
The harbinger of victory.

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly  
The sign of hope and triumph high.  
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where meteor glories burn,  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance ;  
And when the cannon's mouthings loud,  
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
There shall thy victor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink below  
Each gallant arm, that strikes beneath  
That awful messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.  
When death careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back,  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
The dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile, to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home !  
By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet !  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us.



## THE EAGLE.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,  
Thy home is high in heaven,  
Where the wide storms their banners fling,  
And the tempest-clouds are driven.  
Thy throne is on the mountain-top ;  
Thy fields the boundless air ;  
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou art perched aloft, on the beetling crag,  
And the waves are white below,  
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,  
They rush in an endless flow.  
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight  
To lands beyond the sea,  
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,  
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,  
In thy imperial name,  
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare  
The dangerous path of fame.  
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,  
The Roman legions bore,  
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs  
Their pride to the Polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,  
And their oath on thee was laid ;  
To thee the clarions raised their swell,  
And the dying warrior prayed.  
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,  
The image of pride and power,  
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years,  
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,  
And the nations shook with dread ;  
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame,  
And piled with the mingled dead.  
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,  
With the low and crouching slave ;  
And together lay in a shroud of blood,  
The coward and the brave.



And where was then thy fearless flight?  
 "O'er the dark and mysterious sea,  
 To the land that caught the setting light,  
 The cradle of Liberty.  
 There, on the silent and lonely shore,  
 For ages I watched alone,  
 And the world, in its darkness, asked no more  
 Where the glorious bird had flown.

"But then, came a bold and hardy few,  
 And they breasted the unknown wave;  
 I saw from far the wandering crew,  
 And I knew they were high and brave.  
 I wheeled around the welcome bark,  
 As it sought the desolate shore,  
 And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,  
 My quivering pinions bore.

"And now, that bold and hardy few  
 Are a nation wide and strong:  
 And danger and doubt I have led them through,  
 And they worship me in song;  
 And over their bright and glancing arms,  
 On field, and lake, and sea,  
 With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,  
 I guide them to victory!"

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## THE CHARACTER OF GREENE.

NEXT to Washington, Greene was the ablest commander in the revolutionary army. In person he was above the middle height, and strongly made. He had a fine face, with a florid complexion, lit up by brilliant blue eyes. His natural expression was frank and benevolent, but in battle it assumed a sternness, which showed that beneath his easy and gentle manners was a strength of purpose not easily overcome. When highly excited, or absorbed in intense thought, he had a curious habit of rubbing violently his upper lip with his fore-finger.

Inured by exposure and toil, his frame possessed a wonderful power of endurance, rendered still greater by the indomitable will it enclosed. A self-made man, he rose from the ranks to be major-general of the army, solely by his own genius and force. Ignorant at first of military tactics, he applied himself with such diligence to the subject, that he mastered them in less time than many employ on the rudiments; and the knowledge he obtained



was not merely so many maxims and rules stowed away, but principles, out of which he wrought his own plans and system.

He had almost an intuitive perception of character. He resembled Washington in this respect, and seemed to take the exact measure of every man who approached him. Many of his actions in the field were based upon this knowledge of his adversaries, and hence, though often inexplicable to others, perfectly clear and rational to himself.

Thus, in the southern campaign against Cornwallis his movements were sometimes considered rash in the extreme, by those who judged of them merely from the relative position and strength of the armies. But to him, who could judge more correctly from his knowledge of men's views and character, than from their transient movements, what course they would take, they appeared the wisest he could adopt.

A more fearless man never led an army; and his courage was not the result of sudden enthusiasm, or even of excitement, but of a well-balanced and strong character. He was never known to be thrown from his perfect self-possession by any danger, however sudden; and was just as calm and collected when his shattered army tossed in a perfect wreck around him, as in his tent at night. The roar of artillery, and the tumult of a fierce-fought battle, could not disturb the natural action of his mind; his thoughts were as clear, and his judgment was as correct, in the midst of a sudden and unexpected overthrow, as in planning a campaign.

This gave him tremendous power, and was the great reason that, though beaten, he could not be utterly routed. No matter how superior his antagonist, or how unexpected the panic of his troops, he was never, like Gates, driven a fugitive from the field. He possessed two qualities seldom found united; great caution, and yet great rapidity. His blow was carefully planned, and when it came it fell like lightning.

His mind was clear and comprehensive, and worked with ceaseless activity and energy. Nothing could escape his glance, and he seemed to forecast all the contingencies that did or could happen. His fortitude was wonderful. All exposures, all privations, all embarrassments, toils and sufferings, he bore with a patience that filled his soldiers with astonishment and admiration. During his southern campaign he never took off his clothes, except to change them, for seven months; and sometimes would be in the saddle two days on a stretch, without a moment's repose.

His energy was equal to his endurance; for he not only bore



everything bravely, but under difficulties that would have weighed an ordinary man to the earth, put forth almost superhuman exertions. No sooner was one obstacle surmounted than he attacked another; and no sooner was one danger escaped than he plunged into another, again to extricate himself, to the astonishment of all. Tireless as fate itself, he would neither take repose, nor allow it to his enemy. His whole career, while opposed to Cornwallis, is one of the most remarkable in the history of military men.

When he took command of the southern army, he found it to consist of a mere handful of destitute, undisciplined, and ragged troops; yet, with these, he entered the field against one of the best generals of the age, supported by an army of veteran soldiers. With his raw recruits around him, he immediately began the offensive; and before his powerful enemy had time to penetrate his plans, smote him terribly at Cowpens.

Having by this movement brought the whole English force against him, he was compelled to retreat, and by a series of skilful manœuvres and forced marches, completely foiled every attempt to reach him. Unable to cope with his adversary, he, nevertheless, refused to quit the field; retiring like the lion, slowly and resolutely. He kept his pursuer ever under his eye, so that he could not make a mistake without receiving a blow.

He stopped when his adversary stopped, and looked him boldly in the face, till he provoked him to burn his baggage, in order to convert his entire army into light troops, and thus facilitate his movements. But even then he would outmarch and out-manœuvre him, penetrating and baffling every plan laid against him, and carrying out every one of his own.

He thus led his enemy through the entire state of North Carolina; and the moment he turned, followed him, and dealt him such a staggering blow at Guilford, that he was compelled to a precipitate flight. No sooner was Cornwallis beyond his reach, than he turned furiously on his posts in South Carolina, and carrying them one after another, brought the war to the doors of Charleston. His combinations, throughout the whole campaign, were admirable, and succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. He did not commit a single error, and every failure that befell him was the result of the most arrant cowardice on the part of some of his militia.

Years before, the English officer opposed to him in Jersey, wrote, saying, "Greene is as dangerous as Washington, he is vigilant, enterprising, and full of resources." The Chevalier de la Luzerne, Knight of Malta, in speaking of his southern cam-



paign, said: "Other generals subdue their enemy by the means which their country or sovereign furnishes them; but Greene appears to reduce his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for nothing since; and yet, scarcely a post arrives from the South that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this."

The resources of his mind were inexhaustible; there was no gulf out of which he could not find a way of escape, and no plan, if necessary, too hopeless for him to attempt. Without a dollar from government, and penniless himself, he nevertheless managed to keep an army in the field, and conquer with it. True, it was half-naked and half-starved; but by his wonderful power he succeeded in holding it together.

His soldiers loved him with devotion, and having seen him extricate himself so often from apparently inevitable ruin, they at length came to regard him as invincible. Sharing all their toils and dangers, and partaking of all their sufferings, he so wound himself into their affections, that they would go wherever he commanded. He made of raw militia all that ever can be made of them, in the short time he had them under his control.

His patriotism was of the purest kind, and Washington spoke from correct knowledge when he said: "Could he but promote the interests of his country in the character of a corporal, he would exchange, without a murmur, his epaulettes for the knot." His own reputation and life he regarded as nothing in the cause of freedom. Next to his country, he loved Washington; and no mean ambition, or envy of his great leader, ever sullied his noble character.

That affection was returned, and the two heroes moved side by side, as tried friends, through the revolutionary struggle. He was a man whose like is seldom seen; and placed in any country, opposed to any commander, would have stood first in the rank of military chieftains. In the heart of Europe, with a veteran army under his command, he would have astonished the world.



## FEMALE HEROISM.

IN 1777, Fort Henry, in Ohio County, Virginia, was attacked by the Indians. The defence was made with vigor, but suddenly the ammunition became exhausted, and surrender seemed the only alternative. There was a keg of powder in a house about twelve rods distant, which to obtain would prolong the defence, and perhaps preserve the lives of the whole garrison. It was resolved that one person should venture out, and, if possible, secure, and bear into the fort the valued prize.

The Indians having retired a little distance, a favorable opportunity was afforded, but it became difficult to decide who should undertake the service, as every soldier was emulous for the honor of performing the perilous, but honorable enterprise. Their contention, however, was cut short by Miss Zane, who claimed to be chosen for performing the duty, giving as reasons, that the life of a soldier was more valuable in the defence of the fort, than was her own, and that her sex might preserve her errand from suspicion, and secure the success of the plan. Her resolute manner and urgent arguments overcame the scruples of the officer, and she was permitted to make the attempt.

The Indians observed her depart from the fort, but, from some unknown cause, offered her no molestation. She reached the house, seized the powder, and hastened to return. But by this time the savages comprehended the object of her visit without the fort. They fired a volley after her, as she with speed ran rapidly along to the gate of the fort. Fortunately not a bullet injured her. They only gave activity to her movements, and reaching the fort, she was admitted, to the unbounded joy of the garrison. Animated by so noble an instance of heroism, the besieged fought with a bravery and vigor which the enemy could not overcome, and they raised the siege.

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DURING the Revolutionary war, while Fort Motte, situated on Congaree River, in South Carolina, was in the hands of the British, in order to effect its surrender, it became necessary to burn a large mansion standing near the centre of the trench. The house was the property of Mrs. Motte. Lieut. Colonel Lee communicated to her the contemplated work of destruction with painful reluctance, but her smiles, half anticipating his proposal, showed, at once, that she was willing to sacrifice her property if



she could thereby aid in the least degree towards the expulsion of the enemy and the salvation of the land. The reply she made to the proposal was that she was "gratified with the opportunity of contributing to the good of her country, and should view the approaching scene with delight!"

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## A STORY OF A DOG.

IN 1778, just after the raising of the siege of Fort Stanwix, in the Mohawk Valley, the following occurrence took place. Captain Gregg, and a corporal were out shooting during the day, when as evening drew near, they prepared to return to the fort, as parties of Indians were sometimes prowling about. But a flock of pigeons alighting near them, they were about to fire upon them, when two shots were heard, and Gregg saw his companion fall dead, while he felt a wound in his side, which so weakened him that he speedily fell. Two Indians immediately appeared from a thicket and approached them. Gregg at once saw that his only hope was to feign death.

One of the savages struck him in the head with a hatchet, and then with his knife cut a circle around his crown, and with his teeth drew off his scalp. The Indians now withdrew, and as soon as they were fairly gone, Gregg, though suffering terribly from his wounds in his side and head, resolved to endeavor to reach his companion, from a belief that if he could place his head on the corporal's body, his anguish from the wound in his head would be eased. He, therefore, made an effort to rise, but he had no sooner got to his feet, than he fell heavily. Not despairing, he essayed again, but with the same result. The third time he so far succeeded, as to be enabled to stagger slowly to the spot where the corporal lay. He found his companion lifeless and scalped. He placed his head upon his bloody body, and, as he had hoped, this position afforded him some relief.

But the comfort of this position was destroyed by the annoyances of a small dog, which had accompanied him in his expedition, who now came up to him in great agony, leaping, yelping, and whining around his master, whom he annoyed by his great distress. Wearied with his efforts to force the dog from him, he exclaimed involuntarily, "If you wish so much to help me, go and call some one to my relief." To his surprise, the dog immediately bounded off through the forest at his utmost speed.

The dog made his way to where three men were fishing, about



a mile from the scene where the tragedy was enacted, and as he came up to them, began to cry and whine, and endeavored to attract their attention by bounding off into the woods, returning, and urging them to follow him. These extraordinary actions of the dog convinced the men that there was some unusual cause, and they resolved to follow him. They proceeded for some distance, and finding nothing, while darkness was already settled around, making the forest exceedingly dangerous, they determined to return.

But no sooner did they attempt to retrace their steps, than the dog began to cry out with his utmost violence, caught hold of their coats with his teeth, and endeavored to force them to follow. As they continued to return, the violence of the dog increased, until the men, astonished at the pertinacity of his manner, concluded to go with him. Presently, they came to where Gregg was lying, whom they still found living. They buried the corporal, and carried the captain into the fort. Astonishing as it may seem, the wounds of Gregg, severe as they were, healed up, and he recovered his perfect health.

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## DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident; — that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind



are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise; the State remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither



swarms of officers, to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation :

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us :

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States :

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world :

For imposing taxes on us without our consent :

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury :

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences :

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies :

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments :

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless



Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our migration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war, in peace friends.

WE, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.



## C O L U M B I A .

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world and the child of the skies;  
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,  
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.  
Thy reign is the last and noblest of time;  
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;  
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name;  
Be freedom and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;  
Whelm nations in blood and wrap cities in fire;  
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,  
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.  
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws,  
Enlarged as thy empire, and just as thy cause;  
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,  
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,  
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of thy star;  
New bards and new sages, unrivall'd, shall soar  
To fame, unextinguish'd when time is no more;  
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,  
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;  
Here, grateful, to Heaven with transport shall bring  
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,  
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;  
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,  
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;  
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,  
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind,  
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,  
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,  
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;  
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,  
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold;  
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,  
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,  
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,  
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.



Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,  
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd—  
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,  
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired,  
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,  
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:  
“Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.”

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## WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

It is impossible to visit the shades of Mount Vernon; to stand near the tomb where the father of his country reposes; to see the gardens which he cultivated; the mansion where he rested from the toils of war; the piazza where he so often lingered to view the setting sun gild the mighty Potomac—without desiring to be acquainted with his domestic life, and to save from oblivion every circumstance respecting him. Many anecdotes of his early years are treasured in this land of his nativity. Some of the most interesting ones were derived from his mother—a dignified and pious matron, who, by the death of her husband, while her children were young, became the sole conductress of their education.

To the inquiry, what course she had pursued in rearing one so truly illustrious, she replied, “Only to require *obedience, diligence, and truth.*” These simple rules, faithfully enforced, and incorporated with the rudiments of character, had a powerful influence over his future greatness. He was early accustomed to accuracy in all his statements, and to speak of his faults and omissions without prevarication or disguise. Hence arose that noble openness of soul, and contempt of deceit in others, which ever distinguished him. Once, by an inadvertence of his youth, a considerable loss had been incurred, and of such a nature as to interfere immediately with the plans of his mother. He came to her with a frank acknowledgment of his error; and she replied, while a tear of affection moistened her eye, “I had far rather it should be so, than that my son should have been guilty of a falsehood.”

She was careful not to enervate him by luxury or weak indulgence. He was inured to early rising, and never permitted to be idle. Sometimes he engaged in labors which the children of wealthy parents would now account severe—and thus acquired



firmness of frame, and a disregard of hardship. The systematic improvement of time, which, from childhood, he had been taught, was of great service when the weight of a nation's concerns devolved upon him. It was observed by those who surrounded his person, that he was *never known to be in a hurry*, but found time for the transaction of the smallest affairs, in the midst of the greatest and most conflicting duties. Such benefits did he derive from attention to the counsels of his mother. His obedience to her commands, when a child, was cheerful and strict; and, as he approached maturer years, the expression of her slightest wishes was a law.

Her uncommon influence over him was strengthened by that dignity with which true piety invested her. This imparted to her elevation of feeling and serenity of mind. During some periods of our revolutionary war, when the fears of the people were wrought up to a distressing anxiety, many mistaken reports were in circulation, which agonized the hearts of those whose friends occupied posts of danger. It would sometimes be said to her, "Madam, intelligence has been received that our army is defeated, and your son a prisoner." "My son," she would reply, "has been in the habit of acting in difficult situations, and is in the hands of his God."

Again, it would be announced, "Through Washington, a great victory has been gained." And she would answer, "Give the praise to the God of battles." It was evident, that this calmness of spirit proceeded neither from want of maternal affection nor indifference to the fortunes of war, but from the inspiring confidence of a Christian's faith. At length, the blessings of peace and independence were vouchsafed to our nation; and Washington, who, for eight years, had been divided from the repose of his home, hastened, with filial reverence, to ask his mother's blessing. The hero, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," came to lay his laurels at her feet, who had first sown their seeds in his soul.

This venerable woman continued, until past her ninetieth year, to be respected and beloved by all around her. At length, the wasting agony of a cancer terminated her existence, at the residence of her daughter, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Washington was with her, in the last stages of life, to mitigate the severity of her sufferings, by the most tender offices of affection. With pious grief he closed her eyes, and laid her in the grave which she had selected for herself. It was in a beautiful and secluded dell, on the family estate, partly overshadowed by trees,



where she frequently retired for meditation, and where the setting sun beams with the softest radiance.

Travellers who visit the tomb at Mount Vernon will find it interesting to extend their pilgrimage to this spot, where died the mother of our hero, whom he was thought, in person and manners, greatly to resemble.

We have now seen the man who was the leader of victorious armies, the conqueror of a mighty kingdom, and the admiration of the world, in the delightful attitude of an obedient and an affectionate son. We have traced many of his virtues back to that sweet submission to maternal guidance, which distinguished his early years. She whom he honored with such filial reverence, said, that "he had learned to command others by first learning to obey."



## READING EXERCISES

### ILLUSTRATING THE FOURTH ERA.

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#### A SYNOPSIS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

ALL legislative powers herein granted shall be invested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

The House of Representatives is composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States.

A Representative must be twenty-five years of age, and have been seven years a citizen of the United States, and, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.

There is at present one Representative for every ninety-three thousand inhabitants.

The Senate is composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the legislature thereof, for six years.

A Senator must be thirty years of age, have been nine years a citizen of the United States, and, when elected, be an inhabitant of the State for which he shall be chosen.

The Vice-President of the United States is the President of the Senate, but shall have no vote unless they be equally divided.

Senators and Representatives receive each eight dollars a day, while Congress is in session.

Congress assembles in the City of Washington on the first Monday of December, each year.

No Senator or Representative shall hold office under the United States.

A majority of each House constitutes a quorum to do business.

Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the United States: if he approve he shall sign it, but if not he shall return it, with his objections, within



ten days, for reconsideration. If, after such reconsideration, two-thirds of each House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall become a law, notwithstanding the veto of the President.

Congress has power—To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises; to pay debts, and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States; to borrow money; to regulate commerce; to establish uniform naturalization laws; to coin money, and regulate the rates thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures; to establish post-offices and post-roads; to secure to authors and inventors, for limited times, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries; to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations; to declare war; to raise and support armies and a navy; to provide for organizing, arming, disciplining, and calling forth the militia; to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces; to make all laws which shall be necessary for carrying into execution all powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States.

The executive power is vested in a President of the United States of America.

The President and Vice-President, who are chosen for the term of four years, are elected as follows:—The people of the several States elect persons called *electors*, who vote for the President and Vice-President; each State appointing as many electors as the whole number of Senators and Representatives in Congress to which it is entitled. The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. The result of the ballot being signed and certified by them, shall be transmitted to the seat of Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate, who, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, shall open all certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the votes of a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, shall be President; and if no person have the votes of a majority, the House of Representatives shall, from the highest three, choose the President.



The President must be a native of the United States, thirty-five years of age or upwards, and fourteen years a resident of the United States.

In case of the removal of the President from office, by death or any other cause, the Vice-President becomes President, and shall serve out the term the President had to serve; and in case of the removal from office of both President and Vice-President, Congress declares what officer shall act as President.

The President receives, at present, a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars annually; and the Vice-President sixteen dollars per day.

The President, before entering on the duties of his office, takes the following oath or affirmation:—

“I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.”

The President is Commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States; he has power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the United States, except in cases of impeachment. He has power, with consent of the Senate, to make treaties, to appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, &c.; he may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both Houses, or either of them.

The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office for, and on conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

The judicial power of the United States is vested in one Supreme Court, and such inferior Courts as Congress may think proper to establish, the judges holding their offices during good behavior.

The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury; and such trial shall be held in the State where said crimes shall have been committed.

Treason against the United States consists only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.

A person charged in any State with a crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from whence he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.

Congress may admit new States into this Union; but no new State shall be formed within the jurisdiction of any other State,



nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the legislatures of the States concerned.

Alterations or amendments to the Constitution must be proposed by two-thirds of both Houses, and ratified by three-fourths of the legislatures of the several States.

All executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several States, are bound by oath or affirmation to support the Constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.

There shall be no unreasonable searches or seizures; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized.

No person shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be witness against himself.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor; and to have the assistance of counsel for defence.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

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## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

LONG before the war of the American revolution broke out, a leader was raised up and perfectly fitted for the great office. Among the mountain passes of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, a youth is seen employed in the manly and invigorating occupations of a surveyor, and awakening the admiration of the hardy backwoodsmen and savage chieftains by the strength and endurance of his frame, and the resolution and energy of his character. In his stature and conformation, he is a noble specimen of a man. In the various exercises of muscular power, on foot and in the saddle, he excels all competitors. His admirable physical traits are in perfect accordance with the properties of his mind and heart; and over all, crowning all, is a beautiful, and, in one so young, a strange dignity of manners and of mien, a calm seriousness, a sublime self-control, which at once compels



the veneration, attracts the confidence, and secures the favor, of all who behold him. That youth is the leader whom Heaven is preparing to conduct America through her approaching trial.

As we see him voluntarily relinquishing the enjoyments, and luxuries, and ease, of the opulent refinement in which he was born and bred, and choosing the perils and hardships of the wilderness; as we follow him, fording swollen streams, climbing rugged mountains, breasting the forest storms, wading through snow-drifts, sleeping in the open air, living upon the coarse food of hunters and of Indians,—we trace, with devout admiration, the divinely-appointed education he was receiving to enable him to meet and endure the fatigues, exposures, and privations, of the war of independence. Soon he is called to a more public sphere of action, on the same theatre; and we again follow him in his romantic adventures, as he traversed the far-off western wilderness, a special messenger to the French commander on the Ohio, and afterwards when he led forth the troops of Virginia in the same direction, or accompanied the ill-starred Braddock to the blood-stained banks of the Monongahela. Everywhere we see the hand of God conducting him into danger, that he might extract from it the wisdom of an experience not otherwise to be attained, and develop those heroic qualities by which alone danger and difficulty can be surmounted,—but all the while covering him, as with a shield.

When we think of him, at midnight and in midwinter, thrown from a frail raft into the deep and angry waters of a wide and rushing western river, thus separated from his only companion through the wilderness, with no human aid for miles and leagues around him, buffeting its rapid current, and struggling through driving cakes of ice; when we behold the stealthy savage, whose aim as against all other marks is unerring, pointing his rifle deliberately at him, and firing over and over again; when we see him riding through showers of bullets on Braddock's fatal field, and reflect that never, during his whole life, was he wounded or even touched by a hostile force,—do we not feel that he was guarded by an Unseen Hand? Yes, that sacred person was guarded by an Unseen Hand, warding off every danger. No peril by flood or by field was permitted to extinguish a life consecrated to the hopes of humanity and to the purposes of Heaven. His military preparation was completed by being intrusted with the defence of the frontiers of Virginia and the neighboring colonies—a command which, in the difficulties and embarrassments with which it was crowded, in its general character, and more especially in the wide-spread and incessant oversight, and fore-



thought, and prudence, and patience it required, most remarkably resembled, was indeed a precise epitome of, the service he afterwards discharged as commander-in-chief of the forces of United America.

The warrior is now ready, but the statesman remains to be prepared. He accordingly resigned his commission, and retired to private and civil life. Although not then quite twenty-seven years of age, he had won a splendor of reputation, and a completeness of experience, as a military man, such as had never before been acquired in America. For more than sixteen years he rested from his warfare, amid the shades of Mount Vernon, ripening his mind by reading and reflection, increasing his knowledge of practical affairs, entering into the whole experience of a citizen, at home on his farm, and as a delegate to the colonial Assembly; and when, at last, the war broke out, and the unanimous voice of the Continental Congress invested him, as the exigency required, with almost unbounded authority, as their commander-in-chief, he blended, although still in the prime of his life, in the mature bloom of manhood, the attributes of a sage with those of a hero.

A more perfectly fitted and furnished character has never appeared on the theatre of human action, than when, reining up his war-horse beneath the majestic and venerable elm, still standing at the entrance of the old Watertown road upon Cambridge Common, GEORGE WASHINGTON unsheathed his sword, and assumed the command of the gathering armies of American liberty. Those who had despaired, when they beheld their chief, despaired no more. The very aspect of his person and countenance concurred with the history of his life in impressing their hearts with a deep conviction that God was with him, in the exercise of a peculiar guardianship, and that in his hands their cause was safe.

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## MATERNAL HEROISM.

ON the twenty-seventh of January, 1796, a party of Indians killed George Mason, on Flat Creek, about twelve miles from Knoxville, Tennessee. During the night, he heard a noise at his stable, and stepped out to ascertain the cause, and the Indians, coming between him and the door, intercepted his return. He fled, but was fired upon, and wounded. He reached a cave, a quarter of a mile from his house, out of which, already weltering in his blood, he was dragged and murdered. Having done



this, they returned to the house, to despatch his wife and children.

Mrs. Mason, unconscious of the fate of her husband, heard them talking to each other as they approached the house. At first, she was delighted with the hope that her neighbors, aroused by the firing, had come to her assistance. But perceiving that the conversation was neither in English nor German, the language of her neighbors, she instantly inferred that they were savages, coming to attack the house.

The heroine had, that very morning, learned how the double trigger of a rifle was set. Fortunately, the children were not awakened by the firing; and she took care not to awaken them. She shut the door, and barred it with benches and tables, and took down the well-charged rifle of her husband. She placed herself directly opposite the opening which would be made by forcing the door. Her husband came not, and she was too well aware that he was slain. She was alone, in the darkness.

The yelling savages were without, pressing upon the house. She took counsel from her own magnanimity, heightened by affection for her children, that were sleeping unconsciously around her. The Indians, pushing with great violence, gradually opened the door sufficiently wide to attempt an entrance. The body of one was thrust into the opening, and just filled it. He was struggling for admittance. Two or three more, directly behind him, were propelling him forward. She set the trigger of the rifle, put the muzzle near the body of the foremost, and in such a direction that the ball, after passing through his body, would penetrate those behind. She fired. The first Indian fell.

The next one uttered the scream of mortal agony. This intrepid woman saw the policy of profound silence. She observed it. The Indians, in consequence, were led to believe that armed men were in the house. They withdrew from the house, took three horses from the stable, and set it on fire. It was afterwards ascertained that this high-minded widow had saved herself and her children from the attack of twenty-five assailants!



## READING EXERCISES

### ILLUSTRATING THE FIFTH ERA.

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#### WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

IN looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me, and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal.

If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, as an instructive example in our annals, that, under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances somewhat dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism,—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and the guaranty of the plans, by which they were effected.

Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave as a strong incitement to unceasing prayers, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration, in every department, may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your wel-



fare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanence of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

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Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity.

Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail, in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.



Who could doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

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In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of empires. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur, to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for that solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least *believed* myself to be guided by them.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert and mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this, as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government—the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.



## WASHINGTON.

GREAT were the hearts, and strong the minds,  
Of those who framed, in high debate,  
The immortal league of love that binds  
Our fair broad empire, state with state.

And deep the gladness of the hour,  
When, as the auspicious task was done,  
In solemn trust, the sword of power  
Was given to GLORY'S UNSPOILED SON.

That noble race is gone; the suns  
Of fifty years have risen and set;  
But the bright links those chosen ones  
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—  
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,  
And bind, in everlasting peace,  
State after State, a mighty train.

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FATE OF THE INDIANS.

THERE is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Everywhere at the approach of the white man they fade away.

We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes.

The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to



the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down, but they wept not.

They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores; a plague which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.

The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already, the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still."

The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans.

There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them; no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel, that there is for them still one remove farther, nor distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of the race.



## THE INDIAN EXILE.

I HAVE trod this land for many a year,  
I have loved these hills to roam;  
The gushing stream, and the wild-wood near,  
The brook, the vale, and the lakelet clear,  
Were once my childhood's home.

I have watched yon sea in days of old,  
Where it kissed an Indian shore;  
I have stemmed its wave in winter's cold,  
I have marked the spray as its billows rolled,  
And loved its angry roar.

These aged boughs did once o'erspread  
The Indian's last retreat;  
They flung their shade on the dreamless bed,  
Where the strength of youth and the hoary head  
In voiceless union meet.

'Twas here, through brake and tangled glade,  
We tracked the panting deer;  
'Twas in this vale our feasts were made,  
'Twas on this green our prayers were said  
By lips that knew not fear.

But now the red man's voice is still  
Where once alone he trod;  
The white man's steps now mark the hill,  
The opening flower and murmuring rill  
Now praise the white man's God.

I seek in vain for any trace  
Of charms that once were here;  
I meet no form — I mark no face —  
And e'en the name of my native place  
Falls strangely on mine ear.

But here, where rose our vine-wreathed home,  
My father's ashes lie;  
And I, too early taught to roam,  
A time-worn, wearied wanderer, come,  
Lone, desolate, to die.



## TRAPPER LIFE AND LANGUAGE.

AWAY to the head waters of the Platte, where several small streams run into the south fork of that river, and head in the broken ridges of the "Divide" which separates the valley of the Platte and Arkansas, were camped a band of trappers on a creek called Bijou. It was the month of October, when the early frosts of the coming winter had crisped and dyed with sober brown the leaves of the cherry and quaking ash belting the brooks; and the ridges and peaks of the Rocky Mountains were already covered with a glittering mantle of snow, sparkling in the still powerful rays of the autumn sun.

The camp had all the appearance of permanency; for not only did it comprise one or two unusually comfortable shanties, but the numerous stages on which huge strips of buffalo meat were hanging in process of cure, showed that the party had settled themselves here in order to lay in a store of provisions, or, as it is termed in the language of the mountains, "to make meat." Round the camp fed twelve or fifteen mules and horses, their forelegs confined by hobbles of raw hide; and, guarding these animals, two men paced backward and forward, driving in the stragglers, ascending ever and anon the bluffs which overhung the river, and leaning on their long rifles, while they swept with their eyes the surrounding prairie. Three or four fires burned in the encampment, at some of which Indian women carefully tended sundry steaming pots; while round one, which was in the centre of it, four or five stalwart hunters, clad in buckskin, sat cross-legged, pipe in mouth.

They were a trapping party from the north fork of Platte, on their way to wintering-ground in the more southern valley of the Arkansas; some, indeed, meditating a more extended trip, even to the distant settlements of New Mexico, the paradise of mountaineers. The elder of the company was a tall, gaunt man, with a face browned by twenty years' exposure to the extreme climate of the mountains; his long black hair, as yet scarcely tinged with gray, hanging almost to his shoulders, but his cheeks and chin clean shaven, after the fashion of the mountain men. His dress was the usual hunting-frock of buckskin, with long fringes down the seams, with pantaloons similarly ornamented, and moccasins of Indian make. While his companions puffed their pipes in silence, he narrated a few of his former experiences of western life; and while the buffalo "hump-ribs" and "tender-loin" are singing away in the pot, preparing for the hunters' supper, we



will note down the yarn as it spins from his lips, giving it in the language spoken in the "far West:"—

"'Twas about 'calf-time,' maybe a little later, and not a hundred year ago, by a long chalk, that the biggest kind of rendezvous was held 'to' Independence, a mighty handsome little location away up on old Missoura. A pretty smart lot of boys was camp'd thar, about a quarter from the town, and the way the whisky flowed that time was 'some' now, *I* can tell you. Thar war old Sam Owins—him as got 'rubbed out' by the Spaniards at Sacramenty or Chihuahuy, this hos doesn't know which, but he 'went under' any how. Well, Sam had his train along, ready to hitch up for the Mexican country—twenty thunderin' big Pittsburg wagons; and the way *his* Santa Fé boys took in the liquor beat all—eh, Bill?"

"Bill Bent—his boys camped the other side the trail, and they was all mountain men, wagh!—and Bill Williams and Bill Tharpe (the Pawnees took his hair on Pawnee Fork last spring): three Bills, and them three's all 'gone under.' Surely Hatcher went out that time; and wasn't Bill Garey along, too? Didn't him and Chabonard sit in camp for twenty hours at a deck of Euker? Them was Bent's Indian traders up on Arkansa. Poor Bill Bent! them Spaniards made meat of him. He lost his topknot at Taos. A 'clever' man was Bill Bent as *I* ever know'd trade a robe or 'throw' a bufler in his tracks. Old St. Vrain could knock the hind-sight off him though, when it came to shootin', and old silver heels spoke true, she did: 'plum-center' she was, eh?"

"The Greasers paid for Bent's scalp, they tell me. Old St. Vrain went out of Santa Fé with a company of mountain men, and the way they made 'em sing out was 'slick as shooting'. He 'counted a coup,' did St. Vrain. He throwed a Pueblo as had on poor Bent's shirt. I guess he tickled that niggur's hump-ribs. Fort William aint the lodge it was, an' never will be agin, now he's gone under; but St. Vrain's 'pretty much of a gentleman, too; if he aint, I'll be dog-done: eh, Bill?"

"He is *so-o*."

"Chavez had his wagons along. He was only a Spaniard, any how, and some of his teamsters put a ball into him his next trip, and made a raise of *his* dollars, wagh! Uncle Sam hung 'em for it, I heard, but can't b'lieve it, nohow. If them Spaniards wasn't born for shootin', why was beaver made? You was with us that spree, Jemmy?"

"No *sirre-e*; I went out when Spiers lost his animals on Cim-



maron : a hundred and forty mules and oxen was froze that night, wagh !”

“Surely Black Harris was thar; and the biggest liar was Black Harris. He was the child as saw the putrefied forest in the Black Hills. Black Harris come in from Laramie; he’d been trapping three year an’ more on Platte and the ‘other side;’ and, when he got into Liberty, he fixed himself right off like a Saint Louis dandy. Well, he set to dinner one day in the tavern, and a lady says to him :—

“‘Well, Mister Harris, I hear you’re a great travler.’  
“‘Travler, marm,’ says Black Harris, ‘this niggur’s no travler; I ar a trapper, marm, a mountain-man, wagh!’ ‘Well, Mister Harris, trappers are great travlers, and you goes over a sight of ground in your perishinations, I’ll be bound to say.’

“‘A sight, marm, this coon’s gone over, if that’s the way your ‘stick floats.’ I’ve trapped beaver on Platte and Arkansa, and away up on Missoura and Yaller Stone; I’ve trapped on Columbia, on Lewis Fork, and Green River; I’ve trapped, marm, on Grand River and the Heela (Gila). I’ve fout the ‘Blackfoot’; I’ve raised the ‘hair’ of more *than one* Apach, and made a Rapaho ‘come’ afore now; I’ve trapped in heav’n in airth; and scalp my old head, marm, but I’ve seen a putrified forest.’

“‘La, Mister Harris, a what?’

“‘A putrefied forest, marm, as sure as my rifle’s got hind-sights, and *she* shoots center. I was out on the Black Hills, Bill Sublette knows the time—the year it rained fire—and every body knows when that was. If thar wasn’t cold doins about that time, this child wouldn’t say so. The snow was about fifty foot deep, and the bufler lay dead on the ground like bees after a beein’; not whar we was tho’, for *thar* was no bufler, and no meat, and me and my band had been livin’ on our moccasins for six weeks; and poor doins that feedin’ is, marm, as you’ll never know. One day we crossed a ‘cañon’ and over a ‘divide,’ and got into peraira, whar was green grass, and green trees, and green leaves on the trees, and birds singing in the green leaves, and this in Febrary, wagh! Our animals were like to die when they see the green grass, and we all sung out, ‘hurraw for summer doins.’

“‘Hyar goes for meat,’ says I, and I jest ups old Ginger at one of them singing birds, and down come the crittur elegant; its plagy head spinning away from the body, but never stops singing, and when I takes up the meat, I finds it stone, wagh! ‘Hyar’s damp powder and no fire to dry it,’ I says, quite skeared.

“‘Fire be dogged,’ says old Rube. ‘Hyar’s a hos as ’ll make fire come; and with that he takes his ax and lets it drive at a



cotton wood. Schr-u-k—goes the ax agin the tree, and cut comes a bit of the blade as big as my hand. We looks at the animals, and thar they stood shaking over the grass, which I'm dog-gone if it wasn't stone, too. Young Sublette comes up, and he'd been clerking down to the fort on Platte, so he know'd something. He looks and looks, and scrapes the trees with his butcher knife, and snaps the grass like pipe stems, and breaks the leaves a-snap-pin' like Californy shells.

“‘What's all this, boy?’ I asks. ‘Putrefactions,’ says he, looking smart, ‘putrefactions, or I'm a niggur.’ “‘La, Mister Harris,’ says the lady, ‘putrefactions! why, did the leaves, and the trees, and the grass, smell badly?’ ‘Smell badly, marm!’ says Black Harris, ‘would a dead dog smell if he was froze to stone? No, marm, this child didn't know what putrefaction was, and young Sublette's varision wouldn't ‘shine’ no how, so I chips a piece out of a tree and puts it in my trap-sack, and carries it in safe to Laramie. Well, old Captain Stewart, (a clever man was that, though he was an Englishman), he comes along next spring, and a Dutch doctor chap was along too. I shows him the piece I chipped out of the tree, and he called it a putrefaction too; and so, marm, if that wasn't a putrefied peraira, what was it?’”

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### SCENE IN TRAPPER LIFE.

WHEN every thing was duly protected, the men set to work to spread their beds, those who had not troubled themselves to erect a shelter getting under the lee of the piles of packs and saddles; while Killbuck, disdaining even such care of his carcass, threw his buffalo robe on the bare ground, declaring his intention to “take” what was coming at all hazards, and “any how.” Selecting a high spot, he drew his knife and proceeded to cut drains round it to prevent the water running into him as he lay; then taking a single robe he carefully spread it, placing under the end farthest from the fire a large stone brought from the creek.

Having satisfactorily adjusted this pillow, he added another robe to the one already laid, and placed over all a Navajo blanket, supposed to be impervious to rain. Then he divested himself of his pouch and powder-horn, which, with his rifle, he placed inside his bed, and quickly covered up, lest the wet should reach them. Having performed these operations to his satisfaction, he lighted his pipe by the hissing embers of the half-extinguished fire (for by this time the rain poured in torrents), and went the



rounds of the picketed animals, cautioning the guard round the camp to keep their "eyes skinned, for there would be 'powder burned' before morning." Then returning to the fire, and kicking with his moccasined foot the slumbering ashes, he squatted down before it, and thus soliloquized:—

"Thirty years have I been knocking about these mountains from Missoura's head as far south as the starving Gila. I've trapped a 'heap,' and many a hundred pack of beaver I've traded in my time, wagh! What has come of it, and whar's the dollars as ought to be in my possibles? Whar's the ind of this, I say? Is a man to be hunted by Injuns all his days? Many's the time I've said I'd strike for Taos and trap a squaw, for this child's getting old, and feels like wanting a woman's face about his lodge for the balance of his days; but when it comes to câching of the old traps, I've the smallest kind of heart, I have.

"Certain, the old State come across my mind now and again, but who's thar to remember my old body? But them diggings get too over crowded nowadays, and it is hard to fetch breath amongst them big bands of cornercrackers to Missoura. Beside, it goes against natur to leave bufler meat and feed on hog; and them white gals are too much like picturs, and a deal too 'fofaw' (fanfaron). No; darn the settlements, I say. It won't shine, and whar's the dollars? Howsever, beaver's 'bound to rise; human natur can't go on selling beaver a dollar a pound; no, no, that arn't a-going to shine much longer, I know. Them was the times when this child first went to the mountains: six dollars the plew — old 'un or kitten. Wagh! but it's bound to rise, I says agin; and hyar's a coon knows whar to lay his hand on a dozen pack right handy, and then he'll take the Taos trail, wagh!"

Thus soliloquizing, Killbuck knocked the ashes from his pipe, and placed it in the gayly ornamented case that hung round his neck, drew his knife-belt a couple of holes tighter, resumed his pouch and powder-horn, took his rifle, which he carefully covered with the folds of his Navajo blanket, and striding into the darkness, cautiously reconnoitered the vicinity of the camp. When he returned to the fire he sat himself down as before, but this time with his rifle across his lap; and at intervals his keen gray eye glanced piercingly around, particularly toward an old weather-beaten, and grizzled mule, who now, old stager as she was, having filled her belly, stood lazily over her picket pin, with her head bent down and her long ears flapping over her face, her limbs gathered under her, and her back arched to throw off the rain, tottering from side to side as she rested and slept.



"Yep, old gal!" cried Killbuck to the animal, at the same time picking a piece of burnt wood from the fire and throwing it at her, at which the mule gathered itself up and cocked her ears as she recognised her master's voice. "Yep, old gal! and keep your nose open; 'thar's brown skin about, I'm thinkin,' and maybe you'll get 'roped' (lasso'd) by a Rapaho, afore mornin'." Again the old trapper settled himself before the fire; and soon his head began to nod, as drowsiness stole over him. Already he was in the land of dreams; revelling among bands of "fat cow," or hunting along a stream well peopled with beaver; with no Indian "sign" to disturb him, and the merry rendezvous in close perspective, and his peltry selling briskly at six dollars the plew, and galore of alcohol to ratify the trade.

Or, perhaps, threading the back trail of his memory, he passed rapidly through the perilous vicissitudes of his hard, hard life—starving one day, revelling in abundance the next; now beset by whooping savages thirsting for his blood, baying his enemies like the hunted deer, but with the unflinching courage of a man; now, all care thrown aside, secure and forgetful of the past, a welcome guest in the hospitable trading fort; or back, as the trail gets fainter, to his childhood's home in the brown forests of old Kentuck, tended and cared for—his only thought to enjoy the homminy and johnny cakes of his thrifty mother. Once more, in warm and well remembered homespun, he sits on the snake fence round the old clearing, and munching his hoe-cake at set of sun, listens to the mournful note of the whip-poor-will, or the harsh cry of the noisy cat-bird, or watches the agile gambols of the squirrels as they chase each other, chattering the while, from branch to branch of the lofty tamarisks, wondering how long it will be before he will be able to lift his father's heavy rifle, and use it against the tempting game.

Sleep, however, sat lightly on the eyes of the wary mountaineer, and a snort from the old mule in an instant stretched his every nerve. Without a movement of his body, his keen eye fixed itself upon the mule, which now stood with head bent round, and eyes and ears pointed in one direction, snuffing the night air, and snorting with apparent fear. A low sound from the wakeful hunter roused the others from their sleep; and raising their bodies from their well-soaked beds, a single word apprized them of their danger. "Injuns!"

Scarcely was the word out of Killbuck's lips when, above the howling of the furious wind, and the pattering of the rain, a hundred savage yells broke suddenly upon their ears from all directions round the camp; a score of rifle-shots rattled from the



thicket, and a cloud of arrows whistled through the air, while a crowd of Indians charged upon the picketed animals, "Owgh, owgh — owgh — owgh — g-h-h." "Afoot!" shouted Killbuck, "and the old mule gone at that. On 'em, boys, for old Kentucky!" And he rushed toward his mule, which jumped and snorted, mad with fright, as a naked Indian strove to fasten a lariat round her nose, having already cut the rope which fastened her to the picket pin.

"Quit that," roared the trapper, as he jumped upon the savage, and without raising his rifle to his shoulder, made a deliberate thrust with the muzzle at his naked breast, striking him full, and at the same time pulling the trigger, actually driving the Indian two paces backward with the shock, when he fell in a heap, and dead. But at the same moment, an Indian, sweeping his club round his head, brought it with fatal force down upon Killbuck; for a moment the hunter staggered, threw out his arms wildly into the air, and fell headlong to the ground.

"Owgh! owgh, owgh-h-h!" cried the Rapaho, and, striding over the prostrate body, he seized with his left hand the middle lock of the trapper's long hair, and drew his knife round the head to separate the scalp from the skull. As he bent over to his work, the trapper named La Bonté saw his companion's peril, rushed quick as thought at the Indian, and buried his knife to the hilt between his shoulders. With a gasping shudder the Rapaho fell dead upon the prostrate body of his foe.

The attack, however, lasted but a few seconds. The dash at the animals had been entirely successful, and, driving them before them, with loud cries, the Indians disappeared quickly in the darkness. Without waiting for daylight, two of the three trappers who alone were to be seen, and who had been within the shanties at the time of attack, without a moment's delay commenced packing two horses, which, having been fastened to the shanties, had escaped the Indians, and placing their squaws upon them, showering curses and imprecations on their enemies, left the camp, fearful of another onset, and resolved to retreat and c  che themselves until the danger was over.

Not so La Bont  , who, stout and true, had done his best in the fight, and now sought the body of his old comrade, from which, before he could examine the wounds, he had first to remove the corpse of the Indian he had slain. Killbuck still breathed. He had been stunned; but, revived by the cold rain beating upon his face, he soon opened his eyes, and recognised his trusty friend, who, sitting down, lifted his head into his lap, and wiped away the blood that streamed from the wounded scalp. "Is the top-



knot gone, boy?" asked Killbuck; "for my head feels queersome, I tell you." "Thar's the Injun as felt like lifting it," answered the other, kicking the dead body with his foot. "Wagh! boy, you've struck a coup; so scalp the nigger right off, and then fetch me a drink."

The morning broke clear and cold. With the exception of a light cloud which hung over Pike's Peak, the sky was spotless; and a perfect calm had succeeded the boisterous storm of the previous night. The creek was swollen and turbid with the rains; and as La Bonté proceeded a little distance down the bank to find a passage to the water, he suddenly stopped short, and an involuntary cry escaped him. Within a few feet of the bank lay the body of one of his companions, who had formed the guard at the time of the Indians' attack. It was lying on the face, pierced through the chest with an arrow, which was buried to the feathers, and the scalp torn from the bloody skull.

Beyond, but all within a hundred yards, lay the three others, dead, and similarly mutilated. So certain had been the aim, and so close the enemy, that each had died without a struggle, and consequently had been unable to alarm the camp. La Bonté, with a glance at the bank, saw at once that the wily Indians had crept along the creek, the noise of the storm facilitating their approach undiscovered, and crawling up the bank, had watched their opportunity to shoot simultaneously, the four hunters on guard.

Returning to Killbuck, he apprised him of the melancholy fate of their companions, and held a council of war as to their proceedings. The old hunter's mind was soon made up. "First," said he, "I get back my old mule; she's carried me and my traps these twelve years, and I aint a goin' to lose her yet. Second, I feel like taking hair, and some Rapahos has to 'go under' for this night's work. Third, We have got to c  che the beaver. Fourth, We take the Injun trail, wherever it leads."

No more daring mountaineer than La Bont   ever trapped a beaver, and no counsel could have more exactly tallied with his own inclination than the law laid down by old Killbuck.

"Agreed," was his answer, and forthwith he set about forming a c  che. In this instance they had not sufficient time to construct a regular one, as they contented themselves with securing their packs of beaver in buffalo robes, and tying them in the forks of several cotton-woods, under which the camp had been made. This done, they lit a fire, and cooked some buffalo meat: and, while smoking a pipe, carefully cleansed their rifles, and filled their horns and pouches with a good store of ammunition.



## THE RECAPTURE.

A PROMINENT feature in the character of the hunters of the far West is their quick determination and resolve in cases of extreme difficulty and peril, and their fixedness of purpose, when any plan of operations has been laid, requiring bold and instant action in carrying out. It is here that they so infinitely surpass the savage Indian, in bringing to a successful issue their numerous hostile expeditions against the natural foe of the white man in the wild and barbarous regions of the West.

Killbuck and La Bonté were no exceptions to this characteristic rule; and before the sun was a hand's-breath above the eastern horizon, the two hunters were running on the trail of the victorious Indians. Striking from the creek where the night attack was made, they crossed to another, known as Kioway, running parallel to Bijou, a few hours' journey westward, and likewise heading in the "divide." Following this to its forks, they struck into the upland prairies lying at the foot of the mountains; and crossing to the numerous water-courses which feed the creek called "Vermilion" or "Cherry," they pursued the trail over the mountain-spurs until it reached a fork of the Boiling Spring.

The route he had followed, impracticable to pack-animals, had saved at least half a day's journey, and brought them within a short distance of the object of their pursuit; for, at the head of the gorge, a lofty bluff presenting itself, the hunters ascended to the summit, and, looking down, descried at their very feet the Indian camp, with their own stolen cavallada feeding quietly round.

"Wagh!" exclaimed both the hunters in a breath. And thar's the old gal at that," chuckled Killbuck, as he recognised his old grizzled mule making good play at the rich buffalo grass with which these mountain valleys abound.

"If we don't make 'a raise' afore long, I wouldn't say so. Thar plans is plain to this child as beaver sign. They're after Yuta hair, as certain as this gun has got hind-sights; but they arn't a-goin' to pack them animals after 'em, and have crawled like 'rattlers' along this bottom to cêche 'em till they come back from the Bayou—and maybe they'll leave half a dozen 'soldiers' with 'em."

How right the wily trapper was in his conjectures will be shortly proved. Meanwhile, with his companion, he descended the bluff, and pushing his way into a thicket of dwarf pine and cedar, sat down on a log, and drew from an end of the blanket, strapped on



his shoulder, a portion of a buffalo's liver, which they both discussed, *raw*, with infinite relish; eating in lieu of bread (an unknown luxury in these parts) sundry strips of dried fat. To have kindled a fire would have been dangerous, since it was not impossible that some of the Indians might leave their camp to hunt, when the smoke would at once have betrayed the presence of enemies. A light was struck, however, for their pipes, and after enjoying this true consolation for some time, they laid a blanket on the ground, and, side by side, soon fell asleep.

If Killbuck had been a prophet, or the most prescient of "medicine men," he could not have more exactly predicted the movements in the Indian camp. About three hours before "sun-down," he rose and shook himself, which movement was sufficient to awaken his companion. Telling La Bonté to lie down again and rest, he gave him to understand, that he was about to reconnoitre the enemy's camp; and after carefully examining his rifle, and drawing his knife-belt a hole or two tighter, he proceeded on his dangerous errand. Ascending the same bluff whence he had first discovered the Indian camp, he glanced rapidly around, and made himself master of the features of the ground—choosing a ravine by which he might approach the camp more closely, and without danger of being discovered. This was soon effected; and in half an hour the trapper was lying on his breast on the summit of a pine-covered bluff, which overlooked the Indians within easy rifle-shot, and so perfectly concealed by the low spreading branches of the cedar and arbor-vitæ, that not a particle of his person could be detected; unless, indeed, his sharp twinkling gray eye contrasted too strongly with the green boughs that covered the rest of his face. Moreover, there was no danger of their hitting upon his trail, for he had been careful to pick his steps on the rock-covered ground, so that not a track of his moccasin was visible.

Here he lay, still as a carcagien in wait for a deer, only now and then shaking the boughs as his body quivered with a suppressed chuckle, when any movement in the Indian camp caused him to laugh inwardly at his (if they had known it) unwelcome propinquity. He was not a little surprised, however, to discover that the party was much smaller than he had imagined, counting only forty warriors; and this assured him that the band had divided, one half taking the Yuta trail by the Boiling Spring, the other (the one before him) taking a longer circuit in order to reach the Bayou, and make the attack on the Yuta in a different direction.

The hunter remained in his position until the sun had disappeared behind the ridge; when, taking up their arms, and



throwing their buffalo robes on their shoulders, the war party of Rapahos, one behind the other, with noiseless step, and silent as the dumb, moved away from the camp. When the last dusky form had disappeared behind a point of rocks which shut in the northern end of the little valley or ravine, Killbuck withdrew his head from its screen, crawled backwards on his stomach from the edge of the bluff, and, rising from the ground, shook and stretched himself; then gave one cautious look around, and immediately proceeded to rejoin his companion.

"Get up, boy," said Killbuck, as soon as he reached him. "Hyar's grainin' to do afore long — and sun's about down, I'm thinking." "Ready, old hos," answered La Bonté, giving himself a shake. "What's the sign like, and how many's the lodge?" "Fresh, and five, boy. How do you feel?" "*Half froze for scalps.* Wagh!" "We'll have moon to-night, and as soon as *she* get up, we'll make 'em 'come.'"

Killbuck then described to his companion what he had seen, and detailed his plan. This was simply to wait until the moon afforded sufficient light, then to approach the Indian camp and charge into it, "lift" as much "hair" as they could, recover their animals, and start at once to the Bayou and join the friendly Yutas, warning them of their coming danger. The risk of falling in with either of the Rapaho bands was hardly considered; to avoid this, they trusted to their own foresight, and the legs of their mules, should they encounter them.

Between sundown and the rising of the moon, they had leisure to eat their supper, which, as before, consisted of raw buffalo-liver; after discussing which, Killbuck pronounced himself "a 'heap' better," and ready for "fight."

In the short interval of almost perfect darkness which preceded the moonlight, and taking advantage of one of the frequent squalls of wind which howl down the narrow gorges of the mountain, these two determined men, with footsteps noiseless as the panther's, crawled to the edge of the little plateau of some hundred yards square, where the five Indians in charge of the animals were seated round the fire, perfectly unconscious of the vicinity of danger. Several clumps of cedar bushes dotted the small prairie, and among these the well-hobbled mules and horses were feeding. These animals, accustomed to the presence of whites, would not notice the two hunters as they crept from clump to clump nearer to the fire, and also served, even if the Indians should be on the watch, to conceal their movements from them.

This the two men at once perceived; but old Killbuck knew



that if he passed within sight or smell of his mule, he would be received with a hinny of recognition, which would at once alarm the enemy. He therefore first ascertained where his own animal was feeding, which, luckily, was at the farther side of the prairie, and would not interfere with his proceedings.

Threading their way among the feeding mules, they approached a clump of bushes about forty yards from the spot where the unconscious savages were seated smoking round the fire; and here they awaited, scarcely drawing breath the while, the moment when the moon rose above the mountain into the clear cold sky, and gave them light sufficient to make sure their work of bloody retribution. Not a pulsation in the hearts of these stern, determined men beat higher than its wont; not the tremor of a nerve disturbed their frame. They stood with lips compressed and rifles ready, their pistols loosed in their belts, their scalping-knives handy to their gripe. The lurid glow of the coming moon already shot into the sky above the ridge, which stood out in bold relief against the light; and the luminary herself just peered over the mountain, illuminating its pine-clad summit, and throwing its beams on an opposite peak, when Killbuck touched his companion's arm, and whispered, "Wait for the full light, boy."

At this moment, however, unseen by the trapper, the old grizzled mule had gradually approached, as she fed along the plateau; and, when within a few paces of their retreat, a gleam of moonshine revealed to the animal the erect form of the two whites. Suddenly she stood still and pricked her ears, and stretching out her neck and nose, snuffed the air. Well she knew her old master. Killbuck, with eyes fixed upon the Indians, was on the point of giving the signal of attack to his comrade, when the shrill hinny of his mule reverberated through the gorge. The Indians jumped to their feet and seized their arms, when Killbuck, with a loud shout of "At 'em, boy!" rushed from his concealment, and with La Bonté by his side, yelling a fierce war-whoop, sprung upon the startled savages.

Panic-struck with the suddenness of the attack, the Indians scarcely knew where to run, and for a moment stood huddled together like sheep. Down dropped Killbuck on his knee, and stretching out his wiping-stick, planted it on the ground at the extreme length of his arm. As methodically and as coolly as if about to aim at a deer, he raised his rifle to this rest and pulled the trigger. At the report an Indian fell forward on his face, at the same moment that La Bonté, with equal certainty of aim and like effect, discharged his own rifle.



The three surviving Indians, seeing that their assailants were but two, and knowing that their guns were empty, came on with loud yells. With the left hand grasping a bunch of arrows, and holding the bow already bent and arrow fixed, they steadily advanced, bending low to the ground to get their objects between them and the light, and thus render their aim more certain. The trappers, however, did not care to wait for them. Drawing their pistols, they charged at once; and although the bows twanged, and the three arrows struck their mark, on they rushed, discharging their pistols at close quarters. La Bonté threw his empty one at the head of an Indian who was pulling his second arrow to its head at a yard's distance, drew his knife at the same moment, and made at him.

But the Indian broke and ran, followed by his surviving companion; and as soon as Killbuck could ram home another ball, he sent a shot flying after them as they scrambled up the mountain side, leaving in their fright and hurry their bows and shields on the ground.

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## DEATH OF THE TRAPPER.

THE fate of one of the humble characters who have figured in these pages, we must yet tarry a little longer to describe.

During the past winter, a party of mountaineers, flying from overpowering numbers of hostile Sioux, found themselves, one stormy evening, in a wild and dismal cañon near the elevated mountain valley called the "New Park."

The rocky bed of a dry mountain torrent, whose waters were now locked up at their spring-heads by icy fetters, was the only road up which they could make their difficult way; for the rugged sides of the gorge rose precipitously from the creek, scarcely affording a foot-hold to even the active bighorn, which occasionally looked down upon the travellers from the lofty summit. Logs of pine, uprooted by the hurricanes which sweep incessantly through the mountain defiles, and tossed headlong from the surrounding ridges, continually obstructed their way; and huge rocks and boulders, fallen from the heights and blocking up the bed of the stream, added to the difficulty, and threatened them every instant with destruction.

Toward sundown they reached a point where the cañon opened out into a little shelving glade or prairie, a few hundred yards in extent, the entrance to which was almost hidden by a thicket of dwarf pine and cedar. Here they determined to encamp for the



night, in a spot secure from Indians, and, as they imagined, untrodden by the foot of man.

What, however, was their astonishment, on breaking through the cedar-covered entrance, to perceive a solitary horse standing motionless in the centre of the prairie. Drawing near, they found it to be an old grizzled mustang, or Indian pony, with cropped ears and ragged tail (well picked by hungry wolves); standing doubled up with cold, and at the very last gasp from extreme old age and weakness. Its bones were nearly through the stiffened skin, the legs of the animal were gathered under it; while its forlorn-looking head and stretched-out neck hung listlessly downward, almost overbalancing its tottering body. The glazed and sunken eye—the protruding and froth-covered tongue—the heaving flank and quivering tail—declared its race run; and the driving sleet and snow, and penetrating winter blast, scarce made impression upon its callous and worn-out frame.

One of the band of mountaineers was Marcellin, and a single look at the miserable beast was sufficient for him to recognise the once renowned Nez-percé steed of old Bill Williams. That the owner himself was not far distant he felt certain; and, searching carefully around, the hunters presently came upon an old camp, before which lay, protruding from the snow, the blackened remains of pine logs. Before these, which had been the fire, and leaning with his back against a pine trunk, and his legs crossed under him, half covered with snow, reclined the figure of the old mountaineer, his snow-capped head bent over his breast. His well-known hunting-coat of fringed elk-skin hung stiff and weather-stained about him; and his rifle, packs, and traps, were strewed around.

Awe-struck, the trappers approached the body, and found it frozen hard as stone, in which state it had probably lain there for many days or weeks. A jagged rent in the breast of his leather coat, and dark stains about it, showed he had received a wound before his death; but it was impossible to say, whether to his hurt, or to sickness, or to the natural decay of age, was to be attributed the wretched and solitary end of poor Bill Williams.

A friendly bullet cut short the few remaining hours of the trapper's faithful steed; and burying, as well as they were able, the body of the old mountaineer, the hunters next day left him in his lonely grave, in a spot so wild and remote, that it was doubtful whether even hungry wolves would discover and disinter his attenuated corpse.



## GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

HERE rest the great and good ; here they repose  
 After their generous toil. A sacred band,  
 They take their sleep together, while the year  
 Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,  
 And gathers them again, as winter frowns.  
 Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre ; green sods  
 Are all their monument ; and yet it tells  
 A nobler history than pillared piles.  
 Or the eternal pyramids.

They need

No statue or inscription to reveal  
 Their greatness. It is round them ; and the joy  
 With which their children tread the hallowed ground  
 That holds their venerated bones, the peace  
 That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth  
 That clothes the land they rescued ; these, though mute,  
 As feeling ever is when deepest ; these  
 Are monuments more lasting than the fanes  
 Reared to the kings and demi-gods of old.

## LIBERTY AND UNION.

I CANNOT persuade myself to relinquish this subject, without expressing my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than "THE UNION OF THE STATES," it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life

Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings ; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It



has been to us a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise,—that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union,—on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent,—on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured,—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory, as, “*What is all this worth?*” Nor those other words of delusion and folly, “*Liberty first, and Union afterward;*” —but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE.



## OUR COUNTRY.

OUR COUNTRY! 'tis a glorious land!

With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,  
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,  
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;  
And, nurtured on her ample breast,  
How many a goodly prospect lies  
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,  
Enamelled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,  
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;  
Broad lakes her azure heaven behold,  
Reflecting clear each trembling star;  
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,  
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,  
Through forests where the bounding fawn  
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,  
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,  
Where love the air with music fills,  
And calm content and peace abide;  
For plenty here her fullness pours  
In rich profusion o'er the land,  
And sent to seize her generous store,  
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home,  
This bounteous birth-land of the free  
Where wanderers from afar may come,  
And breathe the air of liberty!  
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,  
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;  
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,  
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!



## AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE study of the history of most other nations fills the mind with sentiments, not unlike those which the American traveller feels, on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to the heart. From the richly-painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance, poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affection of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest the blood-stained soldier of fortune, the orator who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny, — great scholars who were the pensioned flatterers of power, — and poets who profaned the high gift of genius, to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by the imagination of CHAUCER, and decorated by the taste of POPE, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty amid the ruins of ancient magnificence, and “the toys of modern state.” Within, no idle ornament encumbers its simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above, and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men who have bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

“Patriots are here, in Freedom’s battle slain;  
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain;  
Bards worthy him who breathed the poet’s mind;  
Founders of arts that dignify mankind;  
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave  
Their names a memory that defies the grave.”



If Europe has hitherto been wilfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America. Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity, such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe?

Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue,—of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted, save for some praiseworthy end?

LAND OF LIBERTY! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

LAND OF REFUGE! LAND OF BENEDICTIONS! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, nor leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"



## ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

OLD cradle of an infant world,  
In which a nestling empire lay,  
Struggling a while, ere she unfurl'd  
Her gallant wing and soar'd away ;  
All hail ! thou birth-place of the glowing west,  
Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruin'd nest !

What solemn recollections throng,  
What touching visions rise,  
As, wandering these old stones among,  
I backward turn mine eyes,  
And see the shadows of the dead flit round,  
Like spirits, when the last dead trump shall sound ?

The wonders of an age combined,  
In one short moment memory supplies ;  
They throng upon my waken'd mind,  
As time's dark curtains rise.  
The volume of a hundred buried years,  
Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,  
I see the lonely little barque  
Scudding along the crested wave,  
Freighted like old Noah's ark,  
As o'er the drowned earth 'twas hurl'd,  
With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand,  
Amid the desert, desolate,  
The fathers of my native land,  
The daring pioneers of fate,  
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,  
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the sovereign Indian range  
His woodland empire, free as air ;  
I see the gloomy forest change,  
The shadowy earth laid bare ;  
And, where the red man chased the bounding deer,  
The smiling labors of the white appear.



I see the haughty warrior gaze  
In wonder or in scorn,  
As the pale-faces sweat to raise  
Their scanty fields of corn,  
While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,  
By sport, or hair-brain'd rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone ;  
The red men are no more ;  
The pale-faced strangers stand alone  
Upon the river's shore ;  
And the proud wood-king, who their arts disdain'd,  
Finds but a bloody grave where once he reign'd.

The forest reels beneath the stroke  
Of sturdy woodman's axe ;  
The earth receives the white man's yoke,  
And pays her willing tax  
Of fruits and flowers, and golden harvest fields,  
And all that nature to blithe labor yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,  
And gathering crowds expand,  
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,  
O'er many a boundless land,  
Till what was once a world of savage strife,  
Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

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## A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

A STEAMBOAT passage of six miles to Alexandria, and a drive of nine miles farther in the same southern direction, over a wretched road, through a thin-soiled, wood-covered country, brought us, in a little less than three hours from this city, to Mount Vernon. The estate is completely isolated from all other cultivation ; on the east, by the broad, magnificent Potomac, which sweeps partly around it in a south-easterly and then southerly direction ; on the west and south-west, by a broken tract of half-grown forest, through which a brooklet has worn a deep and wide gorge on its way to the river.

The cultivated portion of the estate stretches mainly north and north-west from the mansion, a plain and modest white house of goodly size, which stands near the bank of the Potomac, fronting westerly upon the garden and grounds of the estate, around which half a dozen humbler dwellings, tenanted by families of



black laborers and servants, are scattered with little regard to order or symmetry. The estate is now the possession and residence of Mrs. John A. Washington, widow of a nephew of Judge Bushrod Washington, himself the nephew of General George Washington; so swiftly do the generations of men follow each other in their solemn march to the tomb!

The original resting-place of the Father of his Country, and the old family sepulchre, is south of the mansion, immediately on the bank of the Potomac, though a steep and woody descent of over a hundred feet intervenes between it and the water. This sepulchre is a mere excavation in the earth, walled over in the rudest manner, and looking far more, at its entrance, like a hop-kiln or out-door cellar, than a place of rest for the illustrious departed.

But this cemetery is now deserted, and of course dilapidated. A new and more fitting mausoleum of brick was constructed in 1837, south of the garden, and some two or three hundred yards southwest of the former, in which the remains of the Washington family are now deposited. It is built on ground sloping to the south, and the family cemetery is excavated in the hill-side, and is entered by an iron door; but in front of this, under the neat and appropriate brick structure itself, separated from the outer world only by a strong iron railing, rest, side by side, in two marble sarcophagi, the ashes of George and Martha Washington.

These marble inclosures are well executed, though simple, and I believe were presented by Mr. T. Struthers, a Philadelphia artist, as a token of affectionate reverence and admiration for the memory of the great departed. The inscription upon the top merely states the name, age, and time of the decease of each respectively; the death of Mrs. Washington having occurred in 1801, two years after that of her revered consort; and as her age is stated at 71 years, while he did not reach 68, she must have been nearly two years his senior.

After musing an hour by the sepulchre, we were conducted through the garden by a communicative black man, who rejoices in the appellation of Bill Smith, and who has been forty years on the estate, having come there with Bushrod Washington, soon after the decease of the Ex-President. The garden is rich in rare and valuable plants; among them are many planted by the hand of the Father of his Country.

Peaches, pears, lemons, oranges, are thickly surrounded by the aloe, myrtle, rose, geranium, &c., as well as by plants whose unfamiliar names escape me. The burning of an adjoining building, a few years since, destroyed some of them; but the garden



is probably little changed since its world-renowned master stood in its midst, save in the greater profusion of its contents. Long may it continue to people the mind of the visitor with images of the past, and fitly blend its fragrance with the memory of Washington.

Slowly, pensively, we turned our faces from the rest of the mighty dead, to the turmoil of the restless living, from the solemn, sublime repose of Mount Vernon, to the ceaseless intrigues, the petty strifes, the ant-hill bustle of the Federal City. Each has its own atmosphere; London and Mecca are not so unlike as they. The silent, enshrouding woods, the gleaming, majestic river, the bright, benignant sky—it is fitly here, amid the scenes he loved and hallowed, that the man whose life and character have redeemed Patriotism and Liberty from the reproach which centuries of designing knavery and hollow profession had cast upon them, now calmly awaits the trump of the Archangel.

Who does not rejoice that the original design of removing his ashes to Washington has never been consummated—that they lie where the pilgrim may reverently approach them, unvexed by the light laugh of the time-killing worldling—unannoyed by the vain or vile scribblings of the thoughtless or the base? Thus may they repose forever! that the heart of the Patriot may be invigorated, the hopes of the Philanthropist strengthened, and his aims exalted; the pulse of the American quickened, and his aspirations purified by a visit to Mount Vernon.

DISTURB not his slumber, let Washington sleep,  
 'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep;  
 His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright,  
 As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.  
 Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,  
 Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;  
 On the river's green border with rich flowers dressed,  
 With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around;  
 'Tis the grave of a freeman—'tis liberty's mound;  
 Thy name is immortal—our freedom is won,—  
 Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.  
 Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,  
 Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore;  
 While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave  
 O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's Grave.



## AN APPEAL TO THE PATRIOTISM OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

FELLOW CITIZENS of my native State! let me not only admonish you, as the first magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin. In that paternal language, with that paternal feeling, let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who either are deceived themselves or wish to deceive you. Mark under what pretences you have been led on to the brink of insurrection and treason, on which you stand.

You were told that this opposition might be peaceably—might be constitutionally made—that you might enjoy all the advantages of the Union, and bear none of its burdens. Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your state pride, to your native courage, to your sense of real injury, were used to prepare you for the period when the mask which concealed the hideous features of disunion, should be taken off. It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which not long since you would have regarded with horror.

Look back at the acts which have brought you to this state,—look forward to the consequences, to which it must inevitably lead. Something more is necessary. Contemplate the condition of that country of which you still form an important part? consider its government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection, so many different States, giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of American citizens—protecting their commerce—securing their literature and their arts—facilitating their intercommunication—defending their frontiers—and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth!

Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, humanity, and general information, into every cottage in this wide extent of our territories and States! Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find refuge and support! Look on this picture of happiness and honor, and say, “WE, TOO, ARE CITIZENS OF AMERICA; Carolina is one of these proud States; her arms have defended,—her best blood has cemented this happy Union!” And then add, if you can without horror and remorse, “This happy Union we will dissolve,—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface,—



this free intercourse we will interrupt,—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood,—the protection of that glorious flag we renounce,—the very name of Americans we discard.”

And for what, mistaken men! for what do you throw away these inestimable blessings—for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union? For the *dream* of a separate independence, a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on a foreign power? If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home,—are you free from the apprehensions of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do your neighboring republics, every day suffering some new revolution, or contending with some new insurrection,—do they excite your envy?

But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed—I have no discretionary power on the subject—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you—they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion; but be not deceived by names; *disunion* by armed force is *treason*.

Are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences—on their heads be the dishonor; but on yours may fall the punishment—on your unhappy state will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the government of your country. It cannot accede to the mad project of disunion, of which you would be the first victims,—its first magistrate cannot, if he would, avoid the performance of his duty,—the consequence must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here, and to the friends of good government throughout the world.

Its enemies have beheld our prosperity with a vexation they could not conceal—it was a standing refutation of their slavish doctrines, and they will point to our discord with the triumph of malignant joy. It is yet in your power to disappoint them. There is yet time to show that the descendants of the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Rutledges, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union, to support which so many of them fought, and bled, and died.

I adjure you, as you honor their memories—as you love the



cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives—as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its convention; bid its members to re-assemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor—tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all—declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you; that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your country!

Its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace; you may interrupt the course of its prosperity; you may cloud its reputation for stability; but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred, and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder.

May the great Ruler of nations grant that the signal blessings with which He has favored ours, may not, by the madness of party or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost; and may His wise providence bring those who have produced this crisis, to see the folly before they feel the misery of civil strife; and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire.

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## LA FAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO AMERICA.

AGAIN, in his old age, La Fayette determined to look on the young republic that had escaped the disasters which had overwhelmed France. When his plans were made known, our government offered to place a national vessel at his disposal; but he declined accepting it, and embarked at Havre in a merchantman, and arrived at New York, August 15, 1824. His reception in this country, and triumphal march through it, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the world. Such gratitude and unbounded affection were never before received by a man from a foreign nation.



As he passed from Staten Island to New York, the bay was covered with gay barges decorated with streamers; and when the beautiful fleet shoved away, the bands struck up, "Where can one better be, than in the bosom of his family?" Never did this favorite French air seem so appropriate,—not even when the shattered Old Guard closed sternly around its Emperor, and sang it amid the fire of the enemy's guns,—as when a free people thus chanted it around the venerable La Fayette.

As he touched the shore, the thunder of cannon shook the city,—old soldiers rushed weeping into his arms; and, "Welcome La Fayette!" waved from every banner, rung from every trumpet, and was caught up by every voice, till "Welcome, welcome!" rose and fell in deafening shouts from the assembled thousands. During the four days he remained in the city, it was one constant jubilee; and when he left for Boston, all along his route, the people rose to welcome him.

He travelled every night till twelve o'clock, and watch-fires were kept burning on the hill-tops, along his line of progress. Blazing through the darkness, they outshone the torches that heralded him; while in the distance the pealing bells from every church spire, announced his coming. The same enthusiastic joy awaited him at Boston; and when he returned to New York, the city was wilder than ever with excitement.

In Castle Garden there was a splendid illumination in honor of him,—the bridge leading to it was surmounted by a pyramid sixty feet high, with a blazing star at the top, from the centre of which flashed the name of La Fayette. The planks were covered with carpets, and trees and flowers innumerable lined the passage. Over the entrance was a triumphal arch of flowers,—huge columns arose from the area, supporting arches of flowers, and flags, and statues. As he entered the wilderness of beauty, the bands struck up, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and shouts shook the edifice to its foundation.

He had scarcely taken his seat in a splendid *marqué* prepared for his reception, when the curtain before the gallery, in front of him, lifted,—and there was a beautiful transparency, representing La Grange, with its grounds and towers, and beneath it, "This is his Home." Nothing could be more touching and affectionate than this device; and as La Fayette's eye fell upon it, a tear was seen to gather there, and his lip to quiver with feeling.

Thus the people received the "people's friend." From New York he went to Albany and Troy, and one long shout of welcome rolled the length of the Hudson, as he floated up the noble



stream. After visiting other cities, and receiving similar demonstrations of gratitude, he turned his steps toward Mount Vernon, to visit the tomb of Washington. The thunder of cannon announced his arrival at the consecrated ground, calling to his mind the time when he had seen that now lifeless chieftain move through the tumult of battle.

Wishing no one to witness his emotions, as he stood beside the ashes of his friend, he descended alone into the vault. With trembling steps, and uncovered head, he passed down to the tomb. The secrets of that meeting of the living with the dead, no one knows; but when the aged veteran came forth again, his face was covered with tears. He then took his son and secretary by the hand, and led them into the vault. He could not speak,—his bursting heart was too full for utterance, and he mutely pointed to the coffin of Washington. They knelt reverently beside it, then rising threw themselves into La Fayette's arms, and burst into tears. It was a touching scene, there in the silent vault, and worthy the noble sleeper.

Thence he went to Yorktown, and then proceeded south, passed through all the principal cities to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi to Cincinnati and across to Pittsburg. Wherever he went the entire nation rose to do him homage. "Honor to La Fayette," "Welcome to La Fayette, the nation's guest," and such like exclamations had met him at every step. Flowers were strewed along his pathway,—his carriage detached from the horses, and drawn by the enthusiastic crowd, along ranks of grateful freemen, who rent the heavens with their acclamations. Melted to tears by these demonstrations of love, he had moved like a father amid his children, scattering blessings wherever he went.

One of his last acts in this country was to lay the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. It was fit that he, the last survivor of the major-generals of the American Revolution, should consecrate the first block in that grand structure. Amid the silent attention of fifty thousand spectators, this aged veteran, and friend of Washington, with uncovered head, performed the imposing ceremonies, and, "Long live La Fayette," swelled up from the top of Bunker Hill.



## WELCOME TO GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

WELCOME, friend of our fathers, to our shores. Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph, such as never conqueror or monarch enjoyed,—the assurance that, throughout America, there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain, of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberties. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms, and brother in peril.

Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone! The heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown, have fallen before the only foe they could not meet! Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac, he lies in glory and peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon; but him whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, cannot now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof.

But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome to our shores; and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you; the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you; and every tongue exclaim with heartfelt joy, “Welcome, welcome, La Fayette!”

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## STARVED ROCK; OR, THE LAST OF THE ILLINOIS.

STARVED ROCK is the unpoetical name of a singular spot on the Illinois river, about eight miles south of Ottawa. It is a rock bluff, rising from the margin of the stream to the height of more than a hundred feet, and is only separated from the main land by a narrow chasm. Its length might probably measure two hundred and fifty feet. Its sides are perpendicular, and there is only one point where it can be ascended, and that is by a narrow, stair-like path. It is covered with many a cone-like evergreen,



and in summer encircled by luxuriant grape and ivy vines, and clusters of richly-colored flowers. It is undoubtedly the most conspicuous and beautiful pictorial feature of the sluggish and lone Illinois, and is associated with the final extinction of the Illinois tribe of Indians. The legend, to which I listened from the lips of a venerable Indian trader, is as follows :

Many years ago the whole region lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi was the home and dominion of the Illinois Indians. For them alone did the buffalo and antelope range over its broad prairies ; for them did the finest of rivers roll their waters into the lap of Mexico, and bear upon their bosoms the birchen canoe, as they sought to capture the wild water-fowl ; and for them alone did the dense forest, crowding upon those streams, shelter their unnumbered denizens. In every direction might be seen the smoke of the wigwams curling upward to mingle with the sunset clouds, which told them tales of the Spirit-land.

Years passed on, and they continued to be at ease in their possessions. But the white man from the far east, with the miseries that have ever accompanied him on his march of usurpation, began to wander into the wilderness, and trouble to the poor red-man was the inevitable consequence. The baneful "fire-water," which was the gift of civilization, created dissensions among the savage tribes, until in the process of time, and on account of purely imaginary evils, the Potawattamies from Michigan determined to make war upon the Indians of Illinois. Fortune smiled upon the oppressors, and the identical rock in question was the spot that witnessed the extinction of an aboriginal tribe.

It was the close of a long siege of cruel warfare, and the afternoon of a day in the delightful Indian summer. The sunshine threw a mellow haze upon the prairies, and tinged the multitudinous flowers with deepest gold ; while, in the shadow of the forest-islands, the doe and her fawn reposed in perfect quietness, lulled into a contemporary slumber by the hum of the grasshopper and the wild bee. The wilderness world wore an aspect of a perfect Sabbath. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the delightful solitude was broken by the shrill whoop, and dreadful struggle of bloody conflict, upon the prairies and in the woods. All over the country were seen the dead bodies of the ill-fated Illinois, when it was ordered by Providence that the concluding skirmish between the hostile parties should take place in the vicinity of Starved Rock.

The Potawattamies numbered near three hundred warriors, while the Illinois tribe was reduced to about one hundred, who were mostly aged chiefs and youthful heroes—the more desperate



warriors having already perished, and the women and the children of the tribe having already been massacred and consumed in their wigwams. The battle was most desperate between the unequal parties. The Illinois were about to give up for lost, when, in their frenzy, they gave a defying shout and retreated to the rocky bluff. From this it was an easy matter to keep back their enemies, but alas! from that moment they were to endure unthought-of suffering, to the delight of their baffled, yet victorious enemies.

To describe in words the scene that now followed and was prolonged for several days, is utterly impossible. Those stout-hearted Indians, in whom a nation was about to become extinct, chose to die upon their strange fortress by starvation and thirst, rather than surrender themselves to the scalping-knife of their exterminators. And, with a few exceptions, this was the manner in which they did perish. Now and then, indeed, a desperate man would lower himself, hoping thereby to escape, but a tomahawk would cleave his brain before he touched the water.

Day followed day, and those helpless captives sat in silence and gazed imploringly upon their broad and beautiful lands, while hunger was gnawing into their very vitals. Night followed night, and they looked upon the silent stars and toward the home of the Great Spirit, but they murmured not at His decree. And if they slept, in their dreams they once more played with their little children, or roamed the woods and prairies in perfect freedom. When morning dawned, it was but the harbinger of another day of agony; but when the evening hour came, a smile would sometimes brighten up a haggard countenance, for the poor unhappy soul, through the eye of an obscure faith, had caught a glimpse of the Spirit-Land.

Day followed day, and the last lingering hope was abandoned. Their destiny was sealed, and no change for good could possibly take place, for the human blood-hounds that watched their prey were utterly without mercy. The feeble white-haired chief crept into a thicket and breathed his last. The recently strong warrior, uttering a protracted but feeble yell of exultation, hurled his tomahawk on some fiend below, and then yielded himself up to the pains of his condition. The blithe form of the soft-eyed youth parted with its strength, and was compelled to totter and fall upon the earth and die. Ten weary, weary days passed on, and the strongest man and the last of his race was numbered with the dead.



HOLLOW ye the lonely grave,  
 Make its caverns deep and wide;  
 In the soil they died to save,  
 Lay the brave men side by side.  
 Side by side they fought and fell,  
 Hand by hand they met the foe;  
 Who has heard his grandsire tell  
 Braver strife or deadlier blow?

Wake your mournful harmonies,  
 Your tears of pity shed for them;  
 Summer dew and sighing breeze  
 Shall be wail and requiem.  
 Pile the grave-mound broad and high,  
 Where the martyr'd brethren sleep:  
 It shall point the pilgrim's eye  
 Here to bend, and here to weep.

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### THE INDIAN HUNTER.

OH! why does the white man follow my path,  
 Like the hound on the tiger's track?  
 Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath,—  
 Does he covet the bow at my back?

He has rivers and seas, where the billows and breeze  
 Bear riches for him alone;  
 And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood,  
 Which the white man calls his own.

Why, then, should he come to the streams where none  
 But the red man dares to swim?  
 Why, why should he wrong the hunter—one  
 Who never did harm to him?

The Father above thought fit to give  
 The white man corn and wine;  
 There are golden fields where he may live,  
 But the forest shades are mine.

The eagle hath its place of rest;  
 The wild horse where to dwell;  
 And the Spirit that gave the bird its nest  
 Made me a home as well.

Then back! go back from the red man's track;  
 For the hunter's eyes grow dim,  
 To find that the white man wrongs the one  
 Who never did harm to him.



## ESCAPE OF COLTER.

COLTER came to St. Louis in May, 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of three thousand miles, which he traversed in thirty days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clark's party. One of these, for its singularity, I shall relate.

On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing an appearance of an abundance of beavers being there, obtained permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did, in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country, from the St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri, alone. Soon afterward he separated from Dixon, and trapped in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians — one of whom had been killed by Lewis — they set their traps at night and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri now called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an immediate retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on.

In a few minutes afterward their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, retook it immediately, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and, on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come on shore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness; but it was, doubtless, the effect of sudden, but



sound reasoning ; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "he was made a riddle of." They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner he should be put to death.

They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at ; but the chief interfered, and, seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast. Colter, who had been some time among the Keekatso, or Crow Indians, had, in a considerable degree, acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs. He knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians ; he, therefore, cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief commanded the party to remain stationary ; and he led Colter out on the prairie, three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him save himself if he could.

At this instant, the warwhoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter ; who, urged with the hope of preserving his life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised. He proceeded toward the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain, before he ventured to look over his shoulder ; when he perceived the Indians were very much scattered, and that he gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body : but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than ninety or one hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter. He derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility ; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him ; for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the forepart of his body.

He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and, perhaps, by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop. But, exhausted with running, he fell while endeavoring to throw his



spear, which struck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them; when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton-wood trees on the borders of the Fork. Through this he pushed and plunged into the river.

Fortunately for him, a little below this place there was an island, against the upper end of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above the water among the trunks of the trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secreted himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, "screeching and yelling," as Colter expressed it, "like so many devils." They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night; when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived a second time under the raft, and swam silently down the stream to a considerable distance, where he landed, and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the savages, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked; the soles of his feet were stuck full with spines of the prickly pear (*opuntia*); he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, though tantalized with plenty around him; and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Big Horn branch of the Roche Jaune river. These were circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter, would have sunk in despair. And yet he arrived at the fort in seven days; having subsisted on a root, much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, and now known to naturalists as *psoraisa esculata*. And here we end the perilous tale.



## EULOGY ON CLAY.

AGAIN has an impressive warning come to teach us that in the midst of life we are in death. The ordinary labors of this hall are suspended, and its contentions hushed, before the power of Him who says to the storm of human passions, as He said of old to the waves of Galilee, "Peace, be still." The lessons of His providence, severe as they may be, often become merciful dispensations, like that which is now spreading sorrow through the land, and which is reminding us that we have higher duties to fulfil, and graver responsibilities to encounter, than those that meet us here, when we lay our hands upon His Holy Word, and invoke His holy name, promising to be faithful to that Constitution which He gave us in His mercy, and will withdraw only in the hour of our blindness and disobedience, and of His own wrath.

Another great man has fallen in our land, ripe indeed in years and in honors, but never dearer to the American people than when called from the theatre of his services and renown to that final bar where the lofty and the lowly must all meet at last. I do not rise upon this mournful occasion to indulge in the language of the panegyric. My regard for the memory of the dead, and for the obligations of the living world, equally rebuke such a course. The severity of truth is at once our proper duty and our best consolation. Born during the Revolutionary struggle, our deceased associate was one of the few remaining public men who connect the present generation with the actors in the trying scenes of that eventful period, and whose names and deeds will soon be known only in the history of their country.

He was another illustration, and a noble one, too, of the glorious equality of our institutions, which freely offer all their rewards to all who justly seek them, for he was the architect of his own fortune, having made his way in life by self-exertion, and he was an early adventurer in the great forest of the West, then a world of primitive vegetation, but now the abode of intelligence and religion, of prosperity and civilization.

But he possessed that intellectual superiority which overcomes surrounding obstacles, and which local seclusion cannot long withhold from general knowledge and appreciation. It is almost half a century since he passed through Chillicothe, then the seat of government of Ohio, where I was a member of the Legislature, on his way to take his place in this very body, which is now listening to this reminiscence, and to a feeble tribute of



regard from one who then saw him for the first time, but who can never forget the impression he produced by the charms of his conversation, the frankness of his manner, and the high qualities with which he was endowed.

Since then he has belonged to his country, and has taken a part, and a prominent part, both in peace and war, in all the great questions affecting her interests and her honor; and though it has been often my fortune to differ from him, yet I believe he was as pure a patriot as ever participated in the councils of a nation — anxious for the public good, and seeking to attain it, during all the vicissitudes of a long and active life. That he exercised a powerful influence within the sphere of his action, through the whole country, indeed we all feel and know; and we know, too, the eminent endowments which gave him this high distinction.

Frank and fearless in the expression of his opinions, and in the performance of his duties, with rare powers of eloquence, which never failed to rivet the attention of his auditory, and which always commanded admiration, even when they did not carry conviction; prompt in decision, and firm in action, and with a vigorous intellect, trained in the contest of a stirring life, and strengthened by enlarged experience and observation, joined withal to an ardent love of country and to great purity of purpose — these were the elements of his power and success. And we dwell upon them with mournful gratification now, when we shall soon follow him to the cold and silent tomb, where we shall commit earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, with the blessed conviction of the truth of that divine revelation which teaches us that there is life and hope beyond the narrow house where we shall leave him alone to the mercy of his God and ours.

He has passed beyond the reach of human praise or censure, but the judgment of his cotemporaries has preceded and pronounced the judgment of history, and his name and fame will shed lustre upon his country, and will be proudly cherished in the hearts of his countrymen for long ages to come. Yes, they will be cherished and freshly remembered when these marble columns that surround us—so often the witnesses of his triumph, but in a few brief hours, when his mortal frame, despoiled of the immortal spirit, shall rest under this dome for the last time, to become the witnesses of his defeat in that final contest where the mightiest fall before the great destroyer — when these marble columns shall themselves have fallen—like all the works of man—leaving their broken fragments to tell the story of former magnificence, amid the very ruins that announce decay and desolation.



I was often with him during his last illness, when the world, and the things of the world, were fast fading away before him. He knew that the silver cord was almost loosened, and that the golden bowl was breaking at the fountain; but he was resigned to the will of Providence, feeling that He who gave has the right to take away in His own good time and manner. After his duty to his Creator and his anxiety for his family, his first care was for his country, and his first wish for the preservation and perpetuation of the Constitution and the Union, dear to him in the hour of death as they had ever been in the vigor of life—of that Constitution and Union, whose defence in the last and greatest crisis of their peril, had called forth all his energies, and had stimulated those memorable and powerful exertions, which he who witnessed can never forget, and which, no doubt, hastened the final catastrophe that a nation now deplores, with a sincerity and unanimity not less honorable to themselves than to the memory of the object of their affections.

And when we shall enter that narrow valley, through which he has passed before us, and which leads to the judgment-seat of God, may we be able to say, through faith in his Son, our Saviour, and in the beautiful language of the hymn of the dying Christian—dying, but ever living and triumphant:

The world recedes, it disappears!  
 Heaven opens on my eyes! My ears  
     With sounds seraphic ring;  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!  
 O grave, where is thy victory?  
     O death, where is thy sting?

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

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## FULTON AND THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

“WHEN,” said Mr. Fulton, “I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

“ ‘ Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land;  
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.’ ”



“As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of the Fulton folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope or a warm wish cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches.

“At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes.

“The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety, mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, the boat moved a short distance, and stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs.

“I could hear distinctly repeated, ‘I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.’ I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight misadjustment of some of the work.

“In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the



romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say, that attempts were made to rob him in the first place of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both. When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. "My ultimate triumph," he used to say, "will be on the Mississippi. I know indeed that even now it is deemed impossible, by many, that the difficulties of its navigation can be overcome. But I am confident of success. I may not live to see it; but the Mississippi will yet be covered by steamboats; and thus an entire change be wrought in the course of the internal navigation and commerce of our country."

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## THE RAIL-CAR.

WOULD you like the luxury of a new sensation? Take your stand six feet from a railroad track, in the night, and await the passage of the express train. There is no wind stirring. Clouds close in the light of the stars. The hum of life has ceased. Blackness and silence brood together upon the face of the earth. Afar off the listening ear catches a dawning roar. Half heard and half felt, it grows into more distinctness — partly revealed by the trembling of the solid earth, and partly felt as a shapeless horror filling the air. Every second swells its awful volume and deepens its terror.

The earth now quakes under its tread; a blazing glare, as from the eyes of hell, flashes livid horror into the surrounding air; and you see crawling along in snaky track, with fiery head crouched to the ground, and its long train swinging from side to side with a wavy motion, a gigantic and terror-breathing monster, instinct with life and power, crushing the earth with its tread,



and creating a whirlwind with its blasting breath, as it sweeps along.

Is there any thing in the world which impresses the mind with a profounder sense of resistless power than that enormous mass, with its blazing eyes and smoky breath, rushing with the speed of a cannon-ball, and startling air and earth with the overwhelming horror of its flight? What would the savage think, seeing it for the first time? Imagine such a flight across the country fifty years ago, unheralded by any rumor of its coming, revealing its existence by its presence, and rushing suddenly into oblivion, as it now rushes into the darkness, while you gaze upon the spot where it disappeared, and hear only the faint echo of its distant tread. What rumors of it would fill the world! What tales of its grandeur, of its speed and power, would startle the credulity of the remotest village gossip!

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### GENERAL TAYLOR.

*A man has fallen.* I do not mean a mere male, human individual. I speak of that which God meant when He said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Marred sadly, now, by the concussion of that fearful fall; but capable of restoration through the Cross, and justifying well, in the renewal of its fair proportions, and its countenance erect, the sacred record, "God hath made man upright." A man, that has a mind, and uses it. A man, that has a heart, and yields to it. A man, that shapes his circumstances. A man, that cares not for himself. A man, with the simplicity of a child. A man, with the directness of a child. A man, with the freshness and earnestness of a child.

A man, in justice. A man, in generosity. A man, in magnanimity. A man, to meet emergencies. A man, to make occasions. A man, to dare, not only, but to bear. A man, of love. A man, without a fear. A thunderbolt, in war. A dew-drop, in the day of peace. One that, against the fearful odds of five to one, could sway the battle-storm at Buena Vista. And then, from the very arms and lap of victory, write to one, whose gallant son had died to make its crown, "When I miss his familiar face, I can say, with truth, that I feel no exultation in our success." Truly a man has "fallen in Israel."

And "*a great man*" has fallen. A great man, first, must be a man. And, then, must find, or make, the occasion to be great.



In every man, that is a man, there is, potentially, a great man. He who has "fallen, this day, in Israel," was great, in act. His masterly defence of Fort Harrison, when but a captain in the service, where the terrors of impending conflagration were added to the midnight onslaught of the Indians; his successful conduct of the war in Florida, against the same subtle, tireless, unrelenting foe; the gallant movement to Point Isabel, and back to the encampment of Fort Brown, achieving Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, as mere episodes, along the way; the storming and complete possession of Monterey, where every street was barricaded, and every house-top bristled with musketry; the crowning victory, against such fearful odds, at Buena Vista; and, more than that, the clear, calm, quiet, unpretending, but indomitable, answer to Santa Anna's insolent demand, sustained by twenty thousand men — "Sir, in reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say, that I decline acceding to your request;" these glorious, but now painful, reminiscences of the military career of him beside whose grave a nation weeps, assures us that in him a great man has been taken from our Israel.

And more illustrious even than in these, the greatness that knew how to bear such victories; the greatness, that preserved its equilibrium in the storm of national applause and universal admiration; the greatness, that could see the proudest palm of human power planted before it within easiest reach, and not put forth a hand to pluck it; the greatness, that submitted to be made the President of these United States, since so the people willed; the greatness, that went on to Washington, and took the chair of state and filled it with the simple dignity that had directed, from a tent, the ordering of the battle-field; the greatness of moderation; the greatness of modesty; the greatness of self-conquest and control; these do but wound our bleeding hearts more deeply, while they swell them with a fuller, higher admiration of the real greatness of the great man who has gone from us to-day.



## THE SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands;  
Be sure of your curb and rein:  
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns a chain!  
How I laugh'd, as I lay conceal'd from sight,  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childish boast of human might,  
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the seas,  
Creeping along, a snail-like band,  
Or waiting the wayward breeze;  
When I mark'd the peasant fairly reel  
With the toil which he faintly bore,  
As he feebly turn'd the tardy wheel,  
Or tugg'd at the weary oar:

When I measured the panting courser's speed,  
The flight of the courier-dove,  
As they bore the law a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love—  
I could not but think how the world would feel,  
As these were outstripp'd afar,  
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,  
Or chain'd to the flying car!

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
In all the shops of trade;  
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel  
Where my arms of strength are made.  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint—  
I carry, I spin, I weave;  
And all my doings I put into print  
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,  
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"  
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"  
While I manage this world myself.  
But harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein:  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns a chain!



## THE SONG OF LIGHTNING.

AWAY, away through the sightless air—  
Stretch forth your iron thread;  
For I would not dim my sandals fair  
With the dust ye tamely tread.  
Ay, rear it upon its million piers—  
Let it reach the world around,  
And the journey ye make in a hundred years  
I'll clear at a single bound!

Though I cannot toil like the groaning slave  
Ye have fetter'd with iron skill,  
To ferry you over the boundless wave,  
Or grind in the noisy mill;  
Let him sing his giant strength and speed:  
Why, a single shaft of mine  
Would give that monster a flight, indeed,  
To the depths of the ocean brine.

No, no! I'm the spirit of light and love:  
To my unseen hand 'tis given  
To pencil the ambient clouds above,  
And polish the stars of heaven.  
I scatter the golden rays of fire  
On the horizon far below,  
And deck the skies where storms expire  
With my red and dazzling glow.

The deepest recesses of earth are mine—  
I traverse its silent core;  
Around me the starry diamonds shine,  
And the sparkling fields of ore;  
And oft I leap from my throne on high  
To the depths of the ocean's caves,  
Where the fadeless forests of coral lie,  
Far under the world of waves.

My being is like a lovely thought  
That dwells in a sinless breast;  
A tone of music that ne'er was caught—  
A word that was ne'er expressed.  
I burn in the bright and burnish'd halls,  
Where the fountains of sunlight play—  
Where the curtain of gold and opal falls  
O'er the scenes of the dying day.



But away, away, through the sightless air—  
Stretch forth your iron thread;  
For I would not soil my sandals fair  
With the dust ye tamely tread.  
Ay, rear it upon its million piers—  
Let it circle the world around,  
And the journey ye make in a hundred years  
I'll clear at a single bound!

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## A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

ON a lovely morning, towards the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred onward by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendor and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streaks of the purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great Natural Bridge.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for the visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country—Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two large mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon-road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly eighty feet; its width about thirty-five; its thickness about forty-five, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone.

The visitor cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wide stream, foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if ter-



rified at the rocks above. This stream is called Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees under the arch whose height is seventy feet, and yet, to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water.

All hear of heights and depths, but they here *see* what is high, and they tremble and *feel* it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting butments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed with the conviction that none but Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below is as pleasing as the top is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that, as I stood on the bridge and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man, from either view, does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under this beautiful arch we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some, wishing to immortalize their names, have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in this book of fame.

A few years since a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach, but he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and in the soft limestone began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend unless he fell upon the ragged rocks beneath him.

There was no house near from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do any-



thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood on the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained; and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not forsaken him. His course upwards was rather oblique than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived.

He had ascended considerably more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in a little less than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the top, and it was some time before he recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We stayed around this seat of grandeur four hours; but, from my own feelings, I should not have supposed it over half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here we were desired to write our names, as visitors to the bridge, in a large book kept for this purpose. Two large volumes are nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we slowly and silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature. We could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, or throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.



## GENERAL JACKSON'S VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

IN the month of December, 1814, fifteen thousand British troops, under Sir Edward Packenham, were landed for the attack of New Orleans. The defence of this place was intrusted to General Andrew Jackson, whose force was about six thousand men, chiefly raw militia. Several slight skirmishes occurred before the enemy arrived before the city; during this time General Jackson was employed in making preparation for his defence. His front was a straight line of one thousand yards, defended by upwards of three thousand infantry and artillerists. The ditch contained five feet of water, and his front, from having been flooded by opening the levees, and by frequent rains, was rendered slippery and muddy. Eight distinct batteries were judiciously disposed, mounting in all twelve guns of different calibres. On the opposite side of the river was a strong battery of fifteen guns.

At daylight on the morning of the 8th of January, the main body of the British, under their commander-in-chief, General Packenham, were seen advancing from their encampment to storm the American lines. On the preceding evening they had erected a battery within eight hundred yards, which now opened a brisk fire to protect their advance. The British came on in two columns, the left along the levee on the bank of the river, directed against the American right, while their right advanced to the swamp, with a view to turn General Jackson's left. The country being a perfect level, and the view unobstructed, their march was observed from its commencement. They were suffered to approach, in silence and unmolested, until within three hundred yards of the lines.

This period of suspense and expectation was employed by General Jackson and his officers in stationing every man at his post, and arranging every thing for the decisive event. When the British columns had advanced within three hundred yards of the lines, the whole artillery at once opened upon them a most deadly fire. Forty pieces of cannon, deeply charged with grape, canister, and musket-balls, mowed them down by hundreds; at the same time the batteries on the west bank opened their fire, while the riflemen, in perfect security behind their works, as the British advanced took deliberate aim, and nearly every shot took effect.

Through this destructive fire, the British left column, under the immediate orders of the commander-in-chief, rushed on with



their fascines and scaling ladders, to the advance bastion on the American right, and succeeded in mounting the parapet; here, after a close conflict with the bayonet, they succeeded in obtaining possession of the bastion; when the battery planted in the rear for its protection opened its fire, and drove the British from the ground. On the American left, the British attempted to pass the swamp, and gain the rear, but the works had been extended as far into the swamp as the ground would permit. Some who attempted it sank in the mire and disappeared; those behind, seeing the fate of their companions, seasonably retreated and gained the hard ground.

The assault continued an hour and a quarter; during the whole time the British were exposed to the deliberate and destructive fire of the American artillery and musketry, which lay in perfect security behind their breastworks of cotton bales, which no balls could penetrate.

At eight o'clock, the British columns drew off in confusion, and retreated behind their works. Flushed with success, the military were eager to pursue the British troops to their intrenchments, and drive them immediately from the island. A less prudent and accomplished general might have been induced to yield to the indiscreet ardor of his troops; but General Jackson understood too well the nature both of his own and his enemy's force, to hazard such an attempt. Defeat must inevitably have attended an assault made by raw militia, upon an intrenched camp of British regulars. The defence of New Orleans was the object; nothing was to be hazarded which would jeopardize the city.

The British were suffered to retire behind their works without molestation. The result was such as might be expected from the different positions of the two armies. General Packenham, near the crest of the glacis, received a ball in his knee. Still continuing to lead on his men, another shot pierced his body, and he was carried off the field. Nearly at this time, Major-General Gibbs, the second in command, within a few yards of the lines, received a mortal wound, and was removed. The third in command, Major-General Keane, at the head of his troops near the glacis, was severely wounded.

The three commanding generals, on marshalling their troops at five o'clock in the morning, promised them a plentiful dinner in New Orleans, and gave them *booty and beauty* as the parole and countersign of the day. Before eight o'clock, the three generals were carried off the field, two in the agonies of death, and the



third entirely disabled ; leaving upwards of two thousand of their men, dead, dying, and wounded, on the field of battle.

On the 9th, General Lambert and Admiral Cochrane, with the surviving officers of the army, held a council of war, and determined to abandon the expedition. To withdraw the troops in the face of a victorious enemy, would have been difficult and hazardous. To withdraw in safety, every appearance of a renewal of the assault was kept up, till the night of the 18th, when the whole army moved off in one body, over a road which had been previously constructed through a miry slough, in which a number of the troops perished by sinking into the mire. On the 27th, the whole land and naval forces which remained of this disastrous expedition found themselves on board of their ships, with their ranks thinned, their chiefs and many of their companions slain, their bodies emaciated by hunger, fatigue and sickness.

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## HORRORS OF BATTLE.

THE battle took place on the margin of the Niagara River, an extensive plain, which had once been covered with fine farms ; but now, forsaken by the inhabitants, and desolated by war, it exhibited only a barren waste. The river at that place begins to acquire some of that terrific velocity with which it rushes over the awful precipice three miles below, creating one of the grandest natural curiosities in existence ; the noise of the cataract is heard, and the column of foam distinctly seen from the battleground. On the other side, the field is bounded by a thick forest, but the plain itself presents a level smooth surface, unbroken by ravines, and without a tree or bush to intercept the view, or an obstacle to impede the movements of the hostile bodies, or to afford to either party an advantage.

From this plain the American camp was separated by a small creek. In the full glare of the summer sun on the morning of the 5th of July, the British troops were seen advancing to our camp, across the destined field of strife ; their waving plumes, their scarlet uniforms, and gilded ornaments exhibited a gay and gorgeous appearance. Their martial music, their firm and rapid step, indicated elastic hopes and high courage. The Americans, inferior in number, were easily put in motion to meet the advancing foe : they crossed a small rude bridge, the only outlet from the camp, under a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery, and moved steadily to the spot selected for the engagement.



The scene at this moment was beautiful and imposing. The British line, glowing with crimson hues, was stretched across the plain, flanked by pieces of brass ordnance, whose rapid discharge spread death over the field, and filled the air with thunder; while the clouds of smoke enveloped each extremity of the line, left the centre only exposed to the eye, and, extending on to the river on the one hand, and the forest on the other, filled the whole backgrounds of the landscape. The Americans were advancing in columns. They were new recruits, now led for the first time into action, and, except a few officers, none of that heroic band had ever before seen the banner of a foe.

But they moved steadily to their ground, unbroken by the galling fire; and platoon after platoon wheeled into line with the same graceful accuracy of movement which marks the evolution of the holiday parade, until the whole column was deployed into extended front; the officers carefully dressed the line with technical skill, and the whole brigade evinced, by its deep silence, and the faithful precision of its movements, the subordination of strict discipline, and the steady firmness of determined courage. Now the musketry of the enemy began to rattle, pouring bullets as thick as hail upon our ranks. Still not a trigger was drawn, not a voice was heard on our side, save the quick peremptory tones of command.

General Scott rode along the line cheering and restraining his troops, then passed from flank to flank to see if all was as he wished: he wheeled his steed into the rear of the troops, and gave the command to "Fire." A voice was immediately heard in the British ranks—supposed to be that of their commander—exclaiming, "Charge the Yankees! charge the Buffalo militia! charge! charge!" The American general ordered his men to "Support arms!"

The British rushed forward with bayonets charged; but they were struck with amazement when they beheld those whom their commander tauntingly called "militia," standing motionless as statues; their muskets erect, their arms folded across their breasts, gazing calmly at their ranks advancing furiously with levelled bayonets. It was a refinement of discipline rarely exhibited, and here altogether unexpected.

The Americans stood until the enemy approached within a few paces; until the foemen could see the fire flashing from each other's eyes, and each could read the expression of his adversary's face; then deliberately as the word was given, the Americans levelled their pieces and fired—and the whole of the enemy's line seemed annihilated!—Many were killed, many wounded, and



some, rushing forward with powerful momentum, fell over their prostrate companions, or were thrown down by the weight of succeeding combatants.

In one instant the ground occupied by that gallant line was covered by flying Britons; in another, a second line had advanced to sustain the contest; while the broken fragments of the first were rallied behind it. The "Buffalo militia" were now the assailants, advancing with charged bayonets. Then it was that the young American chiefs who led that gallant host displayed the skill of veterans, and the names of Scott, Jessup, Leavenworth, McNeil, and Hinman, were given to their country to adorn the proudest pages of its history. Five-and-thirty minutes decided the contest, and the retiring foe was pursued and driven to his fortress. None who saw will forget the terrific beauty of this scene; the noble appearance of the troops—the dreadful precision of every movement—the awful fury of the battle—its fatal severity—its brief continuance—its triumphant close.

As the victors returned from the pursuit of the retiring enemy, a scene of intense interest was presented. They traversed the field which a few minutes before had sparkled with the proud equipage of war. There had been gallant men, and gay uniforms, and waving banners; and there had been drums and trumpets, and the wild notes of the bugle, stirring the soul to action. There had been nodding plumes, and beating hearts, and eyes that gleamed with ambition.

There too had been tempestuous chiefs, emulous of fame, dashing their fiery steeds along the hostile ranks; and there had been all the spirit-stirring sighs and sounds that fill the eye and the ear and the heart of the young warrior, giving more than the poet's fire to the entranced imagination. What a change had a few brief minutes produced! Now the field was strewn with ghastly and disfigured forms, with the wounded, with the mutilated and the dying. The ear was filled with strange and melancholy and terrific sounds; the shouts of victory had given place to groans of anguish, the complaints of the vanquished, the prayers or the imprecations of the dying.

Here was one who called upon Heaven to protect his children, another raved of a bereaved wife, a third tenderly aspired a beloved name, consecrated only by that tie—while others deprecated their own suffering or pleaded piteously for the pardon of their sins. Here were those who prayed ardently for death, and some who implored a few minutes more of life. Complaints of bodily pain, and confession of unrepented crimes, burst forth from the souls



of many in heart-rending accents; while some, as they gazed upon the fast-flowing crimson torrent, wasted the brief remains of breath in moralizing upon the shortness of life, and man's careless prodigality of existence.

Many gallant spirits there were on that ensanguined plain who prayed silently; and some who dared not pray, and yet scorned to murmur. Their compressed lips bespoke their firmness; their eyes wandered wistfully over the bright scene that was fading before them, and they grasped fervently the hands of those who bade them farewell.

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## CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

THE Guerriere was lying to. The Constitution was leisurely bearing down upon the enemy under her topsails; every man was at his respective station, and all on board were eager for the contest, when the Guerriere commenced the action at long shot. Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes a forty-two pounder from the Guerriere took effect, and killed and wounded some of our brave tars. Lieutenant Morris immediately left his station on the gun-deck to report the same to the commodore, and requested permission to return the fire, as the men were very anxious to engage the enemy.

"Mr. Morris," was the commodore's reply, "are you ready for action on the gun-deck?" "Yes, sir." "Well, keep so; but don't let a gun be fired till I give the word."

In a few moments Mr. Morris again appeared, and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving the enemy a broadside, so anxious were they to commence the engagement.

"Mr. Morris," reiterated the commodore, intently gazing on the English frigate, "are you ready for action on the gun-deck?" "Yes, sir; and it is impossible for me any longer to restrain the men from firing on the foe. Their passions are wrought up to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Several of our bravest seamen are already killed and wounded"— "Keep cool, Mr. Morris, keep cool. See all prepared, and do not suffer a gun to be fired till I give the word."

The gallant lieutenant went below. In a few minutes, the vessels having neared each other to within pistol-shot distance, Morris was sent for to appear on the quarter-deck.



“Are you all ready for action, Mr. Morris?” again demanded the commodore. “We are all ready, sir; and the men are uttering horrid imprecations because they are not suffered to return the fire of the enemy.” “FIRE, then, in God’s name!” shouted the commodore, in a voice of thunder. It is added, that he wore at the time a pair of nankeen *tights*; and he accompanied this *soul-cheering* order with such a tremendous stamp on the deck with his right foot, that the unfortunate pantaloons were *split open from the knee to the waistband*.

The conduct of Dacres, before and during the action, was such as might have been expected from a brave and generous enemy. Mr. Reed, a young man belonging to Brewster, Massachusetts, at present a respectable shipmaster out of Boston, had been pressed on board the *Guerriere* a few weeks previous to the engagement. Several other American seamen were also on board. When the *Constitution* was bearing down in such gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with an American frigate was inevitable, young Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter-deck, and respectfully but firmly represented to Captain Dacres, that he was an American citizen, who had been unjustly detained on board the English frigate; that he had hitherto faithfully performed the duties which were assigned him; and that it could not reasonably be expected he would fight against his countrymen; he therefore begged leave to decline the honor of participating in the engagement.

The English captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings; that he did not wish the Americans on board to use arms against their countrymen; and he subsequently ordered them all into the cockpit, to render assistance to the surgeon, if it should be necessary. Reed left the spar-deck after the *Guerriere* had commenced the action. Several shot were known to have taken effect, but the *Constitution* had not yet fired a gun, much to the amusement of the British tars, who predicted that the enemy would be taken without resistance, with the exception of a veteran man-of-war’s-man, who was in the battle of the Nile, and gruffly observed, with a significant shake of the head, “That Yankee knows what he’s about.”

A few moments passed away, and the *Constitution* poured in her tremendous broadside; every gun was double-shotted and well-pointed, and the effect which it had on the enemy can hardly be conceived. Mistimed jests and jeers at imperturbable but harmless Yankees gave place to the groans of the wounded and dying, and sixteen poor mutilated wretches were tumbled down into the cockpit from the effects of the first broadside!



Dacres fought as long as a spar was standing, and a gun could be brought to bear upon the enemy; but when his masts were completely swept away, his officers and men mostly killed and wounded, encumbering the decks; while the scuppers were streaming with gore; when the *Guerriere*, which a few hours before was justly considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water an unsightly, unmanageable mass; when he had no longer the stump of a mast left from which to display the proud flag of his country, the gallant Briton began to think he had got into an ugly scrape, from which he could not possibly extricate himself. He could no longer oppose even a feeble resistance to his more fortunate foe.

Commodore Hull sent an officer to take possession of the *Guerriere*. When he arrived alongside, he demanded of the commander of the English frigate if he had struck. Dacres was extremely reluctant to make this concession in plain terms, but, with a shrewdness which would have done honor to a Yankee, endeavored to evade the question.

"I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer," said he. "Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" inquired the American lieutenant. "Not precisely," returned Dacres; "but I don't know that it will be worth while to fight any longer." "If you think it advisable, I will return aboard," replied the Yankee, "and we will resume the engagement." "Why, I am pretty much *hors de combat* already," said Dacres; "I have hardly men enough left to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition." "I wish to know, sir," peremptorily demanded the American officer, "whether I am to consider you as a prisoner of war, or an enemy. I have no time for further parley." "I believe there is now no alternative. If I could fight longer, I would with pleasure; but I — must — surrender — myself — a *prisoner of war*!"



## OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky ;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar ;  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee ;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea.

O, better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave,  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave ;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms—  
The lightning and the gale.

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## FEMALE HEROISM.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Evening Post, in a letter dated Natchez, on the 19th of August, 1825, gives the following account of a transaction which occurred twelve or fifteen years ago in Indiana, soon after the first settlement of that country by the whites. The writer states that the story was related to him a short time since by one of the parties concerned. William and Mary, the persons here alluded to, were a young farmer and his wife, who were very pleasantly situated on a fine farm, and with three beautiful children, were in the enjoyment of blessings which rarely fall to the lot of the settlers of a new country.

“In this situation,” says the account, “matters stood at the memorable battle of Tippecanoe, when the whole frontier, and indeed the whole State, was thrown into commotion and alarm.



Many depredations and massacres were committed by the Indians, and some deeds of dreadful note were done, which never could be satisfactorily accounted for. The brave and humane General Harrison, who commanded at that time, had erected in various parts of the State what were termed lines of block-houses, in which were posted detached parties of soldiers and militia, who acted as picket guards to the frontier inhabitants; they also served as a line of communication from post to post, and as a place of refuge for the weak and defenceless from the approach of an enemy.

“One of these lines of block-houses extended through the settlement in which William lived, and most of the inhabitants had taken shelter within their walls. He, however, from some cause or other, had neglected so to do, as well as one of his nearest neighbors. One morning, William had taken his rifle and gone some miles on business, promising to return home as early in the evening as possible. He had not been gone more than an hour, when Mary, who was a few rods from the house with her children, was alarmed by the sudden and horrid yell of the savages—two of them at the same time appearing in the skirts of a wood, a few hundred yards distant.

“She instantly caught up the two children that were nearest her, and fled to the house: having placed them within the door, she was returning for the other, when she saw with agony that one of the Indians had already seized her hapless child, while the other was making toward the house with lengthened strides, terrific yells, and uplifted tomahawk. What was to be done? There was no alternative, and she retreated precipitately within, and had scarce a moment left to secure the door on the inside with a wooden bar, when the Indian was at it, endeavoring to force it open; but finding it much better secured than he had anticipated, he began to utter the most horrid execrations, and called his companion to his assistance.

“They both seemed to speak the English language perfectly, which not a little surprised Mary. They made various efforts to force open the door, all the while uttering the most dreadful threats, that if she did not open it and let them in, they would murder her child, and then burn down the house over her head. Alas, poor Mary! she knew but too well that death was her portion, and persisted in keeping the door barred. They at length became desperate, finding themselves much foiled, and actually dashed the child's brains out against a tree that stood before the house, while the mother was looking through a small opening between the logs of the building.



“A darkness came over her eyes, her heart ceased to beat for a moment, and she sank upon her knees, for she could support herself no longer, and had almost fainted. She, however, soon rallied her faculties, offered up a fervent ejaculation to that Omnipotent Being who is all powerful to save, and arose. Her first thought was to conceal her children, open the door, and give herself up as a sacrifice to their vengeance, in hopes that her offspring might possibly be saved. This idea, however vain it might appear, was prevented from being put into execution, by one of the Indians exclaiming that he would come down the chimney. The Indian who had murdered the child had ascended the corner of the house by means of the projecting ends of the logs, and commenced descending the chimney.

“In this extremity, Mary had given up all for lost; she was stooping to embrace her children, as she believed for the last time, when she thought of her straw bed. She immediately flew to it with the strength of an Amazon, tore open the ticking, and threw its contents upon the fire; a full column of blaze and smoke ascended the chimney, while the murderous wretch was about midway between the top and bottom, and could neither ascend nor descend to extricate himself, before he had drawn into his lungs that fiery draught, which instantly suffocated him to death. He fell into the fire, and rolled upon the hearth a black and lifeless corpse. It now seemed as if the whole energy of Mary’s mind had burst upon her; she caught up the tomahawk, which he still held in his ‘death grasp,’ and went deliberately and opened the door.

“The Indian on the outside, thinking it was his comrade, entered entirely off his guard, when the tomahawk of his accomplice was buried in the back of his head, and he fell dead on the floor. Mary instantly took her two remaining children in her arms, and fled to the nearest neighbor, and gave the alarm. The woman of the house seemed much agitated, and said her husband had gone out about half an hour before. She then proceeded on to another settler’s, about a mile farther, and told what she had done.

“Three or four men who happened to be there at the time caught up their rifles, and proceeded immediately to William’s residence, when on examination it was found—horrible to relate—that these worse than savage monsters were not Indians, but were actually white men! and that one of them was William’s nearest neighbor, the owner of the house to which Mary had first fled for protection. It would seem, that knowing William was possessed of a few hundred dollars, he, in company



with another wretch, who had been but a few weeks in the settlement, formed the horrid design of murdering the whole family in the disguise of Indians, and possessing themselves of the money. But a merciful God prevented them from entirely accomplishing their object."

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## THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

THE mothers of our forest-land !  
Stout-hearted dames were they ;  
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,  
And join the border-fray.  
Our rough land had no braver,  
In its days of blood and strife—  
Aye ready for severest toil,  
Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land !  
On old Kentucky's soil,  
How shared they, with each dauntless band,  
War's tempest and life's toil !  
They shrank not from the foeman—  
They quail'd not in the fight—  
But cheer'd their husbands through the day,  
And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land !  
Their bosoms pillow'd men !  
And proud were they by such to stand,  
In hammock, fort, or glen,  
To load the sure, old rifle—  
To run the leaden ball—  
To watch a battling husband's place,  
And fill it, should he fall.

The mothers of our forest-land !  
Such were their daily deeds.  
Their monument!—where does it stand?  
Their epitaph!—who reads?  
No braver dames had Sparta,  
No nobler matrons Rome—  
Yet who or lauds or honors them,  
E'en in their own green home?



The mothers of our forest-land !  
They sleep in unknown graves :  
And had they borne and nursed a band  
Of ingrates, or of slaves,  
They had not been more neglected !  
But their graves shall yet be found,  
And their monuments dot here and there  
"The Dark and Bloody Ground."

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## THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

THE sleep of the fugitives lasted for several hours. The trapper was the first to shake off its influence, as he had been the last to court its refreshment. Rising just as the grey light of day began to brighten that portion of the studded vault which rested on the eastern margin of the plain, he summoned his companions from their warm lairs, and pointed out the necessity of their being once more on the alert.

"See, Middleton!" exclaimed Inez, in a sudden burst of youthful pleasure that caused her for a moment to forget her situation. "How lovely is that sky; surely it contains a promise of happier times!"

"It is glorious!" returned her husband. "Glorious and heavenly is that streak of vivid red, and here is a still brighter crimson—rarely have I seen a richer rising of the sun."

"Rising of the sun!" slowly repeated the old man, lifting his tall person from its seat, with a deliberate and abstracted air, while he kept his eye riveted on the changing and certainly beautiful tints that were garnishing the vault of heaven. "Rising of the sun! I like not such risings of the sun. Ah's me! the imps have circumvented us with a vengeance. The prairie is on fire!"

"God in heaven protect us!" cried Middleton, catching Inez to his bosom under the instant impression of the imminence of their danger. "There is no time to lose, old man; each instant is a day; let us fly."

"Whither?" demanded the trapper, motioning him with calmness and dignity, to arrest his steps. "In this wilderness of grass and reeds, you are like a vessel in the broad lakes without a compass. A single step on the wrong course might prove the destruction of us all. It is seldom danger is so pressing that there is not time enough for reason to do its work, young officer; therefore let us await its biddings."

"For my own part," said Paul Hover, looking about him with



no unequivocal expression of concern, "I acknowledge that should this dry bed of weeds get fairly in a flame, a bee would have to make a flight higher than common to prevent his wings from scorching. Therefore, old trapper, I agree with the captain, and say mount and run."

"Ye are wrong—ye are wrong—man is not a beast to follow the gift of instinct, and to snuff up his knowledge by a taint in the air, or a rumbling in the sound; but he must see and reason, and then conclude. So follow me a little to the left, where there is a rise in the ground, whence we may make our reconnoitrings."

The old man waved his hand with authority, and led the way without further parlance to the spot he had indicated, followed by the whole of his alarmed companions. An eye less practised than that of the trapper might have failed in discovering the gentle elevation to which he alluded, and which looked on the surface of the meadow like a growth a little taller than common. When they reached the place, however, the stunted grass itself announced the absence of that moisture which had fed the rank weeds of most of the plain, and furnished a clue to the evidence by which he had judged of the formation of the ground hidden beneath. Here a few minutes were lost in breaking down the tops of the surrounding herbage, which, notwithstanding the advantage of their position, rose even above the heads of Middleton and Paul, and in obtaining a look-out that might command a view of the surrounding sea of fire.

The examination which his companions so instantly and so intently made, rather served to assure them of their desperate situation than to appease their fears. Huge columns of smoke were rolling up from the plain, and thickening in gloomy masses around the horizon. The red glow which gleamed upon their enormous folds, now lighting their volumes with the glare of the conflagration, now flash to another point as the flame beneath glided ahead, leaving all behind enveloped in awful darkness, and proclaiming louder than words the character of the imminent and rapidly approaching danger.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Middleton, folding the trembling Inez to his heart. "At such a time as this and in such a manner!"

"The gates of heaven are open to all who truly believe," murmured the pious devotee in his bosom.

"This resignation is maddening! But we are men, and will make a struggle for our lives! How now, my brave and spirited friend, shall we yet mount and push across the flames, or shall we stand here and see those we most love perish in this frightful manner without an effort?"



"I am for a swarming time, and a flight before the hive is too hot to hold us," said the bee-hunter, to whom it will be at once seen that the half-distracted Middleton addressed himself. "Come, old trapper, you must acknowledge this is but a slow way of getting out of danger. If we tarry here much longer it will be in the fashion that the bees lie around the straw after the hive has been smoked for its honey. You may hear the fire begin to roar already, and I know by experience that when the flame once gets fairly into the prairie grass, it is no sloth that can outrun it."

"Think you," returned the old man, pointing scornfully at the mazes of the dry and matted grass which environed them, "that mortal feet can outstrip the speed of fire on such a path?"

"What say you, friend doctor," cried the bewildered Paul, turning to the naturalist with that sort of helplessness with which the strong are often apt to seek aid of the weak, when human power is baffled by the hand of a mightier being, "what say you; have you no advice to give away in a case of life and death?"

The naturalist stood, tablets in hands, looking at the awful spectacle with as much composure as though the conflagration had been lighted in order to solve the difficulties of some scientific problem. Aroused by the question of his companion, he turned to his equally calm, though differently occupied associate, the trapper, demanding, with the most provoking insensibility to the urgent nature of their situation—"Venerable hunter, you have often witnessed similar prismatic experiments—"

He was rudely interrupted by Paul, who struck the tablets from his hands with a violence that betrayed the utter intellectual confusion which had upset the equanimity of his mind. Before time was allowed for remonstrance, the old man, who had continued during the whole scene like one who was rather perplexed than alarmed, suddenly assumed a decided air, as if he no longer doubted on the course it was most advisable to pursue.

"It is time to be doing," he said, interrupting the controversy that was about to ensue between the naturalist and the bee-hunter; "it is time to leave off books and moanings, and to be doing."

"You have come to your recollections too late, miserable old man," cried Middleton; "the flames are within a quarter of a mile of us, and the wind is bringing them down in this quarter with dreadful rapidity."

"Anan! the flames! I care but little for the flames. If I knew how to circumvent the cunning of the Teutons, as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I have witnessed in the eastern hills,



when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come; 'tis time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand, and lay bare the 'arth."

"Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner!" exclaimed Middleton.

A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man as he answered—"Your gran'ther would have said that when the enemy was nigh a soldier could do no better than to obey."

The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labor, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none amongst them knew why or wherefore. When life is thought to be the reward of labor, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot of some twenty feet in diameter. Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite margin of the grass, which still environed them in a tall and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The light combustible kindled at the flash. Then he placed the little flame into a bed of the standing fog, and withdrawing from the spot to the centre of the ring, he patiently awaited the result.

The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass as the tongues of ruminating animals are seen rolling among their food apparently in quest of its sweetest portions.

"Now," said the old man, holding up a finger and laughing in his peculiar silent manner, "you shall see fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a smooty path from wanton laziness to pick my way across a tangled bottom."

"But is this not fatal?" cried the amazed Middleton; "are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us instead of avoiding it?"

"Do you scorch so easily?—your gran'ther had a tougher skin. But we shall live to see; we shall all live to see."

The experience of the trapper was in the right. As the fire gained strength and heat it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth for want of aliment. As it increased, and



the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have still been hazardous had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onward.

The spectators regarded the simple expedient of the trapper with that species of wonder with which the courtiers of Ferdinand are said to have viewed the manner in which Columbus made the egg stand on its end, though with feelings that were filled with gratitude instead of envy.

"Most wonderful!" said Middleton, when he saw the complete success of the means by which they had been rescued from a danger that he had conceived to be unavoidable. "The thought was a gift from heaven, and the hand that executed it should be immortal."

"Old trapper," cried Paul, thrusting his fingers through his shaggy locks, "I have lined many a loaded bee into his hole, and know something of the nature of the woods, but this is robbing a hornet of his sting without touching the insect!"

"It will do—it will do," returned the old man, who after the first moment of his success seemed to think no more of the exploit. "Let the flames do their work for a short half hour and then we will mount. That time is needed to cool the meadow, for these unshod beasts are tender on the hoof as a barefooted girl."

The veteran, on whose experience they all so implicitly relied for protection, employed himself in reconnoitring objects in the distance, through the openings which the air occasionally made in the immense bodies of smoke that by this time lay in enormous piles on every part of the plain.



## THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the Gardens of the Desert, these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
And fresh as the young earth, ere man had sinned—  
The Prairies! I behold them for the first,  
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight  
Takes in the encircling vastness.

Lo! they stretch,  
In airy undulations, far away,  
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,  
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,  
And motionless forever. Motionless?  
No—they are all unchained again.

The clouds  
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath  
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;  
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase  
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!  
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,  
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,  
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—

Ye have played  
Among the palms of Mexico, and vines  
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks  
That from the fountains of Sonora glide  
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned  
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?

Man hath no part in all this glorious work:  
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved  
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes  
With herbage, planted them with island groves,  
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor  
For this magnificent temple of the sky—  
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude  
Rival the constellations! The great heavens  
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love.



## A FOREST ON FIRE.

AUDUBON, in his interesting ornithological biography, gives the following characteristic narrative, related by a lumberer, whom he met with in Maine. The burning of forests has not been an infrequent accident in Maine, and the less settled districts of our northern States.

“We were sound asleep one night,” said the lumberer, “when, about two hours before day, the snorting of the horses, and lowing of the cattle which had been ranging in the woods, suddenly awakened us. I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them with their tails raised over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming toward us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

“We then mounted and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but, before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

“We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush-heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on pur-



pose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

“By this time we could feel the heat; and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child’s face, that when she turned toward either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shore, however, coasted along the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

“On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened, for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

“The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night, I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing.

“Toward morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cooled enough, and shivered as if in an ague-fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know.



My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and, after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

“By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, though the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting a while, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and, after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the ‘hard woods,’ which had escaped the fire. Soon after, we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer; but, thanks to God, here we are, safe, sound, and happy!”

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## STARS IN THE FOURTEENTH CONGRESS.

I HAVE neither time, nor strength, nor ability, to speak of the legislators of that day as they deserve; nor is this the fit occasion. Yet the coldest or most careless nature cannot recur to such associates, without some touch of generous feeling. . . .

Pre-eminent—yet not more proudly than humbly pre-eminent—among them, was a gentleman from South Carolina, now no more; the purest, the calmest, the most philosophical of our country’s modern statesmen. One no less remarkable for gentleness of manners, and kindness of heart, than for that passionless, unclouded intellect, which rendered him deserving of the praise, if ever man deserved it, of merely standing by, and letting reason argue for him. The true patriot, incapable of all selfish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her. He, I mean, who consecrated, by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own, that the first station in the republic was neither to be sought after nor declined—a sentiment so just and so happily expressed, that it continues to be repeated, because it cannot be improved.

There was, also, a gentleman from Maryland, whose ashes now slumber in our cemetery. It is not long since I stood by his



tomb, and recalled him, as he was then, in all the pride and power of his genius. Among the first of his countrymen and contemporaries as a jurist and statesman, first as an orator, he was, if not truly eloquent, the prince of rhetoricians. Nor did the soundness of his logic suffer anything by a comparison with the richness and classical purity of the language in which he copiously poured forth those figurative illustrations of his argument, which enforced while they adorned it. But let others pronounce his eulogy. I must not. I feel as if his mighty spirit still haunted the scene of its triumphs, and, when I dared to wrong them, indignantly rebuked me.

These names have become historical. There were others of whom it is more difficult to speak, because yet within the reach of praise or envy. For one who was, or aspired to be, a politician, it would be prudent, perhaps wise, to avoid all mention of these men. Their acts, their words, their thoughts, their very looks, have become subjects of party controversy. But he whose ambition is of a higher or lower order, has no need of such reserve. Talent is of no party exclusively; nor is justice.

Among them, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia, whom it was superfluous to designate. Whose speeches were universally read? Whose satire was universally feared? Upon whose accents did this habitually listless and unlistening house hang, so frequently, with wrapt attention? Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period? Who was a more dexterous debater, a riper scholar, better versed in the politics of our own country, or deeper read in the history of others? Above all, who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language—more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy, or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame in words of magic, and tones of silver?

There was, also, a son of South Carolina, still in the republic, then, undoubtedly, the most influential member of this House. With a genius eminently metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of analysis, abstraction, and condensation, and thus gave to the problems of government something of that grandeur which the higher mathematics have borrowed from astronomy. The wings of his mind were rapid, but capricious, and there were times when the light which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle the beholder. Engrossed with his subject—careless of his words—his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by colloquial or provincial barbarisms. But, though often incorrect, he was always



fascinating. Language with him was merely the scaffolding of thought—employed to raise a dome, which, like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens.

It is equally impossible to forget, or to omit, a gentleman from Kentucky, whom party has since made the fruitful topic of unmeasured panegyric and detraction. Of sanguine temperament, and impetuous character, his declamation was impassioned, his retorts acrimonious. Deficient in refinement rather than in strength, his style was less elegant and correct than animated and impressive. But it swept away our feelings with it like a mountain torrent, and the force of the stream left you little leisure to remark upon its clearness. His estimate of human nature was, probably, not very high. It may be that his past associations had not tended to exalt it. Unhappily, it is, perhaps, more likely to have been lowered than raised by his subsequent experience. Yet then, and even since, except when that imprudence, so natural to genius, prevailed over his better judgment, he had generally the good sense, or good taste, to adopt a lofty tone of sentiment, whether he spoke of measures or of men, of friend or adversary. On many occasions he was noble and captivating. One I can never forget. It was the fine burst of indignant eloquence with which he replied to the taunting question, "What have we gained by the war?"

Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New Hampshire, who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction, by the superior fame he has attained as a senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the calm, cold, collected manner; the air of solemn dignity; the deep, sepulchral, unimpassioned voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his frigid irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasms was indeed peculiar to him; they seemed to be emanations from the spirit of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so novel and so powerful; it was frozen mercury becoming as caustic as red hot iron.



## THE POLAR REGIONS.

ON the twenty-third of May, 1850, the *Advance and Rescue*, fitted out by Henry Grinnell, Esq., of New York, and commanded by Captain DeHaven, of the United States Navy, left the harbor of New York, and sailed directly for the Polar Regions. In about twenty-five days we were embedded in ice; and in those regions we witnessed, from time to time, the wild scenes which occur as the ice is broken up and forced into masses.

The ice, which is generally about five feet in thickness, and much resembles glass, breaks with strange and fearful noises; now like the whining of a puppy, then like calls of distress; and then, again, like the booming of cannon. Before, it was level, but now it is piled into ridges; and, as the masses are forced upon each other, every variety of noise increases.

Now low and plaintive; now shrieking wildly, and gradually rising to a climax of fearful intensity, under which all language ceases; and then dying away into the softest cadence. These noises were so marked, and oftentimes so regular, as to be called the pulses of the ice; and from them we could generally judge of its movements.

We had no fire; but the mercury was for weeks together many degrees below zero. As late as July, over seven hundred miles from the North Pole, I gathered a flowering ranunculus embedded in snow and ice. In the second week of September our casks were frozen, and we could get no water, except by manufacture.

We quarried the icebergs, and melted them. Soon the sea began to freeze, our decks became dry, covered with lumps of ice, and the rigging was beautifully crystallized. As the cold increased, the scene was fairer. Icicles hung around the deck; peaches became a mass of chalcedony; butter was cut with a chisel, beef with a pick-axe and crow-bar.

When walking out, we were conscious of a bracing atmosphere. Our whiskers and faces were glazed with ice; and our tongues, if thrust out, were frozen to our chins; but by walking briskly onward, we would get into a fine glow, and often into a perspiration; but then, if the wind arose, we had a sensation like the pricking of pins. In our new life, cold gave a positive character to our existence, almost impossible to describe.

We protected ourselves from metals with fur and buckskin. The crawl, the chill, which is, with us at home, the indications of varying temperature, was there unknown. In fact, it was only by the direct attack of cold that we were aware of it; and officers



and men agreed that we had suffered more at home from cold. With such an inveterate enemy, however, we could not hope to escape scars, but we all returned alive.

Wrapped in our buffalo-robcs, and stretched upon the ice in Baffin's Bay, late in the autumn of 1850, we were roused by the voice of an officer, calling upon us to hasten up. The ice-voices had been renewed with fearful intensity. The air was filled with shrieks and howls. The ice was in great commotion. On came the crest. The crushed ice, piled high, gradually neared us. The vessel trembled from the force of the continued shocks. On it came. Now only six yards from the vessel; now three yards; now but six feet.

All were mute, with trembling lips; but suddenly the noise and the motion ceased. We waited for the movement to be renewed, but no renewal came; and five months afterward that immense body of ice was still there; and the vessel was also there, encompassed and enclosed by it, a monument of God's protecting care, and of man's weakness.

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## THE POLAR NIGHT.

THE greatest wonder of the Polar Regions is the long night. It came on gradually from the middle of November, and continued until in February; and the one exclamation was, O, that the day would come again! I cannot describe the northern night. It is like painting shadows, and even Turner might hesitate. The sky stretched over us, ultra-marine running into blue darkness. As the night advanced, the great vault glittered with perpetual stars. The moon, though sixteen degrees from the zenith, seemed to be directly overhead.

The temporary dip of some part of the zodiacal constellations made it only more wonderful. The great host above these shone in perfect splendor. During this time we had the glorious Aurora Borealis; but it is not the same splendid display, neither of color nor light, that we see at home. It is a condensed nebulosity, a luminous cloud. In Lancaster Sound, it arched directly over us with a waving light; but it did not alleviate our night, nor cause a dip of the magnetic needle.

The Parsellini are sometimes striking. I have seen the moon surrounded with two halos with diagonal bands, and where they touched the halos there were other moons, so that we had eight at a time. Suddenly our topography changed. It was like



scoriæ of lava; then without definite surface; then with serrated margin. On our vessel changes went on. All the metals were covered with a dark substance, like lamp-black.

Every man looked pale, as with long sickness. We wearied of doing nothing. We paced our little ship like beasts their cages. Of the thirty-seven inmates of our vessel, but three escaped scurvy. In the midst came the sun, and led in the happiest day of our wandering. At first it came very little above the horizon. Soon it increased, until it rose and sank in our familiar east and west, and the night, by the tenth of April, left us. Moon and stars faded; we had entered on our long Arctic day.

With this period came new celestial phenomena—the parhelion and refraction. The parhelion, or mock sun, was constantly beautiful, giving us lozenge-shaped imitations of the sun. The effect of a sky with manifold suns may be imagined. Of refraction, the most famous form is the mirage. This is occasioned by the diversion of the visual ray when passing through different layers of air. It is indeed an optical illusion, not distinguishable from reflection.

Looking at the Polar landscape, we became conscious of strange distortions; nothing was still. For a few weeks before the return of the sun, the horizon seemed lifted up; then the landscape was like a hollow cone. We were in the midst of a vast area, of which we were always the centre. It seemed a massive prison, always closing around us. It is only in the height of summer that the mirage attains its full phantasmagorical splendor.

Oriental splendors are there, and familiar sights. I give, word by word, a paragraph from my note-book: "Aug. 13th; refraction again, just ahead; a little north of west, a black globe in the air. Is it a bird or a balloon? It shimmers; it has changed; it is a grand-piano; nay, an anvil, large enough for Vulcan or Cyclops. It changes still; it is a pair of colossal dumb-bells; now it is a black globe again."

Often I have seen this effect without the sun. We have been called upon deck by hearing of fires. It was startling, when we thought of watch-fires. But I saw that Sirius was elevated by refraction high above the table-lands of the coast, as the telescope proved. I dwell upon this, for it was so marvellous.

One evening, after the end of February, a plain, dark streak was seen stretching several leagues in the sky. Along it were inverted hills; they were like great tunnels in the sky, yet each was of the massiveness of mountains. The land was then more than ninety miles off, and again subsided; leaving us with an



ice-clad horizon. So for more than nine months we drifted a thousand miles; but in June, the globe of ice around us broke, and, after an imprisonment of two hundred and sixty days, and a drift of one thousand and eighty miles, our prows cut clear water.

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## A BEE-HUNT.

THE beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far West, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man, and say that, in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders; and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets; and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

At present the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow in homespun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee-hive. A comrade, equally uncouth in



garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

After proceeding some distance, we came to an open glade, on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey, they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disrapture of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge: they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe, and unsuspecting of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown color; others were beautifully white; and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire



were placed in camp-kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his breeches pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic.

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### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A song for the early times out west,  
And our green old forest-home,  
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet  
Across the bosom come:  
A song for the free and glad some life  
In those early days we led,  
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,  
And a smiling heaven o'erhead!  
Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,  
And had a joyous flow,  
In the days when we were pioneers,  
Fifty years ago!



The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,  
The captured elk or deer ;  
The camp, the big, bright fire, and then  
The rich and wholesome cheer ;  
The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night,  
By our camp-fire blazing high—  
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,  
And the panther springing by.  
Oh, merrily pass'd the time, despite  
Our wily Indian foe,  
In the days when we were pioneers,  
Fifty years ago !

We shunn'd not labor ; when 'twas due  
We wrought with right good will ;  
And for the home we won for them,  
Our children bless us still.  
We lived not hermit lives, but oft  
In social converse met ;  
And fires of love were kindled then,  
That burn on warmly yet.  
Oh, pleasantly the stream of life  
Pursued its constant flow,  
In the days when we were pioneers,  
Fifty years ago !

We felt that we were fellow-men ;  
We felt we were a band  
Sustain'd here in the wilderness  
By Heaven's upholding hand.  
And when the solemn Sabbath came,  
We gather'd in the wood,  
And lifted up our hearts in prayer  
To God, the only good.  
Our temples then were earth and sky ;  
None others did we know  
In the days when we were pioneers,  
Fifty years ago !

Our forest life was rough and rude,  
And dangers closed us round,  
But here, amid the green old trees,  
Freedom we sought and found.  
Oft through our dwellings wintry blasts  
Would rush with shriek and moan ;  
We cared not—though they were but frail,  
We felt they were our own !  
Oh, free and manly lives we led,  
Mid verdure or mid snow,  
In the days when we were pioneers,  
Fifty years ago !



## DESCENT OF THE OHIO IN 1809.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue, which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian Summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer, with open jaws, seized the stragglers, and, with a splash of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for, on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that, alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface, while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places, where the idea of being on a river of a great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber.



We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the Great Owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different headwaters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

When I think of the times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses; when I remember that these extraordinary



changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, I wonder, and, although I know all to be the fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

Whether these changes are for the better or for the worse, I shall not pretend to say ; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country, from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our IRVINGS and our COOPERS have proved themselves fully competent for the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity, as almost to rival the movements of their pens. However, it is not too late yet ; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire under the influence of increasing population. Yes ; I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts from those delightful writers of the progress of civilization in our western country. They will speak of the CLARKS, the CROGHANS, the BOONS, and many other men of great and daring enterprise. They will analyse, as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture, as it ought to be, immortal.

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## FOR THE CHARLESTOWN CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Two hundred years ! two hundred years !  
How much of human power and pride,  
What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears  
Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide !

The red man at his horrid rite,  
Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,  
His bark canoe, its track of light  
Left on the wave beneath the moon ;

His dance, his yell, his council-fire,  
The altar where his victim lay,  
His death-song, and his funeral pyre,  
That still, strong tide hath borne away.



And that pale pilgrim band is gone,  
That on this shore with trembling trod,  
Ready to faint, yet bearing on  
The ark of freedom and of God.

And war — that since o'er ocean came,  
And thunder'd loud from yonder hill,  
And wrapp'd its foot in sheets of flame,  
To blast that ark — its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,  
That live in story and in song,  
Time, for the last two hundred years,  
Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes,  
This vision of the scenes of old;  
'Tis like the moon when morning breaks,  
'Tis like a tale round watchfires told.

Then what are we? then what are we?  
Yes, when two hundred years have roll'd  
O'er our green graves, our names shall be  
A morning dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers, in whose sight  
The thousand years that swept away  
Man and the traces of his might,  
Are but the break and close of day—

Grant us that love of truth sublime,  
That love of goodness and of thee,  
That makes thy children in all time  
To share thine own eternity.

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## OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

Who would sever freedom's shrine?  
Who would draw the invidious line?  
Though by birth one spot be mine,  
Dear is all the rest.

Dear to me the South's fair land,  
Dear the central mountain band,  
Dear New England's rocky strand,  
Dear the prairied West.



By our altars, pure and free ;  
 By our laws' deep-rooted tree ;  
 By the past's dread memory ;  
     By our *Washington* ;

By our common parent tongue :  
 By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young ;  
 By the tie of country strong,  
     We will still be one.

Fathers ! have ye bled in vain ?  
 Ages ! must ye droop again !  
 Maker ! shall we rashly stain  
     Blessings sent by Thee ?

*No !* receive our *solemn* vow,  
 While before Thy shrine we bow,  
 Ever to maintain as now,  
     UNION—LIBERTY !

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## THE INDIAN AS HE WAS AND AS HE IS.

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded to the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tablets of stone, but he had traced them on the tablets of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.



He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left his native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious Source he bent in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you—the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untameable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

Agès hence the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtue as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.



## THE CAPTIVE CHIEF.

PALE was the hue of his faded cheek,  
As it leaned on his cold, damp pillow;  
And deep the heave of his troubled breast  
As the lift of the ocean billow;  
For he thought of the days when his restless foot  
Through the pathless forest bounded,  
And the festive throng by the hunting fire,  
Where the chase-song joyously sounded.

He had stood in the deadly ambuscade,  
While his warriors were falling around him;  
He had stood unmoved at the torturing stake,  
Where the foe in his wrath had bound him;  
He had mocked at pain in every form,  
Had joyed in the sport of danger;  
But his spirit was crushed by the dungeon's gloom,  
And the chain of the ruthless stranger.

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I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;  
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;  
I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,  
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;  
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,  
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;  
But they die not of hunger, or lingering decay;  
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

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## MIKE FINK, THE LAST OF THE BOATMEN.

I EMBARKED a few years since, at Pittsburg, for Cincinnati, on board a steamboat, more with a view of realizing the possibility of a speedy return against the current, than in obedience to the call of either business or pleasure.

When we left, the season was not far advanced in vegetation. But as we proceeded, the change was more rapid than the difference of latitude justified. I had frequently observed this in former voyages; but it never was so striking as on the present occasion. The old mode of travelling in the sluggish flat-boat seemed to give time for the change of season; but now a few hours carried us into a different climate. We met Spring, with all her laughing train of flowers and verdure, rapidly advancing from the south. The buckeye, cottonwood, and maple had already assumed, in this



region, the rich livery of summer. The thousand varieties of the floral kingdom spread a gay carpet over the luxuriant meadows on each side of the river. The thick woods resounded with the notes of the feathered tribe—each striving to outdo his neighbor in noise, if not in melody. We had not reached the region of paroquets; but the clear-toned whistle of the cardinal was heard in every bush; and the cat-bird was endeavoring, with its usual zeal, to rival the powers of the more gifted mocking-bird.

A few hours brought us to one of those stopping points known by the name of “wooding-places.” It was situated immediately above Letart’s Falls. The boat, obedient to the wheel of the pilot, made a graceful sweep towards the island above the falls, and rounding to, approached the wood pile. As the boat drew near the shore, the escape steam reverberated through the forest and hills like the chafed bellowing of the caged tiger. The root of a tree, concealed beneath the water, prevented the boat from getting sufficiently near the bank, and it became necessary to use the paddles to take a different position.

“Back out! and try it again!” exclaimed a voice from the shore. “Throw your pole wide, and brace off, or you’ll run against a snag.”

This was a kind of language long familiar to us on the Ohio. It was a sample of the slang of the keel-boatmen.

The speaker was immediately cheered by a dozen of voices from the deck; and I recognised in him the person of an old acquaintance, familiarly known to me from my boyhood. He was leaning carelessly against a large beech, and as his left arm carelessly pressed a rifle to his side, presented a figure that Salvator would have chosen from a million, as a model for his wild and moody pencil. His stature was upwards of six feet, his proportions perfectly symmetrical, and exhibiting the evidence of herculean powers.

To a stranger he would have seemed a complete mulatto. Long exposure to the sun and weather on the Lower Ohio and Mississippi had changed his skin; and, but for the fine European cast of his countenance, he might have passed for the principal warrior of some powerful tribe. Although at least fifty years of age, his hair was as black as the wing of the raven. Next to his skin he wore a red flannel shirt, covered by a blue capote, ornamented with white fringe. On his feet were moccasins; and a broad leathern belt, from which hung, suspended in a sheath, a large knife, encircled his waist.

As soon as the steamboat became stationary, the cabin passengers jumped on shore. On ascending the bank, the figure I have



just described advanced to offer me his hand. "How are you, Mike?" said I. "How goes it?" replied the boatman, grasping my hand with a squeeze I can compare to nothing but that of a blacksmith's vice. "I am glad to see you," he continued, in his abrupt manner. "I am going to shoot at the tin cup for a quart—off-hand—and you must be judge."

I understood Mike at once, and on any other occasion should have remonstrated, and prevented the daring trial of skill. But I was accompanied by a couple of English tourists, who had scarcely ever been beyond the sound of Bow bells, and who were travelling post over the United States to make up a book of observation on our manners and customs. There were, also, among the passengers, a few bloods from Baltimore and Philadelphia, who could conceive of nothing equal to Howard or Chestnut Street, and who expressed great disappointment at not being able to find terrapins and oysters at every village. My tramontane pride was aroused, and I resolved to give them an opportunity of seeing a western lion—for such Mike undoubtedly was—in all his glory. The philanthropist may start, and accuse me of a want of humanity. I deny the charge, and refer, for apology, to one of the best understood principles of human nature.

Mike, followed by several of his crew, led the way to a beech grove, some little distance from the landing. I invited my fellow-passengers to witness the scene. On arriving at the spot, a stout, bull-headed boatman, dressed in a hunting-shirt, but barefooted, in whom I recognised a younger brother of Mike, took a tin cup, which hung from his belt, and placed it on his head. Although I had seen this feat performed before, I acknowledge I felt uneasy, whilst this silent preparation was going on. But I had not much time for reflection, for this second Albert exclaimed,—  
"Blaze away, Mike, and let's have the quart."

My travelling companions, as soon as they recovered from the first effect of their astonishment, exhibited a disposition to interfere. But Mike, throwing back his left leg, levelled his rifle at the head of his brother. In this horizontal position the weapon remained for some seconds as immovable as if the arm that held it was affected by no pulsation.

"Elevate your piece a little lower, Mike, or you will lose," cried the imperturbable brother.

I know not if the advice was obeyed; but the sharp crack of the rifle immediately followed, and the cup flew off thirty or forty yards, rendered unfit for future service. There was a cry of admiration from the strangers, who pressed forward to see if the foolhardy boatman was really safe. He remained as immovable



as if he had been a figure hewn out of stone. He had not even winked, when the ball struck the cup within two inches of his head.

“Mike has won!” I exclaimed; and my decision was the signal which, according to their rules, permitted him of the target to remove from his position. No more sensation was exhibited among the boatmen than if a common wager had been won. The bet being decided, they hurried back to their boat, giving me and my friends an invitation to partake of “the treat.” We declined, and took leave of the thoughtless creatures. In a few moments afterwards, we observed their “keel” wheeling into the current, the gigantic form of Mike bestriding the large steering oar, and the others arranging themselves in their places in front of the cabin, that extended nearly the whole length of the boat, covering merchandise of immense value. As they left the shore, they gave the Indian yell, and broke out into a sort of unconnected chorus, commencing with,—

“Hard upon the beech oar!  
She moves too slow!  
All the way to Shawneetown,  
Long while ago.”

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## MIKE FINK, THE LAST OF THE BOATMEN.

(CONCLUDED.)

OUR travellers returned to the boat lost in speculation on the scene, and the beings they had just beheld; and no doubt the circumstance has been related a thousand times, with all the necessary amplifications of finished tourists.

Mike Fink may be viewed as the correct representative of a class of men now extinct, but who once possessed as marked a character as that of the gypsies of England, or the lazzaroni of Naples. The period of their existence was not more than a third of a century. The character was created by the introduction of trade on the western waters, and ceased with the successful establishment of the steamboat.

Notwithstanding this, the boatman's life had charms as irresistible as those presented by the illusions of the stage. Sons abandoned the comfortable farms of their fathers, and apprentices fled from the service of their masters. There was a captivation in the idea of “going down the river,” and the youthful boatman who had “pushed a keel” from New Orleans felt all the pride



of a young merchant after his first voyage to an English seaport. From an exclusive association together, they had formed a kind of slang peculiar to themselves; and from the constant exercise of wit with "the squatters" on shore, and crews of other boats, they acquired a quickness and sharpness of retort that was quite amusing.

On board of the boats thus managed, our merchants intrusted valuable cargoes, without insurance, and with no other guaranty than the receipt of the steersman, who possessed no other property than his boat; and the confidence thus reposed was seldom abused.

Among these men, Mike Fink stood an acknowledged leader for many years. Endowed by nature with those qualities of intellect that give the possessor power, he would have been a conspicuous member of any society in which his lot might have been cast. An acute observer of human nature has remarked, "Opportunity alone makes the hero. Change but their situations, and Cæsar would have been but the best wrestler on the green." With a figure cast in a mould that added much of the symmetry of an Apollo to the limbs of a Hercules, he possessed gigantic strength, and his character was noted for the most daring intrepidity. At the court of Charlemagne, he might have been a Roland; with the Crusaders, he would have been the favorite with the knight of the lion heart; and in our revolution, he would have ranked with the Morgans and Putnams of the day.

He was the hero of a hundred fights, and the leader of a thousand daring adventures. From Pittsburg to St. Louis, and New Orleans, every farmer on the shore kept on good terms with Mike—otherwise there was no safety for his property. Wherever he was an enemy, like his great prototype Rob Roy, he levied the contribution of black mail for the use of his boat. Often at night, when his tired companions slept, he would take an excursion of four or five miles, and return before morning rich in spoil. On the Ohio, he was known as the "Snapping Turtle," and on the Mississippi, as the "Snag."

At the early age of seventeen, Mike's character was displayed by enlisting himself in a corps of scouts—a body of irregular rangers employed on the north-western frontier of Pennsylvania to watch the Indians and give notice of any threatened inroad.

In this corps, while yet a stripling, Mike acquired a reputation for boldness and cunning far beyond his companions. A thousand legends illustrate the fearlessness of his character. There was one which he told himself with much pride, and which made an indelible impression on my boyish memory. He had been out



on the hills of Mahoning, when, to use his own words, he "saw signs of Indians about." He had discovered the recent print of the moccasin in the grass; and found drops of the fresh blood of a deer on the green bush. He became cautious, skulked for some time in the deepest thickets of hazel and brier, and for several days did not discharge his rifle. He subsisted patiently on parched corn and jerk, which he had dried on his first coming into the woods. He gave no alarm to the settlements, because he discovered, with perfect certainty, that the enemy consisted of a small hunting party who were receding from the Alleghany.

As he was creeping along one morning with the stealthy tread of a cat, his eye fell on a beautiful buck, browsing on the edge of a barren spot three hundred yards distant. The temptation was too strong for the woodsman, and he resolved to have a shot, at all hazards. Repriming his gun, and picking his flint, he made his approaches in the usual noiseless manner, and at the moment he reached the spot from which he meant to take his aim, he observed a large savage, intent upon the same object, and advancing in a direction a little different from his own. Mike shrank behind a tree, with the quickness of thought, and keeping his eye fixed on the hunter, waited the result with patience. In a few moments, the Indian halted within fifty paces, and levelled his piece at the deer. In the mean while, Mike presented his rifle at the body of the savage, and at the moment that the smoke issued from the gun of the latter, the bullet of Fink passed through the red man's breast. He uttered a yell, and fell dead at the same instant with the deer. Mike reloaded his rifle, and remained in his covert for some minutes, to ascertain whether there were more enemies at hand. He then stepped up to the prostrate savage, and satisfying himself that life was extinguished, turned his attention to the buck, and took from the carcass those pieces suited to the process of jerking.

In the mean time, the country was filling up with a white population; and in a few years, the red men, with the exception of a few fractions of tribes, gradually receded to the lakes, and beyond the Mississippi. The corps of scouts was abolished, after having acquired habits which unfitted them for the pursuits of civilized society. Some incorporated themselves with the Indians; and others, from a strong attachment to their erratic mode of life, joined the boatmen, then just becoming a distinct class. Among these was our hero, Mike Fink, whose talents were soon developed; and for many years he was as celebrated on the rivers of the West as he had been in the woods.

Some years after the period at which I have dated my visit to



Cincinnati, business called me to New Orleans. On board the steamboat on which I had embarked at Louisville, I recognised in the pilot one of those men who had formerly been a patroon, or keel-boat captain. I entered into conversation with him on the subject of his former associates. "They are scattered in all directions," said he. "A few who had capacity have become pilots of steamboats. Many have joined the trading parties that cross the Rocky Mountains, and a few have settled down as farmers."

"What has become," I asked, "of my old acquaintance, Mike Fink?" "Mike was killed at last," replied the pilot. "He had refused several good offers on steamboats. He said he could not bear the hissing of steam, and he wanted room to throw his pole. He went to the Missouri, and about a year since was shooting the tin cup when he had been drinking too much. He elevated too low, and shot his companion through the head. A friend of the deceased, suspecting foul play, shot Mike through the heart before he had time to reload his rifle." With Mike Fink expired the spirit of the boatmen.

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## CAPTURE OF SANTA ANNA.

THE sun rose bright and beautiful on the morning of the 21st of April, 1836, and shone with an unwonted brilliancy over one of those vast savannahs so characteristic of our south-western borders. Its earliest beams shone full in the face of the lion-hearted hero of modern Texas, as he lay sleeping at the foot of a solitary post-oak which stood a little apart from a grove of timber on the edge of one of those vast prairies. The noisy bustle of the camp which surrounded him betokened preparations for the stirring scenes of battle, and all, save he, seemed wrought to the highest pitch of excitement and activity, in anticipation of the day. Tired, worn, and weary, he had thrown himself at the foot of this monarch of the forest, with his head resting upon a coil of rope for a pillow, to snatch from the passing moments a brief repose from the arduous duties of command.

Arousing himself as the first beam of the coming orb of day shone full in his face, he sprang to his feet, and, casting his eyes upon that luminary, exclaimed—"The sun of Austerlitz has risen again." 'T was the natal day of Texan independence. The little band of seven hundred brave and determined men who woke that day to do battle for their country's cause, were about to confront



a force of three times their number, commanded by the Mexican Napoleon, in defence of their lives, their liberties, and their homes. The fate of Texas rested with that little army, and the events of that day were to decide whether, like a scourged whelp, she was to lie supine at the feet of her tyrant, and lick the hand that chastised her, or, like the glorious eagle-bird of America, she was to soar on the wings of freedom, to take her place among the free and independent nations of the earth.

As that sun went down the western horizon, his departing rays rested upon the person of that war-worn hero, reclining upon the same rude and rugged couch from which it awakened him at its coming on the birth of that eventful day. But how different the scenes. Then, two thousand men, in serried ranks, and in "all the pride and pomp of glorious war," awaited with the utmost confidence the onset of that brave and devoted little band, who, to all appearances, were rushing into the embrace of certain death. Now his fading light shone upon groups of fugitives flying in desperate haste from that fearful and bloody field; while the thrilling and awful battle-cry—"Remember the Alamo!" sounding at their heels, precipitated their headlong flight. One half their number lay stiff and cold where the knives and rifle-balls of their enemies had laid them; scores had fallen, as they fled, under the revengeful blows of the pursuers, and great numbers had sunk in death in the morass and bayou, which were bridged over with the carcasses of men, horses, and mules. The victory was won, and Texan independence had been gained. Those noble-hearted, brave, and hardy men returned to their camp, and laid them down to rest, conscious that the possession of all those cherished privileges for which they had so desperately fought, was theirs.

Eight hundred Mexicans were prisoners in the hands of their enemies; but the prize, without which the victory would have been incomplete, had escaped their grasp. "The Napoleon of the West"—the Dictator of Mexico, had not been taken. Early on the morning of the following day, Houston sent out various parties in pursuit of the fugitive. "You will find the 'Hero of Tampico,'" said Houston, "if you find him at all, making his retreat on all fours, and he will be dressed as bad, at least, as a common soldier. Examine closely every man you find."

Lieutenant Sylvester, a volunteer from Cincinnati, was riding over the prairie on a fine horse, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he saw a man making his way toward Vince's Bridge. The moment he found himself pursued, the fugitive fell down in the grass. Sylvester dashed on in that direction, and his horse



came very near trampling him down. The man sprang to his feet, and apparently without the slightest surprise looked his captor full in the face. He was disguised in a miserable rustic dress. He wore a skin cap, a round jacket, and pantaloons of blue domestic cotton, with a pair of soldier's coarse shoes. But his face and his manners bespoke too plainly that he belonged to a different class than his garb betokened; and underneath his coarse disguise Sylvester saw that he wore a shirt of the finest cambric. "You are an officer, I perceive, sir," said the horseman, touching his hat politely. "No, soldier," was his reply, and he drew out a letter in Spanish, addressed to Almonte. When he saw there was no hope of escape, he inquired for General Houston. By this time Sylvester had been joined by several of his comrades, and mounting his prisoner behind him, they rode off together to the camp, several miles distant. As he passed the Mexican prisoners, they exclaimed with the greatest surprise, as they lifted up their caps—"El Presidente!"

Humbled and dejected the prisoner was conducted into the presence of his conqueror, whom he found lying asleep, endeavoring to regain a portion of that strength upon which the superhuman exertions of the day previous, together with a serious and painful wound, had made such large and exhausting draughts. Fearful that the exasperated feelings of the Texans might lead them to revenge the murders of the Alamo and Goliad upon his person, he hastened to awaken the sleeping hero, that he might place himself under his protection as a prisoner of war, knowing full well that his only safety lay in the honor of his captor. Starting from his doze, Houston recognised the person of the President, and felt himself amply rewarded for all the trials, suffering, and privation he had endured, in finding the hated and hateful oppressor of his country in his power. Waving his hand to a box which stood near, the only convenient seat at hand, he sent for Almonte, who spoke English perfectly, to act as interpreter.

Notwithstanding the highly exasperated feelings of his men, who could scarcely be restrained from venting their rage upon the author of the cold-blooded massacres of their friends and countrymen, the prisoner was treated with all the attention and consideration to which his rank and station entitled him. His own marquee, together with all his luggage, was given him, and a guard was stationed to protect him from the danger of assassination by the enraged men who surrounded him. Houston knew that the eyes of the civilized world were turned toward Texas at the present crisis, and felt that a want of magnanimity in this her hour of victory would be the death blow to her hopes of re-



cognition as an independent State. It was not, therefore, without great anxiety, that he watched over the safety of his charge, and although suffering the most acute agony from a severe wound, by which his ankle joint had been shattered, his most anxious attention was given to the comfort and security of the Mexican General.

The "government," who had fled in every direction previous to the battle, was called together, and Santa Anna given up to them. For seven months he was kept a close prisoner in the hands of his captors. Meantime a new government had been inaugurated, with the "Hero of San Jacinto" at the head of it. The people of Texas clamored for the trial and execution of the Dictator, and the Congress of the new republic passed an edict bringing him to trial, but Houston vetoed it, and restored him to liberty on his own responsibility. How many valuable lives would have been saved, how much suffering and misery would have been spared, and how different might have been the position of the United States at the present time, had his life been taken, is a question we are not bound to solve. An all-wise Providence directed the course of events—and, we are bound to believe, for the best.

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## PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST.

THE following narrative of experience is by no means a fancy sketch, nor is it too highly colored; on the contrary, it is but an outline, the filling up of which would bring out into startling relief many details which now appear unimportant, perhaps, but which in actual experience are oftentimes the most serious deprivations and difficulties. It may serve, however, to convey to the minds of my readers some faint idea of the trials, distress, and grievous hardships which were the lot of those who cleared the way for the footsteps of civilization; and for this reason I have introduced it.

"I emigrated to Ohio in 1802, when there were but few settlements interspersed through the State; all was new, rugged, and desolate. I was a young man, with nothing to depend upon but my own hands for my daily bread. It is true, I had health, strength, and determination, but of all this world's goods I was lamentably deficient. I had no trade or calling, no friends, no prospects; the world was before me. The western country was beginning to attract the attention of the residents of the more thickly settled States, and I made up my mind to try my luck as



a pioneer in the wilderness. Thanks to my good-looking face, I was enabled to purchase fifty acres of land in the State of Ohio, for which I gave promises to pay.

“Behold me, then, on my farm in the midst of the primeval woods. The nearest neighbor was about three miles in one direction and about three and a half in another. My house was built of poles cut in the forest, which were covered with bark, boughs, and whatever else would serve to shed the rain and protect me from the wind and cold night air. It was about seven feet long by four wide, and open towards the south; in fact, it was a mere ‘lean-to’ shed, open on the ‘lean-to’ side. A loaf or two of bread, a little salt pork, some corn, and a few potatoes, with a tin kettle, a good gun, an axe, and a frying-pan, constituted the whole catalogue of my movables and provisions. With these and a light heart I set to work to clear my farm and keep house. I had no company, unless it was the bears and wolves, who used to pay me frequent visits, which I was not very punctilious in returning. For nearly a month I did not see a human being, and at the end of two I made up my mind to call upon my nearest neighbor, who lived on the river, and the road to whose house was two miles off through the woods.

“My neighbor had daughters, and I became a frequent visitor, until, by a little persuasion, I induced one of them to link her destiny with mine. A new house now became necessary, and I built, with the assistance of my neighbors, a log cabin about sixteen feet square, with daubed walls, a stick chimney, and ‘all the modern improvements,’ into which we moved the day after we were married. My wife’s dowry consisted of a straw bed, a spinning-wheel, three pewter plates, a pitcher, and a Dutch oven; other furniture we had none, and for two or three days I was very busy in supplying its place in the best way I could. For a bedstead I drove down a stake in the floor—which was the hard trodden ground—about five feet from the wall one way, and about six feet the other. I then took two poles for the rails, one end being inserted in the cracks between the logs of the house, and the other in the stake; some slabs were then split out, which were laid from the side rail to the cracks, and thus was our bedstead made.

“On this we laid our straw bed, and I never enjoyed sweeter or more refreshing sleep than I did on that home-made bedstead. A table was next made by driving two forked sticks into the floor, from which two short pieces extended to a crack about the right height, and on these were laid split slabs, forming a very good substitute for a table. I borrowed a jack-knife of my



father-in-law, and with it made out of hard wood two knives and forks, and what answered for a couple of spoons. Our chairs were rather hard, being made by sawing the butts from two medium sized hickory trees, and stripping off the bark; but they answered every purpose, and we were content—aye, and as happy as a king in his palace.

“A year passed on, bringing with it new wants and deficiencies; among other things, some baby-linen was needed, and I started for the nearest town, six miles distant, to procure the necessary supply, but found upon arriving there that I had neither money nor credit, and was obliged to return without it. This was a sad blow to our hopes; but my wife, with a cheerful heart, cut up a pair of thin pantaloons of mine, and made a shift to make a frock, and the child was dressed.

“When the long winter evenings came, I was at a loss how to pass the dreary hours from sunset to bed-time. To sleep them away like the brutes was too great a waste of valuable time; besides, I was extremely anxious to improve my mind by reading. A library at the nearest town afforded this opportunity, but I lacked lights. Pine knots from the adjacent forest at length supplied this deficiency, and many a night have I passed reading to my wife, while her busy hands were engaged in carding or spinning.

“By-and-by the payments for my land became due, but money was a scarce thing in my domicile, and I was almost reduced to despair. By bartering and a little credit (my credit had improved since I had become a man of family), I came in possession of a lot of steers, slung a knapsack on my shoulders, bid my wife and child ‘good bye,’ and started for Virginia with them. By the time I reached the Potomac, I had sold my steers at a fair profit, and with the proceeds I travelled on to Litchfield, Connecticut, (all this distance was traversed on foot), where I paid for my land, and had just *one dollar left*. I went to work and earned fifty cents more, and this was all I had to carry me to my home, six hundred miles distant. I had a strong incentive, however, in my desire to see my wife and child, and I set my face homeward with a cheerful heart. My money I laid out in hair-combs, and these, together with a little Yankee pleasantries, carried me through my journey, and in due course of time I reached my cabin; and all my troubles were more than repaid in the embrace of my wife and child, and in the consciousness that my farm was paid for. Oh! how joyful was that meeting; so much to relate and listen to—so many bright hopes for the future, and castles in the air! Those were, indeed and in truth, halcyon days.



Time rolled on : children were added to me : the old cabin was exchanged for a neat and commodious frame-house ; the farm was enlarged and stocked, and everything prospered with me ; but it required the most incredible exertion, the exercise of the closest economy and self-denial. Still, when I revert to the old cabin, and the trial of my younger days, I am forced to believe that I owe all that I am to a healthful and vigorous life in the woods, and the lessons taught by the experience of a pioneer of civilization.

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## PRE-EMINENCE OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

THE United States of America constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence in the practice and defence of the equal rights of man. The sovereignty of the people is here a conceded axiom, and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism.

While the nations of Europe aspire after change, our Constitution engages the fond admiration of the people, by whom it has been established. Prosperity follows the execution of even justice : invention is quickened by the freedom of competition ; and labor rewarded with sure and unexampled returns. Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a military establishment ; public sentiment permits the existence of but few standing troops, and those only along the seaboard and on the frontiers.

A gallant navy protects our commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and extends its enterprise to every clime. Our diplomatic relations connect us, on terms of equality and honest friendship, with the chief powers of the world ; while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, and their wars. Our national resources are developed by an earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry ; every mind is free to publish his convictions.

Our government, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interest of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment for its durability and support. Nor is the Constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed ; it has the capacity for im-



provement; adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require; and safe from decay so long as that will retains its energy.

New States are forming in the wilderness; canals, intersecting our plains and crossing our highlands, open numerous channels to internal commerce; manufactures prosper along our water-courses; the use of steam on our rivers and railroads annihilates distance by the acceleration of speed. Our wealth and populations, already giving us a place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is increased fourfold, and the latter is doubled in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years.

There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the government economical; and the public treasury full. Religion, neither persecuted nor paid by the State, is sustained by the regard for public morals and the convictions of an enlightened faith. Intelligence is diffused with unparalleled universality; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all nations and ages. There are more daily journals in the United States than in the world beside.

A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country. An immense concourse of emigrants of the most various lineage is perpetually crowding to our shores; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union.

Other governments are convulsed by the innovations and reforms of neighboring States; our Constitution, fixed in the affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

And yet it is but little more than two centuries since the oldest of our States received its first permanent colony. Before that time the whole territory was an unproductive waste. Throughout its wide extent, the arts had not erected a monument.

Its only inhabitants were a few scattered tribes of feeble barbarians, destitute of commerce and of political connection. The axe and the ploughshare were unknown. The soil, which had been gathering fertility from the repose of centuries, was lavishing its strength in magnificent but useless vegetation. In the view of civilization, the immense domain was a solitude.



## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

THE author of the "Star Spangled Banner" was a very able and eloquent lawyer, and one of the most respectable gentlemen whose lives have ever adorned American society. During our second war with England he was residing in Baltimore, and left that city on one occasion for the purpose of procuring the release from the British fleet of a friend who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, but was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed by him. Brought up to the mouth of the Patapsco, he was placed on board one of the enemy's ships, from which he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which the admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours, and the city soon after. Mr. Key watched the flag over the fort through the whole day, with intense anxiety, and in the night, the bombshells; but he saw at dawn "the star spangled banner" still waving over its defenders. The following song was partly composed before he was set at liberty. He was a man of much literary cultivation and taste, and his religious poems are not without merit. He died very suddenly at Baltimore, on the 11th of January, 1843.

O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;  
O! say, does that star spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;  
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream:  
'Tis the star spangled banner, O! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?  
Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;



No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,  
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! Thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between our loved home and the war's desolation;  
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"  
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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## CHARACTER OF FRENCH SETTLERS IN THE WEST.

THEY made no attempt to acquire land from the Indians, to organize a social system, to introduce municipal regulations, or to establish military defences; but cheerfully obeyed the priests and the king's officers, and enjoyed the present without troubling their heads about the future. They seem to have been even careless as to the acquisition of property, and its transmission to their heirs. Finding themselves in a fruitful country, abounding in game, where the necessaries of life could be procured with little labor, where no restraints were imposed by government, and neither tribute nor personal service was exacted, they were content to live in unambitious peace, and comfortable poverty.

They took possession of so much of the vacant land around them, as they were disposed to till, and no more. Their agriculture was rude; and even to this day, some of the implements of husbandry, and modes of cultivation, brought from France a century ago, remain unchanged by the *march of mind*, or the hand of innovation. Their houses were comfortable, and they reared fruits and flowers; evincing, in this respect, an attention to comfort and luxury, which has not been practised among the English or American first settlers; but, in the accumulation of property, and in all the essentials of industry, they were indolent and improvident, rearing only the bare necessaries of life, and living from generation to generation without change or improvement.

The only new articles which the French adopted, in consequence of their change of residence, were those connected with



the fur trade. The few who were engaged in merchandise, turned their attention almost exclusively to the traffic with the Indians, while a large number became hunters and boatmen. The *voyageurs*, *engagées*, and *couriers des bois*, as they are called, form a peculiar race of men. They were active, sprightly, and remarkably expert in their vocation. With all the vivacity of the French character, they have little of the intemperance and brutal coarseness usually found among the boatmen and mariners. They are patient under fatigue, and endure an astonishing degree of toil and exposure to weather.

Accustomed to live in the open air, they pass through every extreme, and all the sudden vicissitudes of climate, with little apparent inconvenience. Their boats are managed with expertness, and even grace, and their toil enlivened by the song. As hunters, they have roved over the whole of the wide plain of the west to the Rocky Mountains, sharing the hospitality of the Indians, abiding for long periods, and even permanently, with the tribes, and sometimes seeking their alliance by marriage. As boatmen, they navigate the birch canoe to the sources of the longest rivers, and pass from one river to another, by laboriously carrying the packages of merchandise, and the boat itself, across mountains, or through swamps or woods, so that no obstacle stops their progress. Like the Indian, they can live on game, without condiment or bread; like him, they sleep in the open air, or plunge into the water at any season, without injury.

The French had also a fort on the Ohio, about thirty-six miles above the junction of that river with the Mississippi, of which the Indians obtained possession by a singular stratagem. A number of them appeared in the day-time on the opposite side of the river, each covered with a bear-skin, walking on all-fours, and imitating the motions of that animal. The French supposed them to be bears, and a party crossed the river in pursuit of them. The remainder of the troops left their quarters and resorted to the bank of the river, in front of the garrison, to observe the sport. In the meantime, a large body of Indian warriors, who were concealed in the woods near by, came silently up behind the fort, entered it without opposition, and very few of the French escaped the carnage. They afterwards built another fort on the same ground, which they called *Massacre*, in memory of this disastrous event, and which retained the name of *Fort Massac*, after it passed into the hands of the American government.



## EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF HENRY CLAY.

I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure—inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still. I might have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of State, to conduct it as they could.

I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, grovelling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism—beings, who, for ever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even for the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated—I never wish, never expect to be.

Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amid my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people!



## STORIES OF THE WOLVES.

WOLVES are very numerous in every part of the western country. There are two kinds, the common or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs; and, after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavor to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded.

The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but, in general, they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of those unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger, they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family.

Of the few instances of their attacking human beings of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a negro-man was passing, in the night, in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot-marks so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track, it appeared that the wolves had pursued him for a considerable distance; he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

On another occasion, many years ago, a negro-man was going



through the woods, with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves were on his track. They pursued very cautiously, but a few of them would sometimes dash up and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several miles to go, he became much alarmed. He sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers, and then proceeded. The animals became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin by the way-side. Into this he rushed for shelter, and without stopping to shut the door, climbed up and seated himself on the rafters. The wolves dashed in after him, and becoming quite furious, howled and leaped, and endeavored, with every expression of rage, to get to him.

The moon was now shining brightly, and Cuff being able to see his enemies, and satisfied of his own safety, began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened; then removing some of the loose boards from the roof, scattered them with a tremendous clatter upon such of his foes as remained outside, who scampered off, while those in the house began to crouch with fear. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and drawing forth his fiddle, he very good-naturedly played for them all night, very much, as he supposed, to their edification and amusement; for, like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined that it had power to soften the heart even of a wolf. On the ensuing day, some of the neighbors assembled and destroyed the captives, with great rejoicings.

The other circumstance to which we allude occurred in Monroe county, Illinois. There are in many parts of this country singular depressions or basins, which the inhabitants call sink-holes. They are sometimes very deep, circular at the top, with steep sides meeting in a point at the bottom, precisely in the shape of a funnel. At the bottom of one of these, a party of hunters discovered the den of a she-wolf, and ascertained that it contained a litter of whelps. For the purpose of destroying the latter they assembled at the place. On examining the entrance of the den, it was found to be perpendicular, and so narrow as to render it impossible, or very difficult for a man to enter; and, as a notion prevails among the hunters that the female wolf only visits her young at night, it was proposed to send in a boy to destroy the whelps.

A fine courageous boy, armed with a knife, was accordingly thrust into the cavern, where, to his surprise, he found himself in the company of the she-wolf, whose glistening eye-balls white



teeth, and surly voice, sufficiently announced her presence. The boy retreated towards the entrance, and called to his friends to inform them that the old wolf was there. The men told him that he was mistaken, that the old wolf never staid with her young in daylight, and advised him to go boldly up to the bed and destroy the litter. The boy, thinking that the darkness of the cave might have deceived him, returned, advanced boldly, and laid his hand upon the she-wolf, who sprang upon him and bit him very severely, before he could effect his retreat, and would probably have killed him had he not defended himself with resolution. One or two of the men now succeeded in effecting an entrance; the wolf was shot, and her offspring destroyed.

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### THE FRENCH HUNTER AND BEAR.

MANY years ago, a Frenchman, with his son, was hunting in a part of Missouri, distant about forty miles from St. Louis. Having wounded a large bear, the animal took refuge in a cave, the aperture leading into which was so small as barely to admit its passage. The hunter, leaving his son without, instantly prepared to follow, and with difficulty drew his body through the narrow entrance. Having reached the interior of the cave, he discharged his piece with so true an aim as to inflict a mortal wound upon the bear. The latter rushed forward, and passing the man, attempted to escape from the cave; but, on reaching the narrowest part of the passage, the strength of the animal failed, and it expired.

The entrance to the cave was now completely closed with the carcass of the animal. The boy on the outside heard his father scream for assistance, and attempted to drag out the bear, but found his strength insufficient. After many unavailing efforts, he became much terrified, and mounted his father's horse with the determination of seeking assistance. There was no road through the wilderness, but the sagacious horse, taking the direction to St. Louis, carried the alarmed youth to that place, where a party was soon raised and dispatched to the relief of the hunter.

But they searched in vain for the place of his captivity. From some cause not now recollected, the trace of the horse was obliterated, and the boy, in his agitation, had so far forgotten



the land-marks as to be totally unable to lead them to the spot. They returned after a weary and unsuccessful search; the hunter was heard of no more, and no doubt remained of his having perished miserably in the cave.

Some years afterwards, the aperture of the cavern was discovered in a spot so hidden and so difficult of access as to have escaped the notice of those who had passed near it. Near the mouth was found the skeleton of the bear, and within the cave that of the Frenchman, with his gun and equipments, all apparently in the same condition as when he died. That he should have perished of hunger, from mere inability to effect his escape by removing the body of the bear, seems improbable; because, supposing him to have been unable by main strength to effect this object, it would have cost him but little labor to have cut up and removed the animal by piecemeal. It is most likely either that he was suffocated, or that he had received some injury which disabled him from exertion. The cave bears a name which commemorates the event.

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## ADVENTURE OF LEWIS WETZEL.

AMONGST the heroes of American border warfare, Lewis Wetzel held no inferior station. Inured to hardships while yet in boyhood, and familiar with all the varieties of forest adventure, from that of hunting the beaver and the bear to that of the wily Indian, he became one of the most celebrated marksmen of the day. His form was erect, and of that height best adapted to activity, being very muscular, and possessed of great bodily strength. From constant exercise, he could, without fatigue, bear prolonged and violent exertion, especially that of running and walking; and he had, by practice, acquired the art of loading his rifle when running at full speed through the forest; and wheeling on the instant, he could discharge it with unerring aim, at the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, into a mark not larger than a dollar. This art he has been known more than once to practise with fatal success on his savage foes.

A marksman of superior skill was, in those days, estimated by the other borderers much in the same way that a knight templar, or a knight of the cross, who excelled in the tournament or charge, was valued by his contemporaries in the days of chivalry.



Challenges of skill often took place; and marksmen, who lived at the distance of fifty miles or more from each other, frequently met by appointment to try the accuracy of their aim, on bets of considerable amount. Wetzel's fame had spread far and wide as the most expert and unerring shot of the day.

It chanced that a young man, a few years younger than Wetzel, who lived on Dankard's Creek, a tributary of the Monongahela river, which waters one of the earliest settlements in that region, heard of his fame; and as he also was an expert woodsman and a first-rate shot—the best in his settlement—he became very desirous of an opportunity for a trial of skill. So great was his desire to test his comparative skill, that he one day shouldered his rifle, and whistling his faithful dog to his side, started for the neighborhood of Wetzel, who at that time lived on Wheeling Creek, distant about twenty miles from the settlement of Dankard's Creek.

When about half-way on his journey, a fine buck sprang up just before him. He levelled his gun with his usual precision, but the deer, though badly wounded, did not fall dead on his tracks. His faithful dog soon seized him and brought him to the ground; but while in the act of doing this, another dog sprang from the forest upon the same deer, and his master making his appearance at the same time from behind a tree, with a loud voice claimed the buck as his property, because he had been wounded by his shot, and seized by his dog.

It so happened that they had both fired at once at this deer, a fact which may very well happen where two active men are hunting on the same ground, although one may fire at the distance of fifty yards, and the other at one hundred. The dogs felt the same spirit of rivalry with their masters, and quitting the deer, which was already dead, fell to worrying and tearing each other. In separating the dogs, the stranger hunter happened to strike that of the young man. The old adage, "strike my dog, strike myself," arose in full force, and without further ceremony, except a few angry words, he fell upon the hunter and hurled him to the ground. This was no sooner done than he found himself turned, and under his stronger and more powerful antagonist.

Discovering that he was no match at this play, the young man appealed to the trial by rifles, saying it was too much like dogs for men and hunters to fight in this way. The stranger assented to the trial; but told his antagonist that before he put it fairly to the test, he had better witness what he was able to do with the rifle, saying that he was as much superior, he thought,



with that weapon as he was in bodily strength. He bade him place a mark the size of a shilling on the side of a huge poplar that stood beside them, from which he would start with his rifle unloaded, and running a hundred yards at full speed, he would load it as he ran, and wheeling, would discharge it instantly to the centre of the mark.

The feat was no sooner proposed than performed; the ball entered the centre of the diminutive target; astonished at his activity and skill, his antagonist instantly inquired the stranger's name. "Lewis Wetzel, at your service," answered the marksman. The young hunter seized him by the hand with all the ardor of youthful admiration, and at once acknowledged his own inferiority.

So charmed was he with Wetzel's frankness, skill, and fine personal appearance, that he insisted upon his returning with him to the settlement on Dankard's Creek, that he might exhibit his talents to his own family, and to the hardy backwoodsmen, his neighbors. Nothing loath to such an exhibition, and pleased with the energy of his new acquaintance, Wetzel consented to accompany him; shortening the way with their mutual tales of hunting excursions and hazardous contests with the common enemies of the country.

Amongst other things, Wetzel stated his manner of distinguishing the footsteps of a white man from those of an Indian, although covered with moccasins, and intermixed with the tracks of savages. He had acquired this tact from closely examining the manner of placing the feet, the Indian stepping with his feet in parallel lines, and first bringing the toe to the ground; while the white man almost invariably places his feet at an angle with the line of march. An opportunity they little expected soon gave room to put his skill to the trial.

On reaching the young man's home, which they did that day, they found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family lying murdered and scalped, except a young woman who had been brought up in the family, and to whom the young man was ardently attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Wetzel soon discovered that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegade white man, a fact not uncommon in those early days, when, for crime or the love of revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted, on trial, into their tribe.

As it was past the middle of the day, and the nearest assistance, still considerably distant, and there were only four to contend with, they decided on instant pursuit. As the deed had



very recently been done, they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night, and perhaps before they could cross the Ohio river, to which the Indians always retreated after a successful incursion, considering themselves in a manner safe when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time occupied wholly by the Indian tribes.

Ardent and unwearied was the pursuit by the youthful hunters: the one, excited to recover his lost mistress, the other to assist his new friend, and to take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen — slaughter and revenge being the daily business of the borderers at this period. Wetzel followed the trail with the unerring sagacity of a bloodhound; and just at dusk, traced the fugitives to a noted war-path, nearly opposite to the mouth of Captina Creek, emptying into the Ohio, which, much to their disappointment, they found the Indians had crossed by forming a raft of logs and brush, their usual manner when at a distance from their villages.

By examining carefully the appearances on the opposite shore, they soon discovered the fire of the Indian camp in a hollow way, a few rods from the river. Lest the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians and give notice of the pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, being both of them excellent swimmers; fastening their clothes and ammunition in a bundle on the tops of their heads, with their rifles resting on their left hip, they reached the opposite shore in safety. After carefully examining their arms, and putting every article of attack and defence in its proper place, they crawled very cautiously to a position which gave them a fair view of their enemies, who, thinking themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly reposing around their fire, thoughtless of the fate that awaited them.

They instantly discovered the young woman, apparently unhurt, but making much moaning and lamentation, while the white man was trying to pacify and console her with the promise of kind usage and an adoption into the tribe. The young man, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing and rushing instantly upon them. Wetzel, more cautious, told him to wait until daylight appeared, when they could make the attack with a better chance of success, and of also killing the whole party; but if they had attacked in the dark, a part of them would certainly escape.

As soon as daylight dawned the Indians arose and prepared to depart. The young man selecting the white renegado, and



Wetzel an Indian, they both fired at the same moment, each killing his man. The young man rushed forward, knife in hand, to relieve the maiden; while Wetzel reloaded his gun, and pushed in pursuit of the two surviving Indians, who had taken to the woods until they could ascertain the number of their enemies.

Wetzel, as soon as he saw that he was discovered, discharged his rifle at random, in order to draw them from their covert. Hearing the report, and finding themselves unhurt, the Indians rushed upon him before he could again reload. This was as he wished; taking to his heels, Wetzel loaded as he ran, and, suddenly wheeling about, discharged his rifle through the body of his nearest but unsuspecting enemy. The remaining Indian, seeing the fate of his companion, and that his enemy's rifle was unloaded, rushed forward with all energy, the prospect of prompt revenge being fairly before him.

Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, until his rifle was again ready, when, suddenly turning, he shot his remaining enemy, who fell dead at his feet. Wetzel and his friend, with their rescued captive, returned in safety to the settlement. Like honest Joshua Fleeheart, after the peace of 1795, Wetzel pushed for the frontiers on the Mississippi, where he could trap the beaver, hunt the buffalo and the deer, and occasionally shoot an Indian, the object of his mortal hatred. He finally died, as he had always lived, *a free man of the forest*.

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## SCENES IN THE PRAIRIE.

### A BUFFALO HUNT.

AFTER proceeding for about two hours in a southerly direction, we emerged towards mid-day from the dreary belt of the Cross Timber, and, to our infinite delight, beheld the "Great Prairie" stretching to the right and left before us. We could distinctly trace the meandering course of the main Canadian, and several smaller streams, by the green forest that bordered them. The landscape was vast and beautiful. There is always an expansion of feeling in looking upon these boundless and fertile wastes; but I was doubly conscious of it after emerging from our "close dungeon of innumerable boughs."

From a rising ground, Beattie pointed out to us the place



where he and his comrades had killed the buffalos; and we beheld several black objects moving in the distance, which he said were part of the herd. The captain determined to shape his course to a woody bottom about a mile distant, and to encamp there for a day or two, by way of having a regular buffalo hunt, and getting a supply of provisions. As the troops filed along the slope of the hill towards the camping-ground, Beattie proposed to my messmates and myself that we should put ourselves under his guidance, promising to take us where we should have plenty of sport.

Leaving the line of march, therefore, we diverged towards the prairies, traversing a small valley, and ascending a gentle swell of land. As we reached the summit we beheld a gang of wild horses about a mile off. Beattie was immediately on the alert, and no longer thought of buffalo-hunting. He was mounted on his powerful wild horse, with a lariat coiled at the saddle-bow, and set off in pursuit, while we remained on a rising ground watching the manœuvres with great solicitude. Taking advantage of a strip of woodland, he stole quietly along, so as to get close to them before he was perceived. The moment they caught sight of him, a grand scamper took place. We watched him skirting along the horizon, like a privateer in full chase of a merchantman: at length he passed over the brow of a ridge, and down into a short valley; in a few moments he was on the opposite hill, and close upon one of the horses. He was soon head and head, and appeared trying to noose his prey; but they both disappeared again below the hill, and we saw no more of them. It turned out afterwards, that he had noosed a powerful horse, but could not hold him, and had lost his lariat in the attempt.

Whilst we were waiting for his return, we perceived two buffalo bulls descending a slope towards a stream, which wound through a ravine fringed with trees. The young Count and myself endeavored to get near them, under covert of the trees. They discovered us while we were yet 300 or 400 yards off, and turning about, retreated up the rising ground. We urged our horses across the ravine, and gave chase. The immense weight of head and shoulders causes the buffalo to labor heavily up hill, but it accelerates his descent. We had the advantage, therefore, and gained rapidly upon the fugitives, though it was difficult to get our horses to approach them, their very scent inspiring them with terror.

The Count, who had a double-barrelled gun, with ball, fired, but missed. The bulls now altered their course, and galloped



down hill with headlong rapidity. As they ran in different directions, we each singled out one, and separated. I was provided with a brace of veteran brass-barrelled pistols, which I had borrowed at Fort Gibson, and which had evidently seen some service. Pistols are very effective in buffalo hunting, as the hunter can ride up close to the animal and fire at it while at full speed, whereas the long heavy rifles used on the frontier cannot be easily managed, nor discharged with accurate aim from horseback. My object, therefore, was to get within pistol-shot of the buffalo.

This was no easy matter. I was mounted on a horse of excellent speed and bottom, that seemed eager for the chase, and soon overtook the game, but the moment he came nearly parallel he would keep sheering off, with ears forked and pricked forward, and every symptom of aversion and alarm. It was no wonder. Of all animals, a buffalo, when close pressed by the hunter, has an aspect the most diabolical. His two short black horns curve out of a huge frontlet of shaggy hair; his eyes glow like coals; his mouth is open, his tongue parched and drawn up into a half-crescent; his tail is erect, and the tufted end whisking about in the air; he is a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror.

It was with difficulty I urged my horse sufficiently near, when, taking aim, to my chagrin both pistols missed fire. Unfortunately, the locks of these veteran weapons were so much worn, that in the gallop the priming had been shaken out of the pans. At the snapping of the last pistol I was close upon the buffalo, when, in his despair, he turned round with a sudden snort and rushed upon me. My horse wheeled about, as if on a pivot, made a convulsive spring, and, as I had been leaning on one side with pistol extended, I came near being thrown at the feet of the buffalo. Three bounds of the horse carried us out of reach of the enemy, who, having merely turned in desperate self-defence, quickly resumed his flight.

As soon as I could gather in my panic-stricken horse, and prime my pistols afresh, I again spurred in pursuit of the buffalo, who had slackened his speed to take breath. On my approach, he again set off at full speed, still heaving himself forward with a heavy rolling gallop, dashing with headlong precipitation through breaks and ravines; while several deer and wolves, startled from their coverts by his thundering career, ran helter-skelter to right and left across the waste.

A gallop across the prairies in pursuit of game is by no means so smooth a career as those may imagine who have only the idea of an open level plain. It is true the prairies of the hunting-



grounds are not so much entangled with flowering plants and long herbage as the lower prairies, and are principally covered with short buffalo-grass; but they are diversified by hill and dale, and, where most level, are apt to be cut up by deep rifts and ravines, made by torrents after rains, and which, yawning from an even surface, are almost like pitfalls in the way of the hunter; checking him suddenly when in full career, or subjecting him to the risk of limb and life.

The plains, too, are beset by burrowing holes of small animals, in which the horse is apt to sink to the fetlock, and throw both himself and his rider. The late rain had covered some parts of the prairie, where the ground was hard, with a thin sheet of water, through which the horse had to dash his way. In other parts, there were innumerable shallow hollows, eight or ten feet in diameter, made by the buffaloes, who wallow in sand and mud like swine. These, being filled with water, shone like mirrors, so that the horse was continually leaping over them, springing on one side. We had reached, too, a rough part of the prairie very much cut up: the buffalo, who was running for life, took no heed to his course, plunging down break-neck ravines, where it was necessary to skirt the borders in search of a safer descent.

At length he came to where a winter stream had torn a deep chasm across the whole prairie, laying open jagged rocks, and forming a long glen bordered by steep crumbling cliffs of mingled stone and clay. Down one of these the buffalo flung himself, half tumbling, half leaping, and then scuttled off along the bottom; while I, seeing all farther pursuit useless, pulled up, and gazed quietly after him from the border of the cleft, until he disappeared amidst the windings of the ravine.

Nothing now remained but to turn my steed and rejoin my companions. Here, at first, was some difficulty. The ardor of the chase had betrayed me into a long, heedless gallop; I now found myself in the midst of a lonely waste, in which the prospect was bounded by undulating swells of land, naked and uniform, where, from the deficiency of land-marks and distinct features, an inexperienced man may become bewildered, and lose his way as readily as in the wastes of the ocean. The day, too, was overcast, so that I could not guide myself by the sun. My only mode was to retrace the track my horse had made in coming, though this I would, after all, lose sight of, where the ground was parched herbage.



To one unaccustomed to it, there is something inexpressibly lonely in the solitude of a prairie; the loneliness of a forest seems nothing to it. There the view is shut in by trees, and the imagination is left free to picture some livelier scene beyond; but here we have an immense extent of landscape without a sign of human existence. We have the consciousness of being far beyond the bounds of human habitation; we feel as if moving in the midst of a desert world. As my horse lagged slowly back over the scenes of our late scamper, and the delirium of the chase had passed away, I was peculiarly sensible to these circumstances.

The silence of the waste was now and then broken by the cry of a distant flock of pelicans, stalking like spectres about a shallow pool, sometimes by the sinister croaking of a raven in the air, while occasionally a scoundrel wolf would scour off from before me, and having attained a safe distance, would sit down and howl and whine with tones that gave a dreariness to the surrounding solitude. After pursuing my way for some time, I descried a horseman on the edge of a distant hill, and soon recognised him to be the Count. He had been equally unsuccessful with myself. We were shortly afterwards rejoined by our worthy comrade, the virtuoso, who, with spectacles on his nose, had made two or three ineffectual shots from horseback.

We determined not to seek the camp until we had made one more effort. Casting our eyes about the surrounding waste, we descried a herd of buffaloes about two miles distant, scattered apart, and quietly grazing near a small strip of trees and bushes. It required but little stretch of fancy to picture them so many cattle grazing on the edge of a common, and that the grove might shelter some lonely farm-house.

We now formed our plan to circumvent the herd, and, by getting on the other side of them, to hunt them in the direction where we knew our camp to be situated; otherwise the pursuit might take us to such a distance, as to render it impossible to find our way back before nightfall. Taking a wide circuit, therefore, we moved slowly and cautiously, pausing continually, when we saw any of the herd desist from grazing. The wind fortunately set from them, otherwise they might have scented us and taken the alarm.

In this way we succeeded in getting round the herd without disturbing it. It consisted of about forty head, bulls, cows, and calves. Separating to some distance from each other, we now



approached slowly in a parallel line, hoping, by degrees, to steal near without exciting attention. They began, however, to move off quietly, stopping at every step or two to gaze; when suddenly a bull, that, unobserved by us, had been taking his siesta under a clump of trees to our left, roused himself from his lair and hastened to join his companions. We were still at a considerable distance, but the game had taken the alarm. We quickened our pace; they broke into a gallop; and now commenced a full chase.

As the ground was level, they shouldered along with great speed, following each other in a line, two or three bulls bringing up the rear; the last of whom, from his enormous size and venerable frontlet and beard of sunburnt hair, looked like the patriarch of the herd, and as if he might long have reigned the monarch of the prairie.

There is a mixture of the awful and the comic in the look of these huge animals, as they move their great bulk forwards, with an up-and-down motion of the unwieldy head and shoulders, their tail cocked up like the queue of Pantaloon in a pantomime, the end whisking about in a fierce yet whimsical style, and their eyes glaring venomously with an expression of fright and fury.

For some time I kept parallel with the line, without being able to force my horse within pistol-shot, so much had he been alarmed by the assault of the buffalo in the preceding chase. At length I succeeded; but was again balked by my pistols missing fire. My companions, whose horses were less fleet and more wayworn, could not overtake the herd; at length Mr. L., who was in the rear of the line, and losing ground, levelled his double-barrelled gun, and fired a long, raking shot. It struck a buffalo just above the loins, broke his back-bone, and brought him to the ground. He stopped, and alighted to dispatch his prey, when, borrowing his gun, which had yet a charge remaining in it, I put my horse to his speed, again overtook the herd, which was thundering along pursued by the Count. With my present weapon there was no need of urging my horse to such close quarters; galloping along parallel, therefore, I singled out a buffalo, and by a fortunate shot brought it down on the spot. The ball had struck a vital part: it could not move from the place where it fell, but lay there struggling in mortal agony, while the rest of the herd kept on their headlong career across the prairie.



Dismounting, I now fettered my horse to prevent his straying, and advanced to contemplate the victim. I am nothing of a sportsman; I had been prompted to this unwonted exploit by the magnitude of the game and the excitement of an adventurous chase. Now, that the excitement was over, I could not but look with commiseration upon the poor animal that lay struggling and bleeding at my feet. His very size and importance, which had before inspired me with eagerness, now increased my compunction. It seemed as if I had inflicted pain in proportion to the bulk of my victim, and as if there were a hundred-fold greater waste of life than there would have been in the destruction of an animal of inferior size.

To add to these after-qualms of conscience, the poor animal lingered in his agony. He had evidently received a mortal wound, but death might be long in coming. It would not do to leave him here to be torn piecemeal while alive, by the wolves that already snuffed his blood, and were skulking and howling at a distance, and waiting for my departure, and by the ravens that were flapping about and croaking dismally in the air. It became now an act of mercy to give him his quietus, and put him out of his misery. I primed one of the pistols, therefore, and advanced close up to the buffalo. To inflict a wound thus in cold blood, I found a totally different thing from firing in the heat of the chase. Taking aim, however, just behind the fore-shoulder, my pistol for once proved true: the ball must have passed through the heart, for the animal gave one convulsive throe, and expired.

While I stood meditating and moralizing over the wreck I had so wantonly produced, with my horse grazing near me, I was rejoined by my fellow-sportsman, the virtuoso, who, being a man of universal adroitness, and withal more experience, and hardened in the gentle art of "venerie," soon managed to carve out the tongue of the buffalo, and delivered it to me to bear back to the camp as a trophy.



## NATIONAL PROGRESS.

A LITTLE more than two centuries ago, the territory now occupied by the United States was a vast, solitary, unbroken wilderness; inhabited only by roving bands of savages, and almost untrodden by the foot of a white man. From the arctic regions to the southern gulf, and from ocean shore to ocean shore, stretched a mighty expanse, exhibiting every variety of surface, soil, and climate, but untended by the hand of man.

“Seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter,” pursued their endless cycles; but the gay spring-flowers “wasted their fragrance on the desert air,” and the fruits of autumn perished where they grew. Mighty rivers rolled in solemn majesty to the ocean, yet bore no burden save the accumulated waters of ten thousand streams and fountains, gathered from the face of a continent.

Here, the dense and almost interminable forest cast its sombre shadow upon the earth; and its stalwart oaks and lofty pines, whose lives had chronicled the ages of modern history, towered to the sky, or stretched their giant arms abroad, and as the passing breeze or rushing tempest hurried by, became great wind-harps in nature’s anthem of praise to God. There, stretched the boundless plain, clothed in perennial verdure, and decked with myriads of flowers.

The great inland seas of the north, whose waters had never been furrowed by a keel, slept in silent beauty, with the stars upon their breast, or dashed their angry billows on the sounding shore; and old Niagara shook the trembling earth, and poured its thunder-tones upon the trembling air, with none to see and hear, save some little band of savages upon their war-path, or some solitary hunter separated from his companions.

But this wide-spread scene of desolation was soon to end. In the early part of the seventeenth century, solitary barks were seen here and there upon the Atlantic, coming from the Old World to the New, laden with the elements of settlement and civilization. At Jamestown, Manhattan, Plymouth, and other spots along the eastern seaboard, these wanderers pitched their tents, and commenced the unequal task of subduing the wilderness. Long and toilsome was the struggle, and countless were the perils and hardships to be endured, before these savage wilds could become the great American Republic.

For nearly two centuries the struggle continued. Step by step the hardy pioneers pushed their way westward into the



heart of the continent. Following up the devious course of the rivers, choosing some favored locality, turning the forest to farms, and in their humble cabins planting fresh beacon-lights of liberty and civilization. Onward they pressed, scaling the heights of the Alleghanies, and descending into the great valley of the Mississippi, where a more genial climate and fertile soil invited the wanderer to fresh joys and toils. Advancing still onward, we see them spreading over the vast prairies of the West, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and planting their triumphant standard on the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Great was the work of colonizing the western continent by the Anglo-Saxon race; but our fathers were equal to the task. They were men of lion hearts and iron nerves; men who were willing to do, and endure, and dare, and die in the cause of popular freedom. Unused to the seductions of pleasure, or the allurements of luxurious ease, they passed their lives in hardy toil, or noble daring, to accomplish the great enterprise they had undertaken. Sometimes they fought, and watched, and prayed, to defend their hearth-stones from the invasion of the ruthless savage; and then they contended for long years with the armed hosts of Britain in defence of the *principles* of human liberty. The eighteenth century consummated the great work, and the dying eyes of the Father of his Country beheld a glorious confederation of free and independent republics, formed by his counsels, and defended by his arms.

Since the dawning of the present century, our country has exhibited a scene of progress and expansion unexampled in the history of the world. During that short period of time, the area of freedom has increased from one to three millions of square miles; and the population from a little over three to almost thirty millions. The old thirteen commonwealths have reversed the digits, and now count thirty-one; and nearly half a score of large territories are proposing to join the glorious sisterhood of independent States.

“Empire to empire swift succeeds,  
Each happy, great, and free.”

Throughout the mighty regions of the West, that were then sleeping in primeval solitude, from the banks of the beautiful Ohio, to those

“Continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings,”

a thousand beautiful towns and cities have sprung up, filled with the noise of clinking hammers, and the busy hum of commerce;



whilst through the rural districts, that then sheltered nothing but wild beasts and savage men, landscapes of surpassing beauty charm the eye, dotted all over with wheat-fields, meadows, and vineyards, and enlivened by the cheerful sound of the woodman's axe, or the ploughman's whistle.

In all the humanizing arts that elevate the intellect, and sweeten the enjoyments of life, we have outstripped all other nations. From the old hand printing-press of Franklin, with its two black balls, that worked hard to make a thousand impressions in a day, we have power-presses that throw off twenty thousand printed sheets in an hour. From the little steamboat of Fulton, that made a two days' trip from New York to Albany, in 1807, we have thousands of proud steamers that are now ploughing their way through river, lake, and ocean.

From the first railroad of importance, that was constructed between Camden and Amboy, in 1831, there are now more than twenty thousand miles of this iron net-work spread all over the continent. The iron horse that takes his breakfast of fire and water on the shores of the Atlantic, rushes on with mad haste, over hill and valley, and wide extended plain, through the whirling forest trees, and along the verge of the beetling precipice, over rushing torrents, and through the bowels of the mountains; on, on with tireless energy, to slake his evening thirst in the waters of the great lakes.

And thought or speech can travel fast

“As the swift-winged arrows of light.”

The congressman, in the capitol at Washington, speaks, and listening millions hear his voice. From the delta of the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony, and along the great lakes and eastern seaboard, and through the heart of the republic, the electric current runs, and thousands are reading his thoughts before he has finished speaking. From mountain-top to mountain-top flashes the light of intelligence, faster than the kindling of beacon-fires, till it reaches every city, hamlet, and homestead in this great empire of mind.

And not alone in merely material power have we made such extraordinary advancement. The march of mind has been equally progressive. We are by no means wanting in the essential elements of social, intellectual, and moral advancement. “The schoolmaster is abroad,” and in every town and neighborhood the *People's Colleges* invite the poor, as well as the rich, to take long draughts from the overflowing fountain of knowledge; and in every village the church-spire points the way-worn pilgrim



“to the rest that remaineth above.” In many of the States, the common schools are endowed with a princely munificence, and every child is offered a thorough education “without money and without price.” Almost every State has its asylum for deaf and dumb, blind, and insane; and every city its hospitals for the sick, and its home for the orphan.

Our country possesses, in the vastness and variety of its interests, resources, and productions, the elements of a lasting union and independence. Each individual is dependent for the supply of necessities or luxuries upon every section of the republic. His manufactured goods must come from the East and North, his wheat and corn from the Middle and West, his rice from the Carolinas, his cotton from the South, his sugar from the Southwest, his furs and peltries from the Rocky Mountains, and, through the golden gate of California, the richer treasures of the new El Dorado. Scattered over a vast territory, embracing every variety of soil, climate, and production, are nearly thirty millions of people; prosperous and happy at home, honored and envied abroad; each intent upon the acquisition of honorable wealth, or decent competence, whilst the sweet charities of life are over all. Our agriculture pours forth its annual products, in countless millions; our manufactures rival those of the most powerful kingdoms of Europe; the white wing of our commerce hovers on the bosom of every sea and ocean upon the habitable globe; and the flag of America, displayed in every port, demands and receives universal respect.

And what shall be the destiny of this great nation, thus favored in its home, thus honored in its power? Shall we still go on to higher grades of excellence, and set before the world a perpetual example of the blessing of free institutions? Or shall we fall from our first estate, and be overwhelmed in the vortex that swallowed the republics of the Old World? The present generation will probably answer these momentous questions.

If we cherish and emulate the stern virtues of our fathers; if we return to the simpler habits of life, and check the growing spirit of luxury and dissipation; if we hold with undying love and reverence to the Union, as the sheet-anchor of our hope and safety; if we cultivate the spirit of fraternity with all, and frown upon sectional animosity and strife; above all, if we imbue the minds of youth with the love of country, and the principles of Bible virtue, and Bible religion, then, indeed, shall our prosperity be as a river, and our country as the garden of God.

But, on the contrary, if we forget the “price of blood” with which our liberties were purchased, and heed not the voice of



12.000  
warning and wisdom that comes to us from the graves of our sires; if we spend our substance in riotous living, and worship the god of fashion more than the God of heaven; if the lust ~~after~~, and the desire of public plunder shall rule the minds of the great, whilst intemperance and infidelity destroy the health, and corrupt the morals of the multitude; if we war with each other for opinion's sake, and sever the bonds of our holy fraternity, then shall our destruction be as sudden and terrible, as our exaltation has been great and glorious.

Liberty and union have long dwelt together in peace and safety. The blow that crushes one will destroy the other, and both will sink into a dishonored and bloody grave. Whenever patriotism is changed to politics, and discord breeds disunion, then shall the stars of our glorious constellation be hurled from the firmament of their power, and the sun of American liberty, sinking in an ocean of blood, shall sketch, in characters of fire, upon the coming darkness, "Woe to the nation that forgets my law!"

THE END.

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1857.















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